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27. 393.

Designed and Drawn on Stone by T. Lupton. *Printed by C. Hullmandel.*

"On saying these words, he laid hold of me by the middle of the back; and holding me as a man holds a lantern, I had leisure to contemplate, for some minutes, this imposing wonder." *Page 29.*

Published Feb. 1. 1827, by Henry Colburn, London

v. sh. 1827.

NAPOLEON

IN THE OTHER WORLD.

A NARRATIVE

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF:

AND FOUND NEAR HIS TOMB

IN THE

ISLAND OF ST. HELENA,

BY XONGO-TEE-FOH-TCHI,

MANDARIN OF THE THIRD CLASS.

" Quoiqu'il en soit, le corps seul est au pouvoir des méchans; l'ame regne partout: du fond des cachots même, elle peut s'élever jusqu'au ciel ! ! !"

Paroles de Napoleon, Las Cases, VI^me^ *partie, page* 290.

LONDON:

HENRY COLBURN, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

1827.

393.

PRINTED BY S. [illegible] DORSET-STREET.

PREFACE.

THE commercial intercourse which for many years I have maintained with the nations of Europe, [illegible] rendered it necessary for me to learn their two principal languages (English and French), I have always taken great pleasure in reading publications, which the rigour of our government would never have allowed to be imported, and still less to be translated into Chinese. Among the productions of the European press, my attention was particularly engaged by the newspapers. Their style is often loose, but they are extremely well fitted to gratify the curiosity

of a foreigner desirous of information, and living 9000 leagues from the theatre of the events they record.

I could not read, without enthusiasm, the story of the rise, the lofty deeds, the wisdom, the errors, and the reverses of the Emperor Napoleon. Never had I found any thing resembling all this, in our own history. Timour (Tamerlane) was doubtless a great conqueror, and owed his power only to *himself*; but he vanquished and ruled over semibarbarous nations only, among whom a man of genius is already an elected king; whereas Napoleon sprang at once from obscurity to supreme power over a sagacious and civilized people. When I heard of his banishment to St. Helena, I embarked at Canton, and landed on that island, burning with impatience to behold him. I had the happiness of seeing him several times, and closely judging of him . . . . . "If the hero," said I to myself, "is thus

great in adversity, what must he have been in the days of his prosperity? How could it be, that a warlike nation, possessing such a sovereign, should have suffered leagued enemies to dethrone him before their eyes, while they looked on, unmoved spectators of their own humiliation and that of their Prince?" . . . . . This I never could explain to myself. . . . . My commercial affairs recalled me to China: and I quitted St. Helena full of admiration and respect for the illustrious captive. Three years afterwards the public journals announced his death. I was so deeply affected by this, that I resolved to make a pilgrimage to his tomb, since I could not pay a second visit to himself. It was not, however, till the year 1825, that I could gratify a wish so dear to my heart. On the 3rd of May, I landed at St. Helena, and, giving but one day to repose, I proceeded, on the 5th of May, (the anniversary of the hero's death) at four o'clock in the after-

of humanity, whom he is pleased to send from time to time upon the earth. By the mysterious ray, I read all the night.

It would be impossible for me to describe my emotions as I read. Many persons will perhaps be displeased to find that Truth has withdrawn the veil from their actions; but it may console them to find that the hero has spared himself as little as others ! ! !

At the dawn, I performed my morning devotions, and quitted the sacred tomb, after paying to it the tribute of my tears ! Three hours afterwards, I sailed for Europe. From the knowledge I had acquired of that part of the world, I felt that the capital of England was the *only* city worthy to possess my treasure. Scarcely had I arrived, when I went in search of a publisher. I soon found one, who received my offers with eagerness.

Europeans, read ! and above all, profit by the salutary lesson which the Great Man now transmits to you from the abode of

Truth; and, until each of you shall go in his turn to people, according to his merits, the vast regions of the World to come, live happily in the present world, if you can!!!

XONGO-TEE-FOH-TCHI,
OF TIONTCHEW.

NAPOLEON

IN

THE OTHER WORLD.

SCARCELY had my eyes closed upon the light of the world below, when, driven by an irresistible impulse, I found myself twenty-five leagues distant from the diminutive globe where I received my being: the space that lay between me and the earth, and the apogee of its atmosphere, had been passed by me in a state of unconsciousness and death; for I recovered no portion of my intellectual powers till I reached the pure ether, in which the powerful hand of the Creator displays his innumerable wonders. "Hence," thought I, "it is

then true that man exists after death; and the intelligent Pope has justly described the man who enters into the enjoyment of glory, as passing at pleasure over the immense spaces of the boundless hemisphere."

My whole being was shaken by a convulsive burst of joy: I wished to observe at one glance all those mysterious objects which man perceives from afar, on which he forms such vain conjectures and such fruitless desires; but the moment I approached a new world, its thick atmosphere drove me back, and forced me to follow the void space that separates the different worlds; I afterwards learned that none but privileged spirits are allowed to enter it. I know not how long, alone and unguided, I moved about the vast regions of the universe: the time must have been long, if I am to judge from the individuals with whom I afterwards met. How contemptibly small the earth seemed to me to be, compared with the wonders of creation! "Is this, then," exclaimed I with contempt, "the object so much desired by human pride, the cause of quarrels, wars, vain boasting, and crime? And what is man himself?" At this moment I wished that I had near me all the great men of the earth, and all

the vainglorious men of science, that I might make them witnesses of their ignorance and insignificance.

After reflecting deeply upon my new situation, after feeling a thousand fears and hopes, I abandoned myself entirely to the decrees of the Eternal. If punishment is to fall on me, thought I, let me be comforted, it will not be the most severe of all retributions! If my destiny is to be kept eternally isolated, resignation to the will of the Most High will stand me in stead of happiness! An unexpected movement put an end to my uncertainty. Among the luminous bodies that surrounded me by myriads, I discovered one whose movements seemed to bend towards me; or rather I was myself attracted towards it, for I could not at that moment have gone in any other direction. The movement of a spirit freed from the body is as rapid as that of light; the action of the will alone can move it from any point to a boundless distance; hence, in a few instants, I came up with my unknown magnet. My happiness may be easily imagined, when I perceived a celestial figure, a sylph, a genius, surrounded with a thin vapour of dazzling whiteness like the aurora borealis, advancing towards me with

a pleasing and gracious look. "Napoleon," said he, "thou mightest have been a divinity upon the earth; thou hast been but a man—thy destiny is fulfilled: in thy new abode thou shalt be perpetually condemned to discuss nothing but worldly affairs with those who, like thee, preferred the vain title of *hero* to that of a benefactor of the human race; thou shalt never know the creative power which drew thee out of nothing, nor the sublime wonders which the truly elect enjoy. Supreme justice cannot give thee the same rank it assigned to Socrates, Titus, Julian, Marcus Aurelius, Newton, Pope, Washington, Confucius, Galileo, Fenelon, and other great philosophers; for thou hast never felt even the thought of imitating them: thou hast wished to follow the tracks of Cæsar, of Alexander, Charles XII. and other ambitious madmen; it is with them that thou shalt be permitted to pass the boundless period of eternity!—Take courage, however; with this exception, thou shalt enjoy a happy existence; the only punishment thou shalt feel will be the endless remorse of having had it in thy power to be what no other ever became; of having had it in thy power to regenerate and ennoble mankind, while, blinded by a contemptible ambition, thou hast more than

ever thrown it back into ignorance and slavery.—What use hast thou made of the portion of intelligence entrusted to thee by the Creator?"—"Have pity on me, divine Genius," I exclaimed, "I now perceive all my errors; I confess my extreme insignificance, and render thanks to the Creator if he deigns to condemn me only to a punishment so little adequate to the enormity of my offences." When I pronounced these words, I worshipped the celestial messenger, and felt myself overcome with sorrow and repentance. "Napoleon," replied he, "the Supreme Being hearkens to repentance, even after the death of the sinner; he calls thee not to account for the blood thou hast caused to be shed, the tears and misery of the peaceful inhabitants of the world, who have been ruined and despoiled by the ministers of thy caprices. These things all belong to the decrees of the Eternal, and it is not for feeble mortals to investigate them!—I am the agent of his will, and am ordered to conduct thee to thy new abode; but that thou mayest praise for ever the clemency of the Great Being in thy favour, thou must first of all visit, under my direction, the fields of the reprobate. These would infallibly have been thy portion, if thy heart had not been often accessible to virtue,

and if some years of punishment, before thy death, had not extenuated thy faults in the eyes of eternal Justice."—On saying these words, he took his flight, and bore me along by his movement, with the power which a planet preserves over its satellites.

Our flight was in an opposite direction to that which I had hitherto felt, so that I could not have performed it alone, without a similar guide. After descending through an immense space, but with the rapidity of thought, the light having left us, and twilight succeeded, I asked the Genius on what point we now were. "On that," said he, "which is six millions of leagues below the antarctic pole of the terrestrial globe; by following the same direction, we shall descend to the hell corresponding to thy world."—"How, Lord," replied I, "is there then a hell for every world?"—"Assuredly, since each of them is inhabited, and contains virtues and crimes. The hell to which we are going, receives, like all the others, indiscriminately, spirits of every belief, of every sect, without distinction, who knowingly abandoned, during their lives, the path of justice to satisfy their own passions. Each of them receives a punishment proportioned to the na-

ture of the offences he has committed in the world."—"But what punishment will be inflicted upon unbelievers?"—"That is according to the peculiar case of each; the wicked infidel, who in spite of the conviction of his own conscience, has boasted of incredulity and scepticism, that he might ensnare others, or acquire a false reputation for himself—he will be exposed to the same punishments he affected to despise. Honest and sincere unbelievers—that is, those who felt too profoundly the omnipotence of the Creator, and disdained the frivolous and superstitious practices of certain ignorant or deceitful sectaries—will be permitted at their pleasure to traverse the boundless universe; because it is just, that the magnificence of the Great Being be shown after death to those who constantly admired him during their lives."—"I should wish to know, if the same proportion is observed in Paradise?"—"Precisely the same; every just man is there rewarded according to the range of his ideas—his favourite passions, tastes, and inclinations:—but we shall have an opportunity of seeing all these things on our return from Hell." Profound darkness succeeded the feeble twilight that surrounded us; and I could not

even have perceived myself from the surrounding darkness, had I not been aided by the phosphoric light of my conducting genius. Some moments afterwards I thought I heard the indistinct report of distant thunder; I then perceived bluish flames by turns appearing and disappearing. At length, having approached nearer, I recognized the burning zone which surrounds the eternal abode of death and crime. We passed over the fiery gulph at a certain distance; but slow enough, however, to enable me to examine its wonders. What horrid figures! what monsters! Borne along by a ceaseless whirlwind, they drove against each other, and howled in a thousand horrible ways!—This sight filled me with an unknown feeling—with terror! My kind guide kept me suspended over the abyss, and said to me, "Thou seest the rebel spirits who profaned, by horrid sacrileges, the name of the God of peace and justice, and employed the terrors of divine vengeance, to commit with impunity the most unheard-of crimes—crimes the more revolting, that they were almost uniformly perpetrated upon innocence and virtue! None but an Inquisitor is ever sent to these regions; for no other class of men could perpetrate crimes

worthy of such a punishment." "What, Lord," said I, "are these wretches (though steeped in guilt) eternally condemned to roll among these flames."—"No," replied he; "the least criminal, after a certain lapse of time, will be sent to endure a less severe punishment in other regions; and the rest will also leave it in the course of ages, seeing that the Creator and the creation alone are eternal; but the forms, circumstances, and partial relations of created things, are continually undergoing changes."

We then entered upon a cloudy atmosphere, the monotony of which was interrupted by mournful cries of pain and suffering. When I cast my eyes towards this abode of sorrow, I perceived innumerable human figures, which still preserved all the paleness of death. Each of them served as a scare-crow to his neighbour; men and women rushed against each other tumultuously, gave each other mutual terror, made loud outcries, then ran off in terror again. "What are these unfortunate beings?" I asked. "They are obscure beings, who have plunged during their lives into the most abject crimes, and become familiar with every atrocity; their hardened souls never felt a noble or generous sentiment; they are traitors,

cold-blooded murderers, assassins, and highway robbers, poisoners, and spies." It was in vain that I looked; I could not find one person of my acquaintance among them, except George Cadoudal,* whom I could scarcely perceive through the darkness. We passed on; the obscurity gradually diminished, and gave place to a sombre light that stretched over the whole horizon. When I approached this new scene, I heard a loud cannonade and a sharp fire of musquetry; then the rolling noise of drums, trumpets, confused cries, and, in short, all the noisy confusion of a great battle in the hottest period of the fight. I confess that at this moment I still felt myself seized with that martial ardour, that was formerly so familiar to me; and my guide perceived it, and said to me with a smile: "Would'st thou share the lot of these wretches?" "Pardon, my good Genius, a remnant of human weakness; very far from desiring to be with them, I wish I had never seen the semblance of my ancient follies; but have pity on me, and

* A famous chief of conspirators, and a ferocious and unprincipled man: he was executed after having killed two persons at the moment of his arrest.—EDITOR.

tell me what this is."—"Hover over them, and examine." We remained about twenty toises above the carnage. No, never in any of the fifty pitched battles where I commanded in person, did I perceive a hundredth part of the horrors and atrocities of this infernal engagement. The field of battle was a plain, as far as the eye could reach, strewn with hills, tours, and redoubts, and cut up with ravines, gulphs, and filthy torrents. The whole plain was a mass of blood and filth; the infantry, cavalry, ammunition waggons, in short, every thing seemed to make incredible efforts to move with speed along this disastrous soil. Yet each individual foamed with rage against his adversary; fury urged them on to attack and murder each other; the victorious party tore with their weapons and their teeth the palpitating limbs of their victims, and, as if their rage was not yet quenched, they steeped their arms and head in their blood; then others came on, equally ferocious, who made these cannibals suffer the same fate, while the first victims (by a new prodigy) gradually resumed their pristine forms, to become in their turns the victorious and the vanquished. I was horror-struck, and dared not to interrogate my celestial guide; but what

became of me? When a regiment, or rather a horde, of these ferocious madmen perceived me, my name flew from mouth to mouth with horrid curses; all their fire-arms poured upon me a truly infernal volley; but it was in vain, for my nature was too superior to theirs: they groped along in the mud, while I ranged over the regions of space. At the same instant, a man in his shirt sleeves, and a handkerchief round his head, advanced with his sabre in his hand, and burst forth into impotent menaces at me; by this display, I recognised Charette, the famous Vendean Chief. As he had been during his life, he was invested in hell with the rank of generalissimo of the defenders of the Throne and the Altar. His army was composed of peasants, priests, deserters, convicts escaped from the galleys, if one were to judge by the variegated colours of their clothing.* I disdained to reply to these mad enthusiasts; and was a mute spectator of their phrenzy, when other factious wretches came up from an opposite direction, bawled forth *Liberty or Death!* and entered into a horrible con-

* The royalists were almost at all times composed of these sort of people;—for instance, the late army in Spain, called the army of *the faith*.—EDITOR.

test with the former, who replied in their turn: *Vive le Roi quand même!* At the head of the new horde marched Carrier, Billaud de Varennes, Marat, Collot d'Herbois, Hebert, Chaumette, Fouquier-Tinville, Fabre d'Eglantine, Danton, and others.* On perceiving me, they waved their bloody sabres, burst forth into horrible curses, and, being unable to satiate their rage against superior spirits, they turned it against their antagonists. The latter gave them a brave reception, but they were in a few moments cut to pieces by their powerful adversaries. A new band now came up; it consisted of Catalonians, Guerillas, Spanish monks, Neapolitan insurgents, and other ruffians of that stamp. They were commanded by General Elio, the Baron d'Eroles, and Cardinal Ruffo. The Republicans disdained to contend with them; a contemptuous laugh, and certain displays of loathing and ineffable contempt, were their only reply to the *serviles*. The Spaniards and Neapolitans trembled, and durst not come

* The most ferocious republicans of the period, and commonly called *Terrorists*. Carrier was the inventor of the *republican marriages*: these consisted in putting a man and a woman into a boat full of holes, and thus drowning them.—EDITOR.

forward; but some troops at a distance now shouted forth their cries, and advanced to the assistance of these pusillanimous wretches. This new sight excited my curiosity. I perceived the costume of past ages, and asked the reason of it from my guide. "That young man," said he, "with the pale countenance and haggard eyes, covered over with blood and worms, is Charles IX.: that dishevelled and furious woman, is Catharine de Medicis: he who holds a lighted torch and a poniard, is Besmé, the murderer of Coligny; all the reprobates who follow them are the cut-throats of St. Bartholomew's day, who have been joined by the dragoons of Louis XIV., the troops of Simon de Montfort,* and Montfort himself, the Duke of Alva, and his Council of Seven.† Amongst them are Cardinals Riche-

* An atrocious man, who inundated Languedoc with blood, at the time of the war against the unfortunate Albigenses.

† This Council was called the Council of Blood. The ruffians who composed it were Jean de Vargas, Louis del Rio (Spanish lawyers), Adrian Nicolai, Jean Porta, Jaques Hesselt, Jean de Blasère du Bois, and Jacques de la Torre. They judged without appeal all the crimes that were denominated *religious*, which were also treated as state crimes. Antwerp, Mechlin, Ghent, Tournay, saw

lieu and Mazarin; but the most ferocious of all is Ruffo, leader of the Neapolitan banditti: the Queen of Naples, Marie Caroline, is always by his side. The monk Hildebrand, better known by the name of Pope Gregory VII. and the Countess Matilda, are the instigators of this numerous horde. They are continually consumed by a devouring fire, and resume their existence to suffer anew the same punishment." — "Who are these four monks who brandish a serpent in one hand, and an incendiary torch in the other?"—"The first is Peter the Hermit, who preached the first Crusade; the second is Pope Urban II. who preached it at Clermont in the year 1100; the third is Bernard the Monk, who preached it at Vezelay, by the side of Louis le Jeune; and the fourth is Dominic the Monk, who founded the Inquisition. These two black spirits, half concealed under a standard (representing a woman wrapped up in a white sheet and kissing a cross), are Ignatius de Loyola, and his assistant Lainez, the founders of the Jesuits.* With a hypocritical air they dis-

nothing but men led to execution (*anno* 1567, and following years.)

* The Society of the Jesuits was established in 1540, during the pontificate of Paul III.

play a poniard in one hand, and a cup of poison in the other.

I was confounded with all that I saw. How is it (thought I) that the inhabitants of the earth raise statues and altars to monsters such as these? Does the Great Being permit it? The Genius knew my thoughts, and promptly said to me:—"Man, by the place assigned to him by the Creator, is only the intermediate link between the lower animals and superior beings. Man is therefore composed of two distinct natures: one, which strives continually to approximate him to matter; and the other, which, in spite of himself, transports him above it. Those who have more of the first than the second nature are idiots, deprived of all judgment and intelligence; they vegetate and die; but the account required of their actions is only according to the portion of intelligence they have received. Men endowed with superior intelligence are solely responsible for the evil they have committed, or for the good they might have done. The errors into which the ignorant inhabitants of the earth fall are the work of the former, and consequently they alone ought to be responsible for them. The Creator has also willed that men shall never

see the truth clearly unveiled, know why they were created, nor what becomes of them after death; if such powers had been granted to them, the order of things upon the earth must have been changed. The duty of men is therefore to acknowledge the powers above; to adore in silence the decrees of the Eternal, and to yield themselves freely to his justice. For his own personal happiness, man has but one single thing to do; that is, to be just; from that source flow all the other virtues. Thou seest that very few things are required to be an honest man, and that if these regions are filled with villains, it is not the fault of the Creator." He was about to continue, when heart-rending cries from the partizans of fanaticism and oligarchy struck upon my ears. I cast my eyes upon the infernal tumult, at the moment when the Terrorists, though inferior in numbers, were gaining the victory. What disorder! what shocking carnage! each of them seized three or four enemies at once, cut them to pieces without mercy, and scattered their bloody members: the vast field was now nothing but a mass of blood and filth, and bodies cut to pieces! I saw one wretch whose liver they were cutting out and forcing him to

devour. This barbarous incident having struck me with horror, the Genius hastened to explain it to me, and said: "This man still enjoys the same repast he had in 1522, with this difference, that he then eat the livers of his enemies, and now he devours his own."* He then added: "Thou seest how dearly the fanaticism of party is paid for after death! These wretches, though freed from the body, are condemned to feel the same fears, the same torments, and the same sufferings, as while they were alive; in a few moments they will resume their pristine forms, and commence new massacres." I inquired if the Terrorists were always victorious. He replied, "Yes, because their crime sprung from a noble and virtuous cause. If the Terrorists had not shed blood, they would have been men incorruptible, and of the greatest integrity." I was astonished at not seeing Robespierre among them: he told me that that individual was sincerely persuaded that terror was absolutely necessary, and that, at any rate,

* An historical fact. This man, whose name was Torniel, in defending Novara, treated in this manner every Frenchman he could take. When the town was taken, Marshal Lescure caused him to be hanged with all his accomplices.

he despised luxury, riches, and grandeur. "Thou shalt soon see him, however, in another part of hell." I entreated my guide to snatch me away from the scene of desolation, and we were instantly two thousand toises above it. "The region we are leaving," said he to me, "includes all the party fanatics who thinned the human race to satiate their vengeance. There are among them the Guelphs and Ghibelins, the Whites and the Blacks; all the petty feudal lords of England, France, and Italy, who have dyed the earth with blood for more than six hundred years; but especially the satellites of religious fanaticism, such as the banditti of Arezzo, the conquerors of Mexico, and many others. For them there is no pity, for they combined the most unexampled cruelty to the most shameless system of imposture; almost all these monsters have murdered their fellow men in the name of a God of peace and justice." Each truth that came from the mouth of the heavenly intelligence filled me with respect and awe. I reflected on my past life, and was seized with remorse when I thought that terrestrial objects had occupied every moment of my time. Ah! if, instead of improving military tactics, I had taken philosophy as the guide of

my actions, how many happy men I should have made! A simple officer of my former army (thought I) who was obscure and unthought of during my time, is perhaps at this moment initiated into the secrets of the Eternal; whilst I, miserable wretch! must never know them. I was drawn from my reverie by a multitude of large owls, which flew almost as high as ourselves: the greater part became suddenly motionless, and fell, with all their weight and with loud cries, upon pointed rocks, with which this new region was covered. The light that guided us was similar to the evening twilight. Each owl preserved a human countenance, and the top of their heads was ornamented by the same ornaments that had distinguished them in this world. There were owls with tiàras, mitres, caps, and cowls, square doctoral caps, and even regal crowns; others had the countenances of women singularly attired. One of the latter having passed under my nose, I took it into my head to seize it by the end of the wing. The Genius smiled, and said, "Since thou hast caught it, I allow thee to interrogate it, and to learn from its mouth the nature and destiny of these reprobates." On looking to my captive, I remarked a mild, hypo-

critical-looking countenance, and a modest dress all round; a small cross of gold was suspended round the neck, and the modest-looking eyes dared scarcely look upon me; yet pride appeared there in spite of modesty. "Who are you, unfortunate being?" said I with a tone of pity.—"Alas! I am a woman celebrated in the annals of France; I began by being the wife of a poor cripple, and ended by being the wife of a king. Ah! if I had foreseen the punishment I must eternally endure, I would always have had poor cripples for husbands." "What! can you be the celebrated Maintenon?"—"Precisely; but you, my lord, who are you, with this strange hat, with these ribbons and orders suspended on the left side of your singular dress?"—"I shall say like you, that if I had foreseen that these ribbons, these orders, and this dress, were to fill me with remorse when I left my mortal coil, very far from occupying the throne of France, I should always have remained a private citizen in my native island." "The throne of France!—am I then addressing a Bourbon?"—"No; I am not of *hereditary race;* I was indebted for my power and the title of emperor to the chance of arms, and the will of the French nation."

"Can it be true, that things have undergone such a change? It is plain that you are not among the damned, since instead of having for your confessor an accomplished villain like Père le Tellier,* you have had a worthy man who guided you into the path of justice without imposture."—"You are again mistaken; I never had a confessor, nor any person of my court, that I know of." "How times are altered!"

At that moment, the Jesuit le Tellier flew round us; he perceived Maintenon, and made horrible grimaces at her: the prude lifted a claw to scratch him; but the Loyolist owl, in obedience to his destiny, remained motionless, and fell like a mass of lead upon a pointed rock, which dashed his head to pieces before our eyes. "This," said she with a sigh, "is the fate that awaits me in a few minutes!"

Nap. Tell me why all these spirits suffer such a metamorphosis, and are exposed to such punishment!

Maint. All the owls you see have been more or less famous on the earth, by means of *fraud and imposture.* You will find among

* The most famous hypocrite of his time, and Confessor of Louis XIV. He advised the revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

them almost half of the Popes. There now is Pope Paul V.; the other is Gregory IX. There is Sixtus IV.; and that is a late Pope, called Pius VI. His successor ought to be there from what I have heard: a monk of the *Propaganda*, who has lately arrived, informs us that the present Pope, Leo XII., surpasses in imposture all his predecessors. If that be the case, he will be condemned to dash his head to pieces against the rocks, thrice every twenty-four hours, which will amount to a thousand and eighteen times a year. My royal husband is also here:* the dragoonings and the revocation of the edict of Nantes have obtained him this. That long and thin crowned owl is the Emperor Constantine. All the Kings of Piedmont are here, and most of the Emperors of the house of Austria, except Joseph II. and Leopold, who were enlightened and liberal monarchs. That other pale and thin owl, also crowned, is Henry II., King of France: the one that follows him with a cowl on his head and a crown in his claws, is Charles V.† The others are James II., and his ancestor John

* Louis XIV.

† Charles V. became a monk, and never ceased regretting his blunder.

Lackland. The ferocious Louis XI. is also here; but he has not the power of flying; he is stupidly perched in the hollow of a rock, where he is besieged every twenty-four hours by venomous serpents. His fate is constantly to be on the watch against their bites; but if by accident he opens his mouth, a serpent fixes on one of his teeth; and by repeated shocks, pulls it out by force, after making him suffer the most horrible agony.

Nap. I understand the matter; he receives the same punishment which he inflicted upon the unfortunate Armagnacs. *

Maint. Precisely; during the intervals that the serpents withdraw, he is busy fighting with his claws with his favourite executioner, the

* The tyrant Louis XI. did worse than this, for he forced the unfortunate sons of the Duc de Nemours to be present at their father's execution. They were so near him that their clothes were covered with his blood. He then imprisoned them in a tower, enclosed in cages, which he caused to be made in the shape of boots. Not satisfied with this, the tiger sent them the executioner every week to pull out a tooth from one or the other by turns. The eldest, affected by the cries and weaknesses of his youngest brother, always offered himself in his place!

"Animus meminisse horret."

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ferocious Tristan, who always comes to attack him in his den and tears his face.

That mass of black owls you see below, are Jesuits, Missionaries, and Doctors of the Sorbonne; they always march together, and fall down at the same time. The others with square caps are almost all divines and casuists; there are few physicians among them; I say nothing about the monks and hermits, for they are almost all here. They are easily known by their cowls and their party-coloured feathers. This place also incloses innumerable female owls, from Judith and Deborah, down to the present moment,—such as St. Claire, St. Theresa, St. Bridget, St. Catharine of Sienna; who called themselves during their lives the spouses of the Son of God. Those who are most tormented, have been, like me, the mistresses of kings; for, besides their ordinary punishment, bitter remorse continually preys upon them, for not having employed the influence they possessed in doing good.

For some time past, we see a class of people coming here called Extinguishers (*Eteignoirs*). I do not know them, and I never heard of their name during my life. . . . Each of us is condemned, more or less frequently, to dash his

head against the rocks. After suffering for six hours in this state, our strength returns as well as the power of using our wings; we rise again, travel at our pleasure through this dark atmosphere for three days; but all at once we are struck with a ray of light, we become as heavy as an anvil, and are thrown down—but the fatal moment has arrived. I see the fearful light—adieu, Sire, remember an unfortunate being—I fall—ah!" She raised a loud cry, and disappeared in the abyss!

I could not help pitying her from my inmost soul. The Genius said to me, "I do not blame thee for feeling compassion; but thou must confess, that such characters have been very hurtful to their species. Placed by chance or intrigue at the summit of earthly grandeur, instead of shedding light and happiness upon the world, they have corrupted the human mind by sophistry, absurdity, and perfidious hypocrisy. How many have become wicked by their example! The Emperor Constantine himself, by creating the ecclesiastical hierarchy, which he despised at the bottom of his heart, has destroyed all the virtues of true Christianity."

Nap. Oh! for him, most assuredly, I pity

him not. Had it not been for Constantine, several other potentates, such as Pepin, Charlemagne, the Countess Matilda, John of England, and others, would not have contributed to strengthen the temporal and spiritual power of the Popes. The latter, by remaining poor, would have remained virtuous; for riches and virtue are not easily allied. The fraudulent conduct of the Popes necessarily led their inferior agents to become quacks. Hence sprung Cardinals with equipages and mistresses; rich and lazy bishops; rich and lazy canons; innumerable friars, and indolent monks and priests; from which England liberated herself in the reign of Henry VIII., and whose disastrous influence is constantly felt by Portugal, Spain, France, and ill-fated Italy.

"It was in thy power to deliver the nations from the yoke of these wasps. The fear of losing power led thee to treat them like friends. Thy reign is passed away; thou no longer existest on the earth, but thy memory is there loaded with the reproaches of fifty millions of men, who have become the victims of thy improvidence."

At this bitter charge, tears of repentance fell from my eyes: and I could only reply to the

Genius in these words: "*Homo sum; et nihil humani a me alienum puto.*"—"That is so true," replied he, "that thou canst not speak otherwise than as a man, even though in a state of pure intelligence.

"We shall now enter into an infernal province, where thou must submit to a slight alteration in thy proper essence. Be not surprized; it will last only while we remain; at the moment of thy departure, thou shalt again resume thy celestial nature." Full of confidence in these consoling words, I followed with a light flight my divine Mentor; but I gradually felt myself loaded with heavy atoms of matter, and could no longer resist the laws of gravity; I was borne down irresistibly, and was about to fall from a prodigious height into the centre of an immense city, built nearly according to the fashion of men, when I turned a supplicating look towards my guide and support, and he stretched out his hand with a smile. "Napoleon," said he, "where is thy courage? wouldst thou disdain in this world what formed thy delight in the other?"—"How should I disdain it, if I know not what this city contains?"—"Thou shalt soon know; but before we descend, I permit thee to examine its mys-

teries." On saying these words, he laid hold of me by the middle of the back; and holding me as a man holds a lantern, I had leisure to contemplate, for some minutes, this imposing wonder. . . . . .

We were elevated about fifteen hundred toises. The city seemed to have the form of a perfect circle, entirely enveloped in fogs. My imperfect essence did not allow me to perceive its circumference at a glance. All that I could guess was that it would be impossible for any ordinary spirit to leave it, after having entered. Let one picture to oneself an orbit of fifteen hundred leagues in circumference, all full of Gothic and dark-looking buildings, neither divided into districts nor numbered; intersected by thirty thousand canals of stagnant water, whose narrow streets, full of every sort of filth, are successively traced in perfect circles, from the centre point to the extreme circumference; surrounded by a wall half a mile thick, which has no apparent gates, but which contains mysterious and subterraneous passages, which all are not allowed to know, and it is by means of these passages that the most skilful inhabitants of the great city succeed, after long researches, in breathing the pure air of the surrounding

country: they revisit the light of day, and splendid vegetation; but what is the consequence? If these poor men unfortunately yield to transports of joy, at the moment a smile appears on their lips, the pitiless harpies rush upon them, strike them with their fœtid wings, seize them in their brazen claws, and make them go round and round the city till they reach the centre of the accursed labyrinth; they then fly away with grimaces, and shower filth upon them. In the position I was in, I perceived several hundreds of these birds of Erebus, each carrying off an offender against the laws of *gravity*. The Genius explained this to me.

"Before descending," added he, "I ought to inform thee that I shall become invisible to the view of these gross spirits. Thou thyself shalt not be able to see me; but constantly placed beside thee, thou shalt have the power to ask me questions and to hear my replies." On saying these words, I felt myself gently transported by a viewless hand, into the very centre of a public square. I thought, at first, that I had mounted again to the earth, for the things I observed had such a striking resemblance to the imperfections of the world: I

saw coffee-houses, reading-rooms, innumerable cooks, punches, and harlequins; men with two or three faces, all loaded with rolls of paper; venders of all sorts of wares, tooth-drawers, officers of justice, and then, by the information of my invisible guide, a great number of spies. The latter perceived me at the moment I alighted, surrounded me with a suspicious look, and examined me from top to toe; I looked at them in my turn with an air of contempt, and crossed my hands upon my breast. On making this movement, I heard on all sides the cry of "It is he! it is he! it is Napoleon!" . . . . . "Who is this stranger?" gravely said an old man, who seemed to have some authority over the populace.—"He is a usurper," said some; "he is one of our friends," said others;—"he benefited us;" "he ruined us;" "he humbled the clergy;" "he restored the priests;" "he was a sans-culotte;" "he restored kings to their thrones;" "but for him there would have been no Holy Alliance;" "but for him we should have no laws."—The tumult was at its height, when the old man lifted his cane, and in a firm tone bade them be silent; then addressing himself to me:—"As far as I can see, thou art an amphibious

being; thou criest out both *Vive le Roi* and *Vive la Ligne;* if thou remainest amongst us, thou mayest produce disorder, and trouble public order; but meanwhile, where is thy passport?"—"My passport! (said I to him, showing him my sword) here it is!"—"What! rash man, thou darest menace the first examiner of the nine hundred and ninety-ninth circle? Thou disputest my authority; I shall teach thee to respect it. Officers, seize that man, and take him to the President's palace." I was preparing to strike all round on the first raggamuffins who should dare to touch me, when the Genius whispered in my ear: "Allow yourself to be taken away and fear nothing."—In obedience to this consoling voice, I submitted quietly to every thing. I was seized, bound, and led off by a band of ruffians, through a crowd of narrow streets peopled by an infinite number of paupers, the greater part of whom were busy at their doors, in getting rid of the vermin that devoured them.

"All these wretches thou seest," whispered the Genius to me, "have made a figure upon the earth by their wealth and influence, in affairs of state; the more influence they formerly possessed, the more extreme is their present

misery. This sort of punishment is more painful to them than any other, for they still preserve the remembrance of their ancient grandeur. Habituated from infancy to palaces and equipages, to enjoy all the soft refinements of luxury, and all the superfluity known among the human race, these individuals would never acknowledge any other *caste* than their own. Deaf to the call of misfortune, despising the private virtues of men without fortune, swollen with pride and folly, they have lived for themselves alone, and their thoughts have never been able to rise above the narrow limits of their physical wants. These people know not that superior intelligences exist; they think still less of the existence of the Creator. The moment death seized them, they fell here, altogether astonished at their misery and degradation."

"Can I know to what sort of men power is entrusted, and the direction of affairs?"

"To obscure and unknown beings, who during their lives vegetated in some inferior government office; they were all forestallers, police clerks, finance clerks, custom-house officers, gens-d'armes, jailors, bankers' clerks, lawyers' clerks, sheriff's officers, and men employed in every de-

partment of business. Among this mob, those who are treated worst, are cabinet spies and the persons employed in various branches of the government by ecclesiastical princes. Yet these men were not villains; their hearts were only frozen; their God was money: some pieces of white or yellow matter rendered them happy; they never could conceive a divine thought. Similar to those insects that hover over a marsh, they considered their own element the *ne plus ultra* of creation, and never had any opinion of their own, but blindly obeyed the ruling party, without caring for what was just or unjust; they never loved any one, and no one ever loved them. That man, for instance, who calls himself first examiner of the nine hundred and ninety-ninth circle was, during forty years, the jailor of Pignerol,* in the time of Louis XIII. and Anne of Austria. He has obtained a place here proportioned to the good works he performed during his life, while his haughty masters are now under his orders, as poor and despised as church mice."

The more I heard of the punishments felt by the great, who had nothing great but the name, the more I thanked in my heart the clemency

* A celebrated state prison.

of the Supreme Being towards me. I asked the Genius the name of this singular city. He told me that it was called *Politicopolis*. I shuddered at hearing the name. Thus, thought I, this accursed policy degrades man even beyond the tomb! In fact, all these spirits have nothing subtile or purified in their essence; they are gross, heavy, incapable of rising an inch above their ant-hole! Great God, how admirable is thy power! how foolish my conduct was during my earthly existence!

I moved on absorbed in my own reflections, when shrill and noisy voices recalled my attention. My alguazils had lost the road to the palace of the *soi-disant* President. Some wished to cross a canal; others wished to go round the whole circle; while others, again, maintained that the canal did not belong to the jurisdiction of the nine hundred and ninety-ninth circle, and that therefore it would be a breach of respect towards the President of the said circle; but what was to be done? they resolved to move along in a serpentine manner. The houses were almost all the same, dirty and smoked. The farther we advanced, the more wretches we met, who, long accustomed to see all new comers dragged to prison, were perfectly indif-

ferent to such a sight, and scarcely paid the slightest attention to us. I asked the Genius: "How is it that these people, who perform the duty of officers, have not yet become acquainted with the city?"—"Such is their destiny," replied he; "here every thing is disorder, misunderstanding, chicanery, quarrels about the facts and the law, and endless discussion. Be therefore astonished at nothing: *observe and meditate.*" I felt the force of his last words, *observe and meditate.* If I had been condemned to exist among these people (thought I) what a horrible punishment this would be!

Whilst they were uncertain on what side to turn, several harpies, hovering over our heads, let fall two individuals, who in a moment were covered with filth, the fœtid odour of which would have suffocated the inhabitants of a whole city upon the earth. The Genius fortunately came to my assistance. I felt my nostrils pressed by two celestial fingers, and the perfume of ambrosia promptly dispersed the pestilential miasmata. Instantly all the inhabitants of the district hastened to assist the two unfortunate men, by pouring over their well-beaten forms some hundred bucket-fulls of water, according to their uniform custom; they

were then powdered with brick-dust (their sole cosmetic) and they were about to be conveyed to their dwellings, when several officers having approached, one of them exclaimed, " Is it possible? it is our President!" With gaping looks, they all cried out, " the President! the President!" On hearing this name, I was desirous of seeing the supreme authority that was to judge me; I approached, and saw —— Cipriani, my old *maitre d'hôtel.* . . . " How, Sire, is it you—you, my dear master! the sovereign of France, Italy, or rather all Europe, England excepted!—You, who were lately sent to a savage rock, are now bound hand and foot at Politicopolis, and in the hand of officers like a robber of Calabria! Hear there—unbind in an instant *Napoleon the Great;* I, your President, am his security."

At this imperious order I was not only restored to liberty, but a part of the people and the inferior officers, out of respect for their first magistrate, cried out (scratching their heads all the while) " *Vive l'Empereur Napoleon!*" I was affected by the favourable recollection of me retained in the other world by my former *maitre d'hôtel;* and taking him kindly by the hand, " Is it possible, my poor Cipriani, that fate has

brought me into these regions only to make me feel the joy of being beloved by those who served me during my days of grandeur; but who, perhaps, are now in suffering through my fault?"—"Be not astonished at it, Sire; your power, it is true, was dangerous to powerful men. . . Your inferior officers never perceived in you any thing but greatness of soul, openness of heart, and boundless generosity; hence it happened that he who once knew you well, loved you for the remainder of his life, and even after it—but, Sire, have the goodness to call me by my name, for you see that here things are all exposed to the light of truth; you know that my name is Franceschi, the natural son of Salicetti*—but in the meantime come to my house; having been absent for two years, I raise too much the curiosity of the public to expose myself by remaining here any longer. Officers, clear away the crowd, that we may pass along freely." The officers instantly ran, and with their sticks and sabres soon opened a passage, by which, after innumerable windings, which none but Franceschi knew, we arrived at the palace of the president.

* An enlightened patriot, who was the Commissary of the French Republic at Naples in 1796.—Editor.

The exterior of this building seemed a piece of old Gothic architecture, of the ninth century. On entering I perceived a vast court hung with coats of arms of every form and colour, but much worm-eaten, and bedimmed with smoke. Two elephants in bronze figured on each side of the grand staircase. In the middle of the court was a dragon also in bronze, all covered with gilded scales, and his long tail winded into a well without bottom. Round the dragon were placed a hundred cats of the same metal, all looking as if they were in the most placid humour. On our arrival the elephants raised their trunks and began to dance, the dragon wagged his tail, and the cats howled and leaped several times. I asked what was the meaning of all this. "It is," said he, "the finest eulogium that can be given of the superiority of your genius over all those who have gone before you. These allegorical animals, some of whom represent gravity, some the crooked counsels, and others the dissimulation of diplomatists, remain motionless and inanimate when this palace is visited by negotiators, who are ordinary or subordinate. The moment a superior spirit appears, they become somewhat animate but leap not: but for you,

the elephants danced, the cats howled and leaped. This has not happened since the descent of Machiavel." "But what resemblance can there be between that profound politician and me? He wrote like a profound thinker, whilst I always moved on with drums beating and matches lighted."—"That is true; but it is just to remark, that if you had not been supported by the splendour of glory, perhaps you would have been forced to follow the old routine of the superannuated politicians of all despotic countries; then you would have been confounded with such and such sovereigns, who think they acquired immortality on the earth, because their minds were narrow and their hearts false. I expect them here; some of them have already arrived; you will see in what state they are." . . . . . .

We were now at the top of the grand staircase, and entered into a spacious hall. The walls were hung with old emblems of heraldry, and ancient warlike weapons, which had been employed in every country of Europe, from the time of Charlemagne to the reign of Louis XV. There were also innumerable instruments of torture used by the despots of all ages: there was the first mortar, by means of which

the German monk who invented gunpowder accomplished his perilous leap; the first leather cannon employed by the Venetians against the Genoese; the carabine of Charles IX. with which he fired upon the Huguenots; the hottes of Louis XI.; the iron mask worn by the brother of Louis XIV.; the cutlass of Richard III.; the sabre of pope Julius II.; the dagger of Ravaillac; and even the lance of Joab. There was then a great assortment of phials, full of poison, which princes, princesses, kings, queens, and popes had made use of to rid themselves of their competitors. For my own part, I deplored the loss of only two men, Ganganelli and Mirabeau. Beside these phials, I perceived an ivory box with this superscription:—*Only crime.* Curiosity led me to open it; I found only seven musket balls, each of which was marked with the letter E. "What!" exclaimed I, "is it possible that an involuntary error has been inscribed among the archives of Politicopolis?"—"Involuntary or not," said Franceschi to me, "the error was committed in your name, and that suffices to darken its lustre by the remembrance." "You know, my dear Franceschi, better than any one, if I was ever sanguinary during my life: I pardoned Moreau; the as-

sassin of Stutgard, even the one of Vienna, had he not been still bent on his purpose; I pardoned my father-in-law twice; the King of Prussia; the Duke of Weimar; and the Bourbons, times without number: I would also have pardoned that young madman, the Duc d'Enghien, if that scoundrel Talleyrand had delivered me his letter twenty-four hours sooner; instead of causing him to be shot, I would have given him a troop of horse to command, for I do not imagine that he had acquired much military experience in the laughable campaign of the Prince of Condé." "That is true again." At this moment, the Genius whispered to me, "Thinkest thou thy place would have been fixed in heaven, hadst thou committed this crime as a tyrant?" This reflection calmed my anxiety . . . . . .

"Now, tell me in what way, after your death (for which I shed tears), you obtained the post of President of one of the circles of Politicopolis." "I do not know myself. I had scarcely expired at St. Helena, when I found myself returned to life in the centre of the very square where you were seized. The same old man came up to me, and asked me for my passport; the habit I had of obeying, made me put my

hand into my pocket. What was my astonishment, when I drew a roll of parchment out of it, the old man seized it, and cried out, with all his might, '*Long live our President!*' At the same moment, all the mob saluted me with their endless acclamations. I asked where I was, and in what my presidentship consisted. Not a soul could tell me any thing about it; the old man alone stammered out—'Politicopolis.' You know, Sire, that I never was anything of a politician in my life; I have always bought provisions for your palace; I have often prepared dishes of vegetables for you, and legs of mutton; it is true, that in the time of your grandeur, I received some little presents from seve ral men who were soliciting favours, but this had nothing to do with politics. Now, in this state, I know not what would have become of me, had it not been for Cardinal Maury, whom I had fortunately known in earlier times; he approached me in the greatest distress, with his head still full of past grandeur. 'Ah, Franceschi!' said he, 'why am I not in your place? I should not be like you, so embarrassed in exercising my power over these fools.' 'You are welcome, your eminence.' 'For pity's sake, let your eminences alone; there is

nothing here but vermin and misery!' 'Well, but since I have the happiness of meeting a spirit so enlightened as yours, deign to share in my labours, and direct me in my new career.' 'Alas! I wish I could, but a superior power prevents me from going so high: all that I can do is to accompany you to the door of your residence: you may enter it without difficulty; but I, unfortunate reprobate, am condemned to languish in misery and to be devoured by ambition during all eternity! . . . . .' I had compassion on him, and promised to assist him with all my power. He knew the passages that lead to the palace—we reached it. I entered freely, but he—he was repulsed (he said) by an invisible brazen arm, whenever he attempted to enter. Not being able to do otherwise, I requested the Abbé to stop at the threshold, whilst I should go and visit the interior. I perceived the elephants, the dragon, and the cats; but knew not their use. When I reached the grand hall, after looking with astonishment at the old arms and their inscriptions, I found by chance on that ebony table the book you now see; I had scarcely opened it, when I felt myself a new being; my memory became free and unembarrassed; my

mind expanded; my judgment became sound; I then knew the distance that separated me from all those miserable spirits, who are continually moving about in filth, who pass their time in vain conjectures, who dry up their brains in guessing at a cabinet secret, in dissecting a piece of news, or in forming projects. I then saw the reason why, that though I filled such an eminent post, I had neither court nor equipage, nor even a shoe-black to serve me in the whole mansion; it is because the more a man in a high situation is isolated from the world, the more the vulgar attribute to him supernatural qualities. Alas! the poor lord, is often, like Domitian, gravely occupied in his solitude in——catching flies. You were not so, Sire; similar to light, you were not afraid of being seen by the whole world!" "Go on, my dear Franceschi; your narrative interests me." "This book taught me that power in this place is only given to the inferior agents of the other world, and that the great become inferiors in their turn; that Politicopolis is built like a labyrinth, and contains a thousand great circles. By means of this iron rod, the insignia of my authority, I am President of the nine hundred and ninety-ninth circle. As is

the case with all other presidents of circles, my power is absolute and unlimited. Master of the secrets which this old city contains, the public see me with respect and awe; my words are their laws; I decide all the important cases, which idleness, or the feelings of chicanery, excite among these people. I often amuse myself in setting two lawyers by the ears, or a marquis and a *roturier*—a duke and his old pimp; but what amuses me most is to hear the discussions that take place between Père Menocchio . . . . . confessor of Pius VII. and ——— the mistress of Cardinal Gonsalvi." "How! are all these people here?"—"Assuredly; and there are plenty more too! . . . But Pius VII. is not here." "I know very well where he is, for I have just left him a moment ago." "Do you remember, Sire, when that Pontiff walked round the round table at Fontainbleau, and cried *Tragedia! Tragedia?* A moment before, he had been saying *Commedia! Commedia!*" "I remember it, and repent it. But tell me—how did you get out of the labyrinth, and how did these ugly harpies send you back?"—"I shall inform you: there is a great deal of ennui in hell; if one were perfectly quiet, even with what torments

one feels, it would be desired by very many people, hell though it be. This book informed me that the neighbourhood of Politicopolis resembled agreeable country seats, where spirits walked freely about, sported on the water, swung themselves on the trees, and passed their time in purely and simply contemplating the productions of a nature more handsome than ugly. These country places are inhabited by *pure materialists*—(that is, those of them who were honest men on the earth) men who never understood, nor would comprehend creation otherwise than as the effect of chance, or as an attractive force inherent in matter. They were confined for ever to these regions, after a superior Genius had shown them from a distance the magnificence of heaven. This recollection is the only punishment they feel; so that they very often look as if they were tired of their position. I have always been fond of novelty and travelling; I resolved to go and visit the Atheists, and I meditated on the plan of Politicopolis for a month. I counted all the thousand circles; I thought of the means of marching upright in some, and of creeping in others; to put on a pleasant countenance to this man, and to knit my eyebrows to another; for each circle

contains a different kind of population, full of the most singular habits and prejudices. The most difficult to pass through are the first and second : the one is peopled by fanatical Spaniards, Portuguese and Neapolitans ; the other by brutal and intolerant Turks and Moors. The unfortunate spirit who passes into these states from curiosity, runs the risk of being burned by the Spaniards and their worthy allies ; it is true that he afterwards resumes his former shape, but he does not suffer a bit the less (for the moment) all the pains of burning. These animals, not seeing their old inquisitors among them, think they are all in heaven ; hence their passion for *autos-da-fè*." " Franceschi, if ever you meet with these rascals again, tell them from me, that I saw with my own eyes all their inquisitors, in the form of horrible monsters, rolling in the fiery zone that surrounds hell."—" I'll take care to do no such thing—they would burn me, and re-burn me thirty times.

" Among their neighbours, the Turks, it is still worse. Mahomet promised them Houris ; and as they found in their circle none but women half burnt up, filthy and ragged, they believe the near neighbourhood of the Christians is the

cause of the scarcity; without thinking that the latter are not better off than themselves: hence, ill-luck to the Christian who passes through their circle; he is impaled and impaled for fifty times running. To succeed better in my enterprize, I consulted my private secretary, the Abbé Maury, who, more learned than I in cunning tricks and *bon-mots*, offered me his assistance, on condition that if he shared in my labours, he should also share in the reward—namely, liberty.

"We set out on our journey: nothing particular happened to us in the nine hundred and ninety-eight circles we passed through, thanks to the innumerable subterfuges, lies, and cunning tricks which we made use of. But we had scarcely entered among the Spaniards when stratagem was of no avail: they seized us without form or trial, and condemned us to three *autos-da-fé* in one day. They gave as a reason, that we had a satirical look, which indicated barefaced infidelity. . . . It was in vain that I called out that I was one of the first magistrates of Politicopolis; they considered this as blasphemous, as they knew nothing beyond their own circle. The Abbé had recourse to his favourite *bon-mot*: 'Will you

see clearer when we are in flames?"* but he was not understood, and nobody laughed. Fortunately for us, a good idea struck him; at the moment that a frantic multitude was expecting on the grand square, the sweet sight of seeing us burn and revive three several times, the Abbé declared that he was a Cardinal, and wished to address them. At these words, a countless multitude of beggars dressed in black, with large slouched hats, made their way through the crowd, and surrounded the scaffold. A little woman, of a very dark complexion, and very proud, seemed to be in an agony of expectation; the Abbé assumed the manner of an orator, and began by five or six Latin texts, which nobody understood; he then proved by A plus B the infallibility of the Pope; the services which the Cardinals had rendered to the church (with the exception of Cardinal Wolsey, whom the Abbé pretended to have seen in the

* All the world knows that the Abbé Maury was indebted for his life to a *bon-mot*, which he addressed to the people in leaving the Assembly: he heard the mob crying, "L'Abbé Maury, à la lanterne! à la lanterne!" "What, my friends," said he, "would you see clearer were I on the lamp-post?" The mob burst into a roar of laughter, and the man of merit was spared.—EDITOR.

claws of Lucifer); he eulogized the intelligence and evangelical piety of the Spanish monks and clergy; he spoke of the Catholic zeal of the sovereigns of Spain, from Ferdinand and Isabella down to Ferdinand VII. When he mentioned the name of Isabella, his eyes fell by chance upon the little dark woman, though mingled among the mob; he saw her raise her shoulders, and look three inches taller; like an old fox, he judged she must be the ancient queen of Castile, and he was not mistaken; he still kept adroitly to his subject, and after having said that the faithful Ferdinand VII., a martyr to the sacred cause of the absolute throne and of the holy Inquisition, would soon obtain among them the reward due to his virtues, he returned to the happy pair, who in the fifteenth century performed before Granada so many prodigies in the name of an avenging God; he spoke of their martial deeds, which were all eclipsed by the most magnanimous action which the annals of history had ever celebrated—that of having changed the magnificent mosques of the last capital of the Moors, into cathedrals and convents, the whole to the greater glory of God and of his ministers. He ended by addressing the wretches who were

listening to him; he called them heroes; he persuaded them that they were the favourite children of Heaven, since no where, throughout the whole hemisphere, could be found such an assemblage of the faithful, so pious, so religious, and so excellent in their habits, as the ancient people of Iberia; he gave in energetic terms, a grand view of all the infidels massacred by their Catholic zeal, in Mexico, Peru, Spain, Lisbon, Piedmont, Flanders, and other countries. Then, seized all of a sudden with a prophetic spirit: 'Brave Castilians,' said he, 'it is painful for me to reproach you with any thing, after the feeble effort I have just made to pay you the homage of my sacred eloquence; this reproach is a solitary one, but still it exists. Answer me this; what rank does the virtuous Isabella enjoy among you? Where is that admirable queen, to whom you owe all the qualities you possess? Does she reign in a more elevated sphere? or does she here receive the endless homage of her regenerated posterity? No one dares to give me any news of her!!! Be it so; to show you that a cardinal is made of the same stuff as that of which the popes are made, I, a stranger among you, born three centuries and a half after the death of that great

queen, guided at this moment by a supernatural power, I see her dazzling with the aureola of the saints, in the midst of her subjects, in rags; and to convince you in a moment—there she is!' On saying these words, he leaped over the cowled gentry, carried off the queen from the midst of the mob, and ascending the scaffold again with the agility of a squirrel, he showed her in triumph to the astonished and gaping multitude. A moment after, the cry of 'A miracle! a miracle!' was heard on all sides. This noise, joined to the clapping of hands, the cries of joy, the beating of drums, the ringing of bells, and the sound of *Te Deum*, which all the churchmen chanted forth spontaneously, must have produced, as indeed it did produce, a most hellish noise. I remained by the side of the eloquent orator, in the position of a friar prompting his superior the Capuchin, when he preaches in Lent. I was proud of his success. Meanwhile, four huge fellows (formerly *matadores)* formed a chair of their united arms, raised up Queen Isabella, and moved forward in triumph; four other fellows did the same to the Cardinal. I followed him on foot, holding him by the skirt of his simarre. The president wished to see us, and we were presented to

him; he had been an alguazil of the Holy Brotherhood, in the reign of Philip II., and had saved from the flames more than twenty-five Jews or heretics, out of pure kindness of heart. This good action had obtained him the place he occupied in the other world; his name was Don Blasco-Xaverio-Sancho-y-Miguel de Pozohondon. When he saw us, he told us that his greatest regret was, that among the defunct there was no eating or drinking; had it not been for this, he would have invited us to partake of his *Puchero;* 'however,' said he, 'you may remain here as long as you please; no one will any longer dare to suspect you of unbelief.' The Cardinal thanked him in his most gracious manner; he praised his clemency and intelligence; but as for remaining in his circle, he declared it was impossible, as he was on a secret mission from above, to the inhabitants of the first circle, his neighbours. 'In that case,' said Don Blasco, '*baya usté con Dios.*' (Good b'ye). We took leave of him, and continued our journey.

"We succeeded, but not without difficulty, in secretly introducing ourselves among the Turks, at the very moment when Ali Pacha had arrived, with the marks of decapitation round his

neck. The cunning Cardinal had prepared a red cloak among the Spaniards, and fitted it up with so much skill, that he might have been taken for a Mussulman. As for myself, I resolved to pass as an European, condemned by his destiny to serve him as a slave; our different characters were strictly maintained; he was proud, I was humble; he seemed pleased, I had a dejected air. By these means, we became the object of general curiosity; I was the only European that was to be seen among them. The Abbé, according to his usual custom, preached in the streets, and clearly demonstrated that he was the favourite and the envoy of the prophet; 'Because,' said he, 'no Mahometan had obtained, after his death, the honour of having an infidel for his slave. This man,' continued he, 'is for ever inseparably connected with my fate; no other power can snatch him away; such is the will of the Great Allah.' He gave them, in his own peculiar way, a very circumstantial description of the paradise inhabited by the prophet, and promised them, in his name, that in a thousand, nine hundred, and sixty years, eleven months, and seven days, they would all be liberated from their narrow prison, for the purpose of enjoying

in the vast plains of Heaven, the happiness announced in the Koran to all those who should have expiated their sins. He exhorted them to spend that short period of time in harmony and hope, menacing with the vengeance of Heaven whomsoever should dare to show impatience at the will of Allah !

" This address produced all the effect we expected. The Abbé was reckoned a second prophet, and I as a wretch, who had no other will than that of destiny.

" One thing only surprised us among the Turks, namely, that authority is still retained by those who were powerful on the earth, because they were the only persons who possessed any spark of knowledge or virtue; the lower classes in Turkey are degraded by ignorance, baseness, and crime ; hence Ali Pacha had scarcely arrived before he was appointed Reis-Effendi. We took advantage of the rejoicings made on this occasion, to find out a path of escape, and reach the abode of the Atheists, where we were determined to settle. It took us a hundred and seventy-two hours to go round the grand wall ; this wall is about half a mile broad, and presents no issue ; to climb over it would have been impracticable, as it was covered over

at top with sharp iron spikes; the gravity of our own substance did not allow us to fly; the Abbé could think of no other expedient than to dig till we found some subterraneous passage that led out into the open country. I had read in the book before you that such passages existed; but they were not known to the Turks, for they have no idea of any thing that exists out of their own district. We provided ourselves with a chisel, a pick-axe, and a shovel, and in less than eight hours' hard work made a hole that sheltered us from the eyes of the curious, and we went on gaily with our important labours during twenty-four hours. Yet we despaired of digging half a mile through in a straight line, without mistaking the right direction, when the Abbé, in giving a stroke of his pick-axe, threw down a stone into a hollow. 'We are now safe,' exclaimed he; 'this must be a winding path that leads to the object of our researches;' we entered into it and groped along it on our bellies, for it was too low to go otherwise. We spent more than thirty hours before we perceived the light, but this long looked-for moment arrived at last; only the external opening was so small that the Abbé was forced to push me with all his strength to

enable me to get through. At length we breathed a purer ether in a more tranquil region.

"At the first glance we thought we had entered the Elysium of the Pagans, only the latter must be more agreeable. The fields of the Atheists resemble the parks that surround London in the fine days in spring, during a slight fog, through which the sun appears like a ball of fire. A pleasing but monotonous verdure; meadows, streams, lakes, and forests; a great number of small birds and crows; fields-flowers, and aromatic herbs—these were what we found; there is no change of season, no harvest, and yet a very variegated vegetation. We afterwards learned that all the three kingdoms, the animal, the mineral, and the vegetable, are abundantly supplied with materials for the amusement of chemists, naturalists, botanists, natural philosophers and others. These rural scenes are and always will remain the same through all eternity. It must, however, be admitted that we were delighted with our discovery; our hearts opened to joy and hope, when we felt ourselves liberated from the filthy, winding Politicopolis. We mutually swore to preserve a strict seriousness of demeanour, that we might not incur the punishment attached to a

neglect of it. We then moved forward towards a lake, surrounded and covered with a great multitude of spirits of all ages and sexes. Though they seemed very merry, each of them raised his eyes to Heaven from time to time, and gave utterance to a sigh. I had read in my book the cause of these sighs, and mentioned it to the Abbé, who said to me: 'These people were all infatuated with their audacious opinions, without having ever troubled themselves to examine them. The true philosopher, that is, he who really searches after truth, cannot be an Atheist without betraying his own conscience, since the creation necessarily supposes the Creator. Alas! I was never an Atheist, and yet I am in hell; Ah! accursed hat, how dear thou hast cost me!' . . . While talking thus, we saw a man with a round, full face, who wore a scull-cap of crimson velvet, and paid the most assiduous attention to a very pretty woman, who seemed to listen to him favourably, though she sighed at intervals. 'I have seen this face somewhere,' said the Abbé; 'wait a moment—no!—yes!—I am not mistaken; it perfectly resembles the portrait of Pope Leo X. which I have seen more than a hundred times at Rome in the church of St. Paul

extra Muros; how glad I shall be to talk to him.' He immediately advanced with an affable air, and addressed him thus: 'Holy Father, permit a poor Cardinal, who died two centuries after you, to contemplate with admiration the most enlightened Pope of his age.'—'Can a man who was an Atheist be called enlightened?' 'I say enlightened, in relation to your contemporaries, and the country you inhabited.' 'But who are you?'—'My name is Maury; I was born in France; I was an Abbé, a conventionalist, an emigrant at Rome, bishop of Montefiascone, and then a cardinal. If I had been able, I would have been Pope, for my ambition was unbounded.' 'What was the name of the Pope of your days?'—'Pius VI. He was neither a priest, nor a politician, a reformer, nor a man of letters!' 'What was he then?'—'He loved good cheer, indolence, ostentation,* and his nephews; for he en-

* The following witty lines were attached to Pasquin, and display the character of this Pope in a single word: his coat of arms represented two eagles, a heaven with three stars, and a round face blowing on three *fleurs-de-lis*:—

"Imperio redeant aquilæ, da lilia Gallis;
Sidera redde Polo; cætera Brasche tene."

EDITOR.

riched them all at the expense of the state.' 'My relations had no need of this assistance; they were powerful before my pontificate; during my reign polite literature flourished; I encouraged it myself, and crowned at the capitol the poet Quernus, who often dined with me, and made Latin verses for me which I reckoned admirable. I had two men of superior talents as my secretaries, a precaution all sovereigns have not the wit to adopt, Bembo and Sadolet; they both became cardinals, though devoid of ambition. Their names will be for ever famous in the annals of literature. I have often the pleasure of conversing with them here; as also with a certain modern cardinal, called Corsini, an excellent man.'

Maury. I knew him well; he was a great eater, and an epicurean *par excellence.* What was most singular, this cardinal never ate meat, yet his table of meagre dishes was reckoned the most delicious of any in the Ecclesiastical States. He died suddenly on rising from table, from want of proper digestive organs.

The Pope. That was dying like a fool. . . . . As for my spiritual administration, now that I see still clearer into those things, I can truly assert that I was the only Pope who

ever rendered important services to mankind.* Had it not been for the establishment of the sale of indulgences for the benefactors of the Vatican, which was then building, the Dominican and Augustin monks would not have claimed the post of treasurers. They would not have quarrelled together. If the Dominicans had obtained the advantage, Luther would not have come forth, like a brilliant meteor, from the bosom of the Augustin monks, and the half of civilized Europe would not have enjoyed the benefits of the Reformation. I perceived all this while I was Pope; but it was necessary for me to follow my trade; yet more than once I envied the fortune of Luther. This wish (along with some youthful excesses) occasioned my premature death.

Maury. How many misfortunes the human race would have avoided had the Popes spoken thus during their lives! (Then addressing the Pope.) 'Do you see a great many sovereign Pontiffs here?'—'A great number; such as Alexander III. and Alexander VI.; we have

* Leo X. refused to take the Sacraments at his death; the following epitaph was made on him.—

"Sacra sub extremâ si forte requiritis horâ
Cur Leo non potuit sumere? vendiderat."

several Popes of the same name, as Sergius, Urban, Leo, Gregory, Pius, Sixtus, John, Benedict, Julius, Paul, Nicholas, and others; but several of the most criminal, such as Stephen VI. Nicholas V. Clement VII. Alexander VI. and Julius II. do not inhabit the southern district where we live.'

Maury. And where are they?—'They are sent away to the northern regions, among the snow, the torrents, and the wildest productions of savage nature. These regions may be called the Siberia of the country of the Atheists. The sun even is not seen for an hour during the whole year.'

"I wished to take a share in the conversation, and to tell Leo X. all that had taken place between you and Pius VII.; but Helvetius came up, and other subjects were talked of. The lady received him with transports of joy; she showed him the most particular attention, which put the Pope into ill humour. 'If this man,' said she, 'had lived in my time, he would have fixed my heart for ever; but, even as it is, I confess with pride, that a sympathy of mind and system has always existed between us; for I expressed as a woman, what he, half a century afterwards, explained as a profound

philosopher.' 'Might I ask,' said the Cardinal, what subject you are talking of?' 'You see before you,' said Helvetius, 'the celebrated Ninon de l'Enclos: though she died at the age of eighty-eight, she is still beautiful; and the holy father you see there, (pointing to Leo), prefers her to all the beauties who inhabit these vast regions.'

Cardinal. Do you enjoy then the happiness of loving and being beloved?

Helv. Assuredly; but we are also exposed to all its inconveniences, such as ill-will, jealousy, fruitless desires, and disgust.

Card. How happy you are! what a contrast to the filthy, melancholy Politicopolis!

The Pope. What country did you say? methinks I have heard something of it.

Card. It is a Gothic, dark country, divided into a thousand great circles; the individual you see beside me is the president of the nine hundred and ninety-ninth.

The Pope. Did he then occupy a very important post during his life!

Card. Not at all: his greatest merit consists in having been steward to a great man, who rose, from being a simple lieutenant, to be Emperor of the French.

"At these words, Ninon and the Pope came nearer us, and showed the greatest desire of learning from me all the particulars of that grand historical fact. Helvetius and Ninon were in ecstasy when they learned the manner in which the Republicans had plundered the priests and the nobles. Leo said over and over again, 'They well deserved it!' Maury rubbed his hands; they were astonished and delighted in listening to the narrative of your great exploits, and the internal organization of the empire. They all three laughed immoderately at your differences with Pius VII., and Ninon concluded by asking me with great warmth: 'But where is this great man at present?' 'Alas!' replied I, 'his end has not been so fortunate as his commencement! Raised by the fate of arms, encouraged by an uninterrupted series of victories, wholly unexampled in the history of the world; adored by his powerful armies, considered by public opinion as a superior being, ambition took possession of his heart; he aimed at the humiliation of his proudest enemy, England: to accomplish his purpose, he declared it in a state of blockade, and to make the blockade effectual, extended his conquests from the extremities of Portu-

gal to the centre of Russia; but England, with her gold and her intrigues, succeeded in corrupting the fidelity of the allies of the great man. The most worthy of blame among the latter, was his own father-in-law, who, though himself an Emperor by right of inheritance, disdained not to mingle his blood with that of a low-born Emperor, when his interest required it; but who, nevertheless, did not hesitate to betray him, the moment fortune began to withdraw her favours from him. As a treat to the French army quartered in the heart of their empire, the Russians made a bonfire of their second capital. From that event may be dated the downfal of the great man, and the decline of the French. The greater part of the latter had become rich, powerful, proud of their renown, and realized the horse in the fable: *Impignatus, dilatatus, recalcitrabit.* Loaded with wealth and titles, and covered with decorations, they forgot the man to whom they were indebted for all their good fortune. Poor, they were heroes; rich, they became Sybarites. Paris was invaded by four different powers, astonished at seeing each other at such a festival. The conqueror was conquered, gave up his crown, and accepted, as his prison, a small island in the

Mediterranean, the sovereignty of which was given to him. All Europe had their eyes fixed upon him; the satellites of royalty,* assembled at the Congress of Vienna, trembled, and meditated his destruction, whilst the nations that had again fallen under the degrading yoke of the old dynasties considered him as their expected liberator. Above all, France and Italy, lately so powerful, now so humbled, called loudly for his appearance. Touched with the wrongs of these nations, the great man one day left his retreat, went on board a hospitable vessel, and landed on the coast of France. Escorted by a small band of heroes, he traverses his old empire, amidst the national enthusiasm, and enters his capital in triumph. He disdains to pursue his feeble rivals, and forbids (with too much generosity perhaps) any opposition to be made to their flight! . . . Again become Emperor by the overwhelming force of public opinion, instead of attaching to himself the sound part of the nation, he imprudently gave his confidence to those very individuals whom wealth (the fruit of his benefits) had enervated. He did worse than this; he himself forgot that the talisman of liberty had raised him to the sum-

* Observe that this is the language of Cipriani.

mit of grandeur, and that this talisman could alone place him upon it a second time; yet, after all, his attitude became so formidable (in less than three months) that the combined despots trembled on their tottering thrones. They gave vent to their rage in incendiary proclamations; they engaged fanatical monks to preach against him; and by an unparalleled piece of imposition, they invoked the sacred name of that self-same Liberty, which, as the Ægis of their adversary, should have been the instrument of their own destruction. Hostilities soon commenced. Never was a battle fought on whose issue depended such important consequences to the human race! . . . On one side were degradation and slavery; on the other, glory and the regeneration of the nations. The commencement indicated wonders. The columns of the English and Prussians were falling under the attacks of our legions. The old hussar of the house of Brunswick was unhorsed in a charge, and saw the French cavalry gallop past him in pursuit of his own soldiers. The English commander, defeated on all sides, was already preparing to make a precipitate retreat, when some traitors, carrying their villany so far as to fight against the interests of

their own native soil, collected every information they could possibly obtain concerning the state of our army, deserted to the enemy, and re-animated, by their criminal counsels, their worn-out courage. Among these the name of B. . . . . will ever remain an object of public scorn and execration. Yet, in spite of these cowardly traitors, the victory would have been snatched from the tools of despotism, if the right wing of the French army had been commanded by a bold and intelligent man. Fate willed that the command should be entrusted to an old fool called G . . . . ., who obstinately persevered in not setting his troops in motion, in spite of the earnest and reiterated entreaties of his staff, and allowed a corps of thirty thousand Prussians to pass without opposition between him and the army of the great man. The French were too confiding, and allowed them to approach, for they thought they were a part of their own army; at this moment other traitors raised the dispiriting cry of "*Sauve qui peut;*" and the army, so lately victorious, fell back in disorder upon the capital. Ah! Englishmen who love liberty, will one day regret with tears of blood the good fortune of having gained the battle of Waterloo! . . . . It has been

as fatal in its consequences to the liberties of Europe, as the battle of Philippi was to the liberty of Rome. Like it, the battle of Waterloo has thrown Europe into the hands of the combined triumvirs for the oppression of the human race, the extinction of knowledge, and the restoration of superstition. * Betrayed and abandoned by his own adherents, Napoleon knew too late the number of his faults; he lamented them bitterly, and resolved to terminate his political career. Moved by a magnanimous sentiment, and judging of others by his own heart, instead of keeping up the devouring fire of civil war, he gave himself up, like *Themistocles*, to his proudest *enemies*, because he thought them *the most generous*. His expectations were disappointed; if the English are generous individually, their government (then directed by a minister in the pay of the coalition of despots,) was a stranger to these noble sentiments. It was thought proper to receive Napoleon as a real prisoner of war, and as such they imprisoned him at St. Helena, the most arid spot on the terrestrial globe. Entrusted during the first year to the superintendence of

* Cipriani seems to have remembered hearing all this at St. Helena.—EDITOR.

a man attached, it is true, to the duties of his office, but full of honour and generosity, the fallen hero patiently supported his reverses; but his European executioners were not satisfied with having their victim in their power; they wished to taste the barbarous pleasure of seeing him expire by slow degrees: in accordance with this wish, the man of honour was recalled and superseded by a pitiless jailor, a man of narrow mind, mean sentiments, and a treacherous heart; who, like the vulture of Prometheus, destroyed by slow and cowardly means an existence respected by more than a hundred battles, and dear to so many nations! It was the dying lion exposed to the kick of the ass. I was an eye-witness of the humiliation, privations, and innumerable insults, by which his life was daily embittered. He had one single friend remaining, who was the more dear to him that he belonged to that very nation whose government treated him in such a shameless manner; his name was O'Meara; in his capacity of medical attendant to the great man, he could see and converse with him daily. Enlightened mind! benevolent heart! thy devoted kindness towards the illustrious prisoner, in calling down upon thee the blessings of

posterity, will assuredly assign thee a place in the heavens worthy of thy virtues! Alas! I also was devoted to his fate, but I was not virtuous like thee! . . . Here tears fell from my eyes, and Ninon shared in my sorrow. Leo, Helvetius, and Maury, were absorbed in a profound reverie. I continued my narrative: things were in this state, when I descended to the mansions of the dead; if at least I was certain that he still retained his faithful friend! But I am afraid that the barbarians have taken this last consolation away from him; in that case, it is to be presumed that he did not long survive me!"

Nap. You are perfectly right, my poor Cipriani! The thing took place precisely as you have stated. One day, O'Meara came to me in the most profound affliction. "We are going to be separated," said he to me. I made a a strong effort over the feelings of my heart, to conceal my emotion as much as possible; I gave him a letter for Marie Louise; thanked him for his cares as well as I could, and bade him an eternal adieu.

At this moment the Genius whispered these words to me: "Feel no fear of his fortunes; O'Meara is at this moment in the bosom of his

country, and enjoys the affection of his fellow citizens, and the esteem of all civilized Europe."—" May the Great Being be praised for his bounties!" exclaimed I. . . . . "And what other adventures happened to you in the abode of the Atheists?"

Franceschi. La Combalèt came up and put an end to my narrative. Scarcely had the Cardinal perceived her, before he became violently in love with her: he addressed the most gallant compliments to her, spoke with enthusiasm of her beauty, which made Ninon smile maliciously, and say to the Cardinal: " It is very evident that Madame is a very nice bit, since she is coveted by the *high clergy*, even in the world of spirits.

Card. What, Madam, can she be . . . .

Helvetius. The fascinating Combalèt: married for form's sake, she nevertheless enjoyed the joys of a mother, thanks to the care of her uncle Richelieu.*

Maury. Then I am not surprized if she has produced the effect of the magnet on the accursed simar.

* The Cardinal went often on horseback in disguise, to see her at Ruel. She was made Duchesse d'Aiguillon.—EDITOR.

"When I saw the Abbé Maury susceptible to the charms of love, I thought that I also might enjoy this agreeable amusement. At this moment, I perceived a crowd of pretty women dancing under an arbour entwined with honeysuckle, and approaching them very politely, addressed the lady who seemed to me to be the handsomest, and asked her who she was. 'I was,' said she, 'for a long course of years the delight of the Parisians; I made them laugh and cry, and made them all in love with me: my name was Clairon;* I always led a merry life; I did good when I could; and when I made men unhappy, it was against my will. One man amongst the rest (a furious sentimen-

* A celebrated tragic actress of the last century, and a contemporary of Le Kain. She had the address to make herself be kept by the Margrave of Anspach for the space of seventeen years, after having made him quarrel with all his family. The Chamber of Finances had orders to pay her expenses. At length the Margrave sent her away. After her return to Paris, she had always three lovers; one with whom she lived publicly; another whom she received in secret; and a third whom she deceived, and who paid for all. She died at ninety years of age. The lover here alluded to was the son of a shop-keeper in Brittany. He was thirty years of age when he felt his sentimental passion for the actress; he was unfortunate, and should have naturally expected to be so.—EDITOR.

talist) took it into his head to feel a violent passion for me. I did every thing in my power to convince him of his folly; besides, I had a lover whom I adored, the Comte de Valbelle. The sentimentalist was obstinate, and died of grief; he came at one o'clock every morning, and fired an unloaded pistol under my windows, as a mark of his vengeance. I was greatly alarmed at first, but got gradually accustomed to the thing, and ended by laughing at the explosion; it ceased in about a year's time. This worthy man was a believer, because for my quiet I have never met him in this region. . . . . All these nymphs you see amusing themselves with dancing, have been actresses or dancers at the grand opera of Paris. That handsome man you see engaged in a contest of wit with that little woman, whose eyes indicate so much talent, is Quinault, along with Mademoiselle Arnoult. That other couple, where you see the gentleman acting the part of a drunken soldier (which seems to give infinite satisfaction to the lady) is composed of Preville and Mademoiselle Grimaud.* These two men talking gravely together are Fleury and Beaumarchais. Farther

* Every one knows the fine Ode which Marmontel wrote in honour of the charitable disposition of this charm-

on, you see the popular poet Volange reminding several actors and actresses, who never knew him during their lives, of a scene in the family of the *Pointus :* that big woman who is listening to him with so much attention is Raucourt, the celebrated tragic actress whom the curé of St. Roch interred for fear of being stoned by the mob. We lead a merry life here; there is not a fool among us, so that the charms of conversation on this spot are inexhaustible. We shall all soon go together to a charming garden, at some distance from this, where our pleasures will be renewed in the presence of Molière, Piron, Collé, Vadé, and l'Atteignant; the laughter-loving Rabelais will also be there.'

"I was enchanted with being among such a pleasing race; and constantly thought within myself, 'what a contrast to the disgusting city of Politicopolis! There no social feelings exist; no literature, no dancing; and unfortunately no love!' . . . In my turn, I informed Clairon who I was, and how I had succeeded in

ing daughter of Terpsichore. It concludes with these lines :—

"Un tendre rien; une erreur d'un moment
Peut s'oublier; mais Dieu jamais n'oublie
Qu'on fut sensible, et qu'on fut bienfaisant."

getting introduced among them. This narrative made her feel an interest in my lot, and our intimacy continued unabated during the whole time that I remained; but the fatal moment was to come at last, when, for my misfortune, I was to be thrown back into this filthy spot, along with my unfortunate travelling companion! After two years spent among these hospitable people, in pure and innocent pleasures, the Cardinal and I were one day, without thinking of it, walking towards the very passage by which we had escaped with so much difficulty from Politicopolis: we were talking of our past existence, with the consolatory thought that, by using a little address, we had escaped from a disagreeable abode to enjoy a tolerably pleasant life, with the freest and least tormented spirits in hell. Our eyes turned at this moment towards the narrow passage that had restored us to light; it was filled up by a large round face, which, to judge by its contortions, necessarily belonged to a bulky body, that was making the most painful efforts to extricate itself. We were trying to guess who it could be, when we were addressed in these words: "Instead of looking at me, you stupid rascals, you would do better

to help me to get out.' 'Oh! oh!' said the Abbé, 'is this the way you begin? Get out as well as you can.'

Stranger. Ah, scoundrel! ah!—— ——* if I had my cuirassiers and dragoons with me at present, I would show you what I would do.

Abbé. Your dragoons and cuirassiers! You, with the ridiculous curls—were you ever in the army by chance?

Stranger. What do you say of the army, vagabond? I was something more than all that!

Abbé. And what was it?

Stranger. I was a King, an author, and a legislator, you stupid ass!

Abbé. I am much obliged to you for the compliment; but might one ask in what fortunate country you exercised your royalty and legislation?

Stranger. In the most enlightened country in Europe.

Abbé. I should never have suspected it.

Stranger. You are not a physiognomist then, you blackguard; don't you see in my countenance the mark of my illustrious dynasty?

* Vulgar oaths in very frequent use with the personage in question.—EDITOR.

Abbé. I beg your pardon; if I cannot see it in the contours of your lunar face, I can easily discover it by your language.

Stranger. What do you mean?

Abbé. I say that you must belong to the dynasty of some renowned innkeeper; for leaving out of view the beautiful rotundity of your person, you season your phrases with very polite words.

Stranger. (Foaming with rage.) Insolent rascal!—— —— you would not insult me thus, if I had my faithful gend'armes here! don't you know that I made all Paris tremble?—that my dragoons and cuirassiers made a charge upon the people in the streets, and that not a soul moved a step? You know nothing of all that, you dog of a renegado? Well, to make you still more mad, I'll tell you further, that never did a monarch enjoy so much pleasure as I have done in seeing the ladies waving their handkerchiefs from their windows—that I have conquered the usurper, and driven him from my throne with the soldiers of other monarchs—that I have kept several mistresses, to whom I wrote charming letters—that I had a *chambre ardente*—that I changed my ministers as I changed my linen—and that I bore during my

reign the fine name of the *Desiré* . . . .' On concluding his speech, he made the Abbé such a comical grimace, accompanied with such a loud explosion, that we could hold out no longer; an irresistible burst of laughter issued from our semblance of human form, and our oath was broken. We paid dearly for these moments of gaiety; the pitiless harpies rushed down upon us so promptly, that we suffered a severe lashing from the flapping of their filthy wings. In about a minute's time we recovered from our consternation, but only to give vent to our passionate lamentations; we deplored our melancholy lot. Maury made a loud outcry for Combalèt, and I mournfully exclaimed, 'Adieu, my dear Clairon!' Meanwhile, the fat *Desiré* laughed at us in his turn, called the harpies, *the dear birds of his heart*, and burst into a roar of laughter when he saw us carried off. In fact, their brazen claws laid hold of our pitiful substances; and in the twinkling of an eye, we lost sight of the fortunate regions . . . .

After an hour of indescribable suffering, we were thrown down on Politicopolis in the state you already know."

Nap. What do you imagine became of the fat *Desiré?*

Franc. I think he never could have got through, unless the materialists heard his cries, and found the means of widening the hole. As for us, it is out of our power to move a single stone in Politicopolis: if we stirred the ground among the Turks, that was because nobody cared what he did; but the passage that leads to the abodes of the Atheists is the work of destiny, and is of very difficult access. Now, Sire, inform me how you happen to be here as a visitor, for by the cleanness of your dress I do not think that you are among the number of the condemned.

Nap. No, by the special favour of the Creator! my place is appointed in Heaven. Before taking possession of my abode, I have been brought hither by a superior power, to the end that I might see with my own eyes the misery of the reprobate, in this singular hemisphere, unknown upon the earth.

I informed Franceschi of all I had seen and heard; he was wonderfully astonished at my narrative: "Now I understand," said he, "why Louis XI, Richelieu, and Mazarine, are not here, and why there are other characters who deserve to be sent to the regions of carnage."

Nap. It is probably because their punishments have been diminished.

Franc. Since your essence is so superior to that of all these wretches, (and I have already a proof of it by the facility with which you entered into this old palace,) I am now going to act as your *Cicerone*, and will show you all the most remarkable curiosities of the circle over which I preside.

The Genius whispered in my ear, " It is now that thy constancy is to be put to the trial."

I instantly followed Franceschi wherever he wished to go. On leaving the palace we met the poor Cardinal, pensively leaning upon a pillar; he had just cleaned himself, and was thinking of the merry life he had passed among the materialists.

Franc. Rise, my companion in misfortune, and salute your former Emperor.

He approached me with a sort of bashfulness, remembering that he had at one time opposed my principles to assume those of his own profession. I anticipated his feelings, took him by the hand, and said, " Abbé, remember that we are now in the abode of truth; let us be friends; let us forget what we were, and come

along with us in the tour we are going to undertake."

"Sire," replied the Abbé, "if men in the world above could foresee the future, none but austere Spartans would be seen; do you believe that I would have accepted a Cardinal's hat, and betrayed my conscience, if I had had a forewarning of what has happened to me?"

Nap. In this you but resemble the greater part of mankind. But take courage; it appears from what Franceschi has just related to me, that you are fertile in plans and stratagems, and particularly in popular eloquence; you know the secrets of the great labyrinth; by taking a new dose of courage, you will once more begin your long journey towards the regions you have lost, and there you will be fixed for ever.

Abbé. May Heaven hear you, and grant our prayers!

While thus conversing, we passed under an old turret, close to the angle of a huge tower, all surrounded with iron grates. A thin pale woman with a keen look, though aged, perceived us through one of the grates, and exclaimed: "*God's death!* what a strange dress!" "Would you like to visit this tower?" said Fran-

ceschi to me. " Certainly," I replied. He then struck the brazen door with his wand. It opened with a horrible noise. On entering the court we perceived a hundred soldiers in coats of mail, as in the sixteenth century; a scaffold was erected; an executioner had an axe in his hand, and waited only for his victim to give the blow. The court was hung with black cloth; and several birds of night concealed in the crevices made their dismal cries heard. The soldiers formed themselves into a line when they saw their supreme magistrate, and preserved profound silence. Franceschi ordered a man of rather a pleasant countenance, but devoured by secret sorrows, to go before us. He bent his head and obeyed. We ascended a winding staircase of a hundred and fifty steps, with the walls on each side covered with lances and swords. At the top we found a spacious vestibule also hung with black cloth, and surrounded with pillars of black marble; in the midst rose a red pedestal, on which was a statue of still deeper red, representing a fury with her torch extinguished. On the pediment was inscribed *Vengeance.* I tried to examine the materials of which the statue and the pedestal were formed, but I could form no idea

of what they were. Franceschi himself knew nothing about it. I asked the Genius, and was informed that it was crystallized blood, that had become harder than diamond in the course of ages; that it included in its mass a part of the blood of the victims of arbitrary power, from the time of Abel to our own days. This idea made me shudder with horror; I reflected in my own mind, if I had not committed similar crimes during my despotic sway. I could remember nothing but the balls with the letter E, which had been already explained to me. While thus absorbed in thought, I saw four men loaded with chains come forth by a brazen door. By the peculiar nature of their dress, they seemed to have been great personages. Franceschi made us a sign to withdraw to one side, close to a pillar, that we might not disturb the mystery. The individuals advanced with slow solemn steps, and in the deepest affliction. The first, said Franceschi, is Peter the Cruel, whose history you are acquainted with; the second is Philip le Bel, the destroyer of the Templars; the third is Henry VIII.; and the fourth, Philip II. When they came up to the statue, they placed themselves at the four angles of the pedestal,

with their heads bent down, and their hands folded upon their breasts. Another brazen door opened, and two Pontiffs came forth: these were Boniface VIII. * and Paul III. They advanced slowly, knelt down before the terrible statue, stretched out their arms towards it, and by turns exclaimed in a thundering voice, "*Let our destiny be accomplished!*" Oh, prodigy! the statue became animated, turned round on every side, waved its flickering torch, and poured from its mouth a torrent of blood, which fell in showers upon the six wretched reprobates. Prostrate upon the marble, and shaking their chains, they loudly cried for pardon. In the space of five minutes, one of the Pontiffs rose first, struck his breast, and said three different times, "*Mea culpa!*" then concealed his face with his hands, and disappeared in his den. The other Pontiff soon followed his colleague. Three of the Kings then rose one after another and did the same; but Peter the Cruel did not get off so easily. At the moment he was pronouncing *Mea culpa!* he was attacked with such a violent strangury, that he twisted himself

* The crimes of Boniface VIII. are too well known. Paul III. was the first Pope who authorized the establishment of the Jesuits (in 1540).

into every sort of attitude for several minutes; tore his breasts, and fell at length all livid and bloody upon the floor. Two armed men seized him and threw him into his dungeon; the door by which he disappeared closed of itself with a tremendous crash. Then the marks of blood disappeared; the burning torch was extinguished; the statue became motionless and inanimate, and every thing returned to its former order.

This species of punishment had made me mute with astonishment and terror. "Well, what are you thinking of, Sire?"

Nap. Alas! I was reflecting how difficult it is to be a monarch and to be just.

Abbé. I say the same for all the high dignities of the Catholic church. We have just seen two Popes, who during their lives were the terror not only of the ignorant, but even of powerful potentates. Who would then have dared to say that these Pontiffs would be damned? Every one would have thought it a blasphemy, and yet here they are!

Nap. I have remarked one thing: it is that all these sovereigns are adorned with rich dresses, while the greater part of the condemned at Politicopolis are clothed in rags.

Franc. It is so that these sovereigns may constantly see what they have been; the more sumptuous their dress is, the more does it remind them of their past grandeur and their folly. Did you see how Peter's black purple tunic was bedizened with jewels? After all, he is more tormented than any of the five; but their punishment takes place only once a month, and in the interval they are free and can visit each other; for instance, Henry VIII., Boniface, Paul, and the two Philips, pass their eternity along with Queen Elizabeth, to whom I now intend to conduct you. Like her father, she is exposed to punishment, but only twice a year, and one of these occasions occurs this day. Peter never sees any one, except the effigy of his brother, whom he murdered himself, and some few of his satellites who were formerly the blind ministers of his barbarous orders.

Nap. Do other towers exist in your circle like this one?

Franc. A great many. There is nearly the same kind of punishments in them all; but I preferred showing you this one, because it contains a greater variety of remarkable and interesting personages. The most singular and

extraordinary tower of the whole is the one called *The Wheel of Fortune.* We shall see it on leaving this.

The apartments of Queen Elizabeth opened. The same master of the ceremonies who had gone before us in ascending the stair, now requested us to enter. The Queen was surrounded by three women, two of whom, though wearing diadems, seemed to perform the duty of her humble companions. On seeing me she came forward to receive me. "I have no doubt," said she, "that you are a sovereign of the first rank, since the president in person accompanies you; only I should like to know in what part of Europe you reigned."

Nap. In France.

"*In France!*" exclaimed the two attendants with surprise.

Elizabeth. If you are a descendant of Henry IV. my contemporary, I am enchanted with seeing you, for I always esteemed that great man.

Nap. I do not belong to his race; but I have some resemblance to that valiant King: like him, I knew how to conquer and forgive; I was beloved by my soldiers as much as he was by his; like him, I made useful reforms in legislation, but carried my ambition farther than

he did; I detested courtiers and mean flatterers as much as he did. In other respects, I was neither polite nor gallant like him; hence I had no Gabrielle d'Estrées at my court.

Eliz. As far as I can guess, if you had been my contemporary, instead of Henry IV. we should have transacted a good deal of business together.

Nap. It might have been so; yet you will be astonished to learn that I was the greatest enemy your nation ever had. It is true that your countrymen fully returned my hostility; they formed all Europe into a coalition against me alone. My own faults and accidental circumstances made me fall into their hands; woe to the vanquished!—they treated me like the politicians of past ages, and disposed of me without beat of drum.

Eliz. So far as I hear, the English of the present day act on the same principles as they did in my time.

Nap. You are mistaken, Madam; the English of the present age have so little resemblance to those of your time, that if a Queen of your stamp were to appear on the throne of England, she would be stoned by the people in less than a week.

Eliz. Gracious Heaven! do you say so?

Nap. I say what is the fact. Do you know that they cut off the head of one of your descendants, named Charles I.? that a man, who was a hypocrite to be sure, but brave and intelligent, called Cromwell, was for several years absolute master of the kingdom, with the simple title of Protector? Do you know that if this man's son had not been a fool and a coward, England would have had no more kings? And do you know that that country became the richest and most powerful in Europe, owing to the commanding talents of Cromwell?

Eliz. I am truly astonished at learning such extraordinary things. But how could I know them? I have been shut up for more than forty-six lustres in this tower, to expiate my crimes, and you are the only stranger of eminence whom destiny has permitted to converse with me. But how happened it that my countrymen went to such violent excesses against you, after the change that you have told me has taken place in their legislation, and from their acquired liberty? Perhaps all classes of people were hostile to you?

Nap. By no means: during my greatness, the people hated me, but esteemed me in the bot-

tom of their hearts; the moment I fell from power, their hatred disappeared, and esteem rose into enthusiasm: if the people had dared, they would have raised altars to me.

Eliz. Perhaps religion led you into obnoxious measures?

Nap. People no longer think of religious controversies in the present age; in regard to conscience, every man does as he thinks proper.

Eliz. Really! I ought to admit, however, that the English are very easy and accommodating in this respect. The King my father made them heretics, my sister Mary made them Catholics again, and I soon made them heretics a second time, and all this took place in less than forty years. I found even very little opposition, for I had only fourteen bishops, fifty canons, and eighty curates, who would not agree to the reformation. Perhaps I employed rather too much rigour against those who would not conform . . . . . but at that time I thought only of the present, and not of distant consequences!

Nap. If I could have supposed the French as docile as the English in regard to a change in their religion, it is probable that I might have done as much; but since we are talking of

your former kingdom, I shall inform you, Madam, that it depended merely on the turning of a feather that it did not become the arbiter of the destiny of the world. The wise liberty of its laws, its internal riches, immense commercial relations, and the ascendancy of public opinion among civilized nations—every thing concurred to raise England to the highest pitch of grandeur. To accomplish this, it was only necessary to patronize sincerely, frankly, and without subterfuge or diplomatic chicane, those principles to which she was indebted for her renown; but personal hatred and private selfishness prepared a very different result to such fair expectations.

Eliz. Who could have acted thus to produce the decline of a free and wealthy people?

Nap. Who? . . . One man alone. . .

I was about to continue, when a tam-tam, placed at the top of the turret, struck twelve strokes; each deafening stroke carried terror and confusion into every heart. I continued on the same spot, and observed their looks. The Queen became still paler, and fell back into an arm-chair; her two companions looked at each other with ferocious eyes, in which the most inveterate hatred was depicted; the third

lady, all in tears, threw over the head of Elizabeth a large veil, which concealed it from view. I heard funeral chanting, and a rolling noise at the bottom of the court. An old man with a severe aspect came forward in pontifical robes; Franceschi announced Sixtus V. He came up to the Queen with a firm aspect, took her by the hand, and said, "Sister, you must die . . . . Come, the scaffold is prepared. . . . . Lift up your eyes to Heaven, and beg pardon for your faults; remember particularly that no respite can be granted you; *Whosoever strikes with the sword, shall perish with the sword.*" He pronounced these words in a solemn tone. I shuddered; the attendants each laid hold of one of Elizabeth's arms, and pulled her forward violently. "Leave me, cruel women," exclaimed she. The ladies answered, "No!" This took place three different times; they carried her off at last by the same staircase by which we had entered. On passing before the statue in the grand vestibule, she bent her knee, and the red torch was instantly lighted. Sixtus V. continually exhorted her to be resigned. We followed this mournful scene in silence, as far as the place of execution. When she reached the scaffold, she seemed to resume her courage;

the black veil fell, and the unfortunate Queen raised her eyes towards Heaven; then addressing the spectators, "Pity," said she, "an unfortunate woman, who preferred her pride to the dictates of justice." A maid of honour placed herself at the foot of the scaffold; another went beside the soldiers ranged in battle array. The lady who assisted the Queen fell down bathed in tears; the Pope remained upright and unmoved. The Queen knelt; and the executioner having first cut off her hair, with two strokes of his axe separated her head from her body.* Like to a thirsty tigress, the lady placed below rushed towards the blood that burst forth in torrents, and drank it up to the last drop; and then with a poniard in her hand fell upon her rival. The latter implored the protection of the soldiers, who covered her with their bucklers, fell upon the cannibal in their turn, cut her with their swords, drove her forth with disdain, and left her thus disfigured at the foot of the scaffold.

"Let us leave this place," said I to Franceschi, "I have seen enough of it; what horrid scenes! what a heart-rending sight!" The

* It required two strokes of the axe to cut off the head of the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scotland.—EDITOR.

Abbé Maury continued muttering, " It was truly worth the while of Felix Perutti to abandon his hogs, and pretend to be a decrepid old man, that he might become the chaplain of Politicopolis during eternity."

Franc. He also inhabits an angle of this tower, since his decease; he was allowed to leave it at the death of Elizabeth, that he might perform his present duty.

Maury. It seems to me that he got off very easily.

On leaving this, Franceschi said to me, " Be not terrified, Sire, with all you have seen here; to-morrow morning every thing will have returned to its former state, and all these personages will remember nothing of the scene they acted the day before.

Nap. What do you mean?

Franc. You must first of all know, that according to my book, the punishments allotted here are not eternal; several of them undergo modifications; and others cease altogether in the course of ages. The punishment of Queen Elizabeth, for instance, has a peculiar feature; she knows that she is deceased, and is in prison to expiate her offences; but she does not know (any more than the other individuals who ap-

pear in these tragic scenes) that her head is to be cut off twice a year; so that when the fatal tam-tam strikes twelve strokes, she really believes that she is led to execution for the first time. The Countess of Nottingham (the same lady who was enjoined to take to her the ring of the Earl of Essex) deplores her fate, as if she were going to lose her for ever. Sixtus V. is present from an impulse of admiration for his contemporary. The two humble companions are nothing less than Frédégonde and Brunéhaut, very sanguinary Queens of France, of the Merovingian race, and suffer but a slight punishment in comparison of what they endured during the ages that elapsed between their deaths and that of Elizabeth. As the most worthy of execration, Frédégonde had her limbs cut in pieces twice every twenty-four hours, in the fields of carnage which you have already seen. Brunéhaut, whose crimes were excited by the former, was subjected only to a solitary confinement at the bottom of this tower. That master of the ceremonies, who says nothing, who obeys like a submissive courtier, and covers his face with his hands during the execution, is that same Leicester whom she loved during her reign, and whose innocent wife she caused to

be put to death. When the critical moment has passed, they all again become what they were before: the three popes, the three monarchs, Leicester, and the four ladies, pass their time in talking of the things of former days, and in relating to each other the political or gallant adventures of their lives. I assure you that, with the exception of the want of liberty, they are not very unhappy. Some Roman assassins who have been here for two thousand years, have told me they have seen Tiberius, Nero, Caligula, Sylla, Mezentius, Phalaris, Herod, Herodias, the Emperor Basil II.* the Empress Theodora, and along with them Messalina, Tullia, and other monsters of antiquity, groping along on all-fours, quite naked, and all

* To show what this Eastern emperor Basil was, it is sufficient to state that he put out the eyes of thirteen thousand five hundred Bulgarians, whom he had taken prisoners; and that he put to death an officious courtier who had saved his life. When Basil was hunting, a stag rushed furiously upon him, and drove his antlers betwixt his body and his belt; his attendant rushed forward, drew his sabre, and found it necessary to cut Basil's belt: the latter, out of gratitude, cut off his head, under the pretext that he had drawn his sword against his sovereign! This sanguinary despot was born in 956, and died in the year 1024, after a reign of fifty years.—EDITOR.

covered over with disgusting sores, moving through the filthy streets of the nine hundred and ninety-ninth circle, asking alms from the passers by, and receiving in return nothing but blows from heavy cudgels, and showers of filth upon their faces. This kind of punishment was continual and unremitting; now each of them is probably sent to some part of Hell which is unknown to me, for no one has seen them for a long time: thus do the new comers drive away, or rather take the places of those who have come before them. In two thousand years hence, these towers will be inhabited by other guilty personages; those of the present time will be forgotten, or sent away for ever to some secret part of Hell; or perhaps they will be pardoned—for I have a presentiment that a great many of the damned (that is, in the seventh degree of guilt), after expiating their sins, will be permitted to see the light of Heaven in some paradise of the seventh order.

The more I listened to Franceschi, the more astonished I felt at his mode of reasoning: he had become acquainted with history, metaphysics, and morals; he spoke all languages as easily as his native tongue . . . "How death ennobles mankind!" thought I. I wished to know

why the two ancient Queens of France, Frédégonde and Brunéhaut, had now become the humble companions of Elizabeth. Franceschi replied: "Notwithstanding the great difference between the guilt of Elizabeth and that of these two queens, it must be admitted that there is a certain resemblance between them. Jealousy of aspirants to the throne made the French queens shed torrents of blood: the same feeling caused Elizabeth to act in a similar way. If the latter had lived in the barbarous age of the former, who can calculate the excesses of which she might have been guilty? If Mary Stuart had been a Brunéhaut, things would not have been settled so easily."

We were talking on these subjects, when we heard the distant sound of innumerable voices wrangling with each other and raising loud howls: the Abbé, instantly conceiving that it must necessarily be a popular tumult, requested us to move towards the crowd. Franceschi said to me: "I am very glad, Sire, that you will be a witness of the magic virtue of my iron wand." The nearer we approached the scene of confusion, the more easily could we distinguish this mixture of strange voices, calling out in various languages at the same mo-

ment. The most violent ejaculations burst from their mouths in French, Italian, English, Russian, German, and Greek: the favourite oaths of these different nations were employed in the place of argument. The Abbé thought for a moment, that the object of this tumult was to overthrow the small degree of order that existed in Politicopolis, without reflecting that that city is the work of destiny, and in no respect exposed to the caprices of men: his remark made Franceschi smile as well as me. On entering into the spacious square where this infernal assemblage had met, the first thing that struck me was a great number of pulpits erected in every direction, each containing a noisy, hot-headed orator; who, after uttering two or three inflammatory phrases, was hissed and dragged down by the mob, when his place was taken possession of by another speaker, who had the same fate as his predecessor, and gave way to others, who were treated in a similar manner. I also remarked that almost all those who formed the mob, wore the uniforms of the troops or ambassadors of their respective nations; but their dress was so tattered and dirty as to excite pity: some were without stockings, and others walked barefooted in the

mud. There were a great many people with three-cornered hats falling to pieces, or with threadbare caps; but the most ludicrous thing of all was to see the signs of pride upon such mean dresses, such as ribbons, orders of knighthood, and decorations. This singularity made me laugh and blush at the same time, for I saw that I was myself in uniform, with my orders on me, though in a condition not only very neat, but even very elegant; I felt plainly that it would be difficult for me to remain unknown, or to remain neutral: I requested Franceschi to take me away from this tumult; he observed that his duty forced him to remain, and that at any rate I had nothing to fear. The Genius whispered to me: "I have already ordered thee to yield thyself up with confidence to the course of events." This notice made me resume my former tranquillity.

We were soon pushed and knocked about by all sorts of people in the crowd. A Negro came close to me, recognised me, and was preparing to strike me; but Franceschi touched him with his iron rod, and overthrew him in the twinkling of an eye: I looked at him attentively, and recognised Toussaint Louverture. "What!" said I, "does thy hatred of me extend even

beyond the grave ?"—" Certainly," said he, " for I consider you as the greatest enemy liberty ever had ! At least the royalists of 1791 were always royalists ; for my own part, I have always been a republican like many others ; but what are you ? An amphibious monster, born for the misfortune of Europe ; a soul filled with ambition and selfishness, which, in a revolution so important as that in France, looked only to one object—your own aggrandisement, and that of all the fools of your family. The general good never had any share in your actions. Endowed with supereminent military talents, destiny willed you to command a frivolous nation, susceptible only of being intoxicated with glory, but nothing more. What object had you in view by sending Leclerc and Villaret to a free country newly regenerated ? Was it not to stifle the salutary germs of liberty, among a people whose firmness of principle would have soon been a reproach to France ? It is not of my imprisonment in the fort of Joux, nor of my violent death, that I complain ; tyrants always act like tyrants : I only feel a well-founded disgust, because your political hypocrisy terminated in the destruction of the liberties of all Europe. The French required a man with the

soul of a Cato, and you possessed that of a Cæsar! Taking advantage of the foibles of your subjects, you cunningly exchanged with them ribbons, empty titles, and some pieces of yellow matter, that they might serve (at the price of their blood) as the instruments of your own elevation; they did not see that they were thus accomplishing their own ruin: the fools! flattered with children's playthings, the most enlightened amongst them were satisfied with making *bons-mots* concerning you, thinking, perhaps, they would thereby save France! It would have been much better for the interest of mankind had Robespierre reigned in your stead."

Nap. (with warmth.) What! Robespierre!

Toussaint. Yes, yes; Robespierre—I say it again; that man (sanguinary as he is said to have been) was at least faithful to his principles. After some years of proscription, he would have acted like another Sylla, and confirmed republican austerity in the hearts of the French; who would have soon forgotten this terrible dictator, to consider him only as a Lycurgus.

I was going to reply to this furious speech, when the President of the thousandth seven hundredth and ninety-third circle heard his

name pronounced, and made his way towards us through the crowd. "Here you are," said he, "you destroyer of liberty! Where are all your great victories—your conquests, your counts, dukes, marshals, and prelates? . . . Perfidious apostate of the sacred cause! you have betrayed your honour, your gratitude, the duties of a citizen and the duties of a legislator; you corrupted the nation that was entrusted to your care: in former days you commanded Spartans; towards the close of your reign they were hardly any thing more than pompous and effeminate Persians."

Nap. It truly becomes thee to talk of Spartans, thou despotic and blood-thirsty man! . .

Robes. Don't talk to me of despots and blood-thirsty men, for who was more the one and the other than yourself? I know your history, though I descended among the dead twenty-four years sooner. I was despotic, because, in the difficult times in which I ruled the state, had it not been for a will capable of restraining the will of every other, we should have fallen a prey to the aristocratic faction. I was sanguinary, it is true, but at least I had a praiseworthy object as my excuse—that of the regeneration of France, and its return to a new

order of things. Suppose even that I was mistaken in the means I adopted, you cannot deny that my cause was nobler than yours. You were despotic that you might be talked of, or for the sole pleasure of being so. A servile imitator of the most detestable sovereigns, whose horrid acts have been transmitted to us by the page of history, you only loaded the ministers of your power with riches, because you could not depend on the affection of the public. "Great recompenses in a monarchy or a republic" (says Montesquieu) "are evidence of their decline." The worst Roman emperors were those who were the most liberal in their rewards—such as Caligula, Claudius, Nero, Vitellius, Commodus, Heliogabalus, Caracalla: the best of them—such as Augustus, Vespasian, Antoninus Pius, Marcus Aurelius, and Pertinax, were very sparing and economical, because the people were less corrupt. For the same reason you shed the blood of ten millions of Frenchmen or of their allies; as if, after all, this ocean of blood had served to fix your government in France and Italy; but no! by a wonderful singularity, it served to bring back—what? . . . . The Bourbons!—and along with them ignorance, and corruption, and

the Jesuits! . . . Good God! if I had foreseen what has taken place!—if I had foreseen that a single man would overthrow, by his faults, an edifice cemented by twenty-five years of a salutary revolution, purchased by torrents of blood! . . . I would really have been the despot you say that I was! I would not with the calmness of a statesman, have disdained the means which the despot employs to secure his personal safety, and my enemies would all have bit the dust, for it was in my power! . . . I often meet here with the instigator of my downfall; that Tallien,* the protector of the

* Tallien was a representative of the people of Bordeaux during the Reign of Terror: he fell in love with Madame de Fontenay, a young, beautiful, and enterprising lady, who fled into Spain to avoid being imprisoned. The protection of her lover did not prevent her being brought to Paris some time afterwards, and sent to the prison of La Force. Yet Tallien had sworn that he would save her life, whatever the consequences might be. For this purpose he went in person to the capital. Three days before the fall of the dictator, a commissary of police came to Madame de Fontenay, to give her the fatal intelligence of her trial. She found an opportunity of sending the following note to Tallien: "To-morrow I am to go to the tribunal, that is, to the scaffold: this does not look very like the dream I had last night—Robespierre was no more and the prisons were open. . . . but, thanks to

noblesse;—he died like a beggar: it is from him that I learned your exploits, and his deep repentance for his own blunders.

Now, would you talk of private virtues? I never took it into my head to marry the daughter of a potentate; I lived chaste and incorruptible; I disdained titles, pomp, and riches to such a degree, that at my death there was not found wherewithal to inter me. It is useless to say anything concerning your conduct. . . . . .

During this violent harangue of the fierce republican, a crowd had been collected round us, and, casting my eyes upon this mass of turbulent people, I recognised Frenchmen who

your egregious cowardice, there will soon not be a soul in France capable of bringing it to pass." Tallien replied in these words: "Be as prudent as I am bold, and restrain your anxiety." In three days afterwards Robespierre was no more. The most ludicrous part of the whole business is, that Madame Tallien (who was afterwards separated from her husband) has always played a great part in public life, and even at this moment bears the title of Princess, while her liberator died in 1821, in a mean little house in the *Allée des Veuves* (*Champs Elisées*), in such a destitute state that people were obliged to beg the assistance of the charitable to pay the expenses of his illness and interment.—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

had been in my service—furious Italians, Poles, Belgians, Spaniards, and even Hungarians. Excited by the speech of the *sans-culotte* orator, they interrupted him to enjoy the pleasure of hooting at me, and throwing handfuls of mud. It is true that the stains disappeared from my dress as soon as they were formed, and that my face was never touched. I attributed this privilege to the intrinsic power of a glorified spirit over the reprobate. In spite of this miracle, I did not feel very secure of getting easily away from this infernal meeting; I indicated by signs that I wished to justify myself, when they all tumultuously shouted: "Bonaparte in the tribune—in the tribune!—let him be dragged thither if he does not go of his own accord!" I consulted the Genius; he replied, "Obey."

Franceschi, with his wand, took care to keep off the crowd; without anger or effort, he had merely to touch any turbulent individual who dared to embarrass our movements, and he fell upon the ground as heavily as a mass of marble. When I reached the tribune, I was sorry to perceive an innumerable crowd, who raised their voices to accuse me, and I alone to defend

myself! But I felt myself inspired with supernatural courage. Proud of my uprightness and conscientious feelings, I thus began :—

"Inhabitants of every portion of Europe, who have come down to the mansions of the dead to expiate your sins; ye former accomplices or enemies of my past power, assembled here to attack each other with fruitless reproaches, and now combined together to accuse one single man; ye Sans-Culottes, Clubbists, Terrorists, Anarchists; ye Vendeans, Chouans, Royalists, and Papists; all ye in short, who, at the close of the past age and down to the present time, have unceasingly deafened the earth with your endless quarrels, your fury, and your excesses; forget for a moment what you were in the other world, and lend an attentive ear to a man who, like you, has paid the debt of nature; who, like you, is exposed (though only for a moment) to the remains of human imperfection—and, to say all in a few words,—to a man who disdained falsehood during his life, and has no interest to employ it after his death, since eternal justice has already allotted to him a place in an hemisphere which you unfortunately can never reach."

. . . . At this moment, thousands of

voices vociferated: "Down with the aristocrat! —down with the proud wretch!—death to the despot!—he reckons himself better than us;"— and the tumult increased, and the mud began to fly about. Franceschi waved his wand, but the rioters were too numerous: Maury remained in solemn silence at the foot of the stair; Toussaint was there, with a thousand Negroes; Robespierre with his terrorists was on one side, and Ceracchi and Arena, with some Italian republicans, on the other; the Vendeans and the Chouans, under the command of La Roche Jacquelin and Pichegru, were in the centre, in company with Moreau and a thousand Cossacks. They all rushed upon me to tear me to pieces, whilst another man attempted, with some combustible substances, to blow up the tribune. I confess that I was involuntarily seized with fear; Franceschi struck down hundreds of the mob, but their place was instantly supplied by others; and the former, after a certain interval, stood upright as before. My celestial guide put an end to this frightful confusion: he laid hold of me by the middle of the body, and lifted me up majestically to a height of two hundred toises above the tumult. On commencing my ascent, I recognised the incendiary: "*Imolan,*"

cried I, "the infernal machine will be of no use in Hell." Franceschi perceived him, and struck him down with his wand.

It was really a fine sight to look from a height of two hundred toises upon this assemblage of madmen, shouting, threatening, and howling; they could not say that I was carried off by the devil, for they knew well that there were no devils among them: it was therefore necessary for them to bow their heads to the decrees from above, and to acknowledge me as a superior intelligence. But the confusion and clamour continued unabated: the Genius prompted me to use this dilemma: "Choose instantly—shall I address you, or shall I go back to Heaven?" *The Terrorists* exclaimed: "Let him come down, and justify himself." The Chouans and Papists, "Let him disappear from before our eyes, and deliver us from his baneful presence." —"We wish him to address us." "We will not allow it." "You are a set of blackguards." "You are a set of robbers." "Death to the Chouans!" "Death to the Jacobins!" They were on the point of coming to blows, when the Abbé Maury appeared suddenly in the tribune, and indicated that he wished to address them. Franceschi was quite in a rage, and

shook his wand with violence; he obtained a moment's silence, and cried out with a voice of thunder, "Turbulent nations of the nine hundredth and ninety-ninth circle of Politicopolis, placed under my jurisdiction; I, your President for ages to come, swear by the Supreme Judge, that if you refuse to hear the conciliating discourse of Cardinal Maury, my secretary, I have in my hands the power to imprison every one of you in the subterraneous recesses of my circle, during the space of three hundred and ninety-nine years, in total darkness and solitude; be still rebellious, and the earth will swallow you up." Like dogs excited by madness, who bite and worry each other till a threatening voice calls them in, when they leave their fierceness behind them, crawl tremblingly along with their tails between their legs, and humbly lick the feet of their angry master—such was the effect produced by this threat upon these factious spirits. On all sides was heard, "*Let the Abbé Maury address us.*" The Genius made me approach a hundred and ninety toises nearer, so that I was suspended very comfortably at the distance of ten toises from the orator. They all looked at me with envious eyes, and bit their lips; but such were

the decrees of destiny ; they were forced to be silent. The Abbé thus began :—

" It is not the duty of the extraordinary man, the favourite of Heaven, who is now hovering over you, to make his own apology before you. Instrument of destiny which governs the world, he owes no account of his actions but to the supreme mover of all things ; yet is this man (who is among you only for a moment) hated, hooted at, and insulted by your ferocious party spirit. He might have disdained your worldly blindness, (to which you are condemned by the imperfection of your being,) have taken his flight to Heaven, and left you without deigning to reply ; but he has condescended to enlighten your minds : he goes so far even as to justify himself, and wishes, if possible, to be reconciled to you, like brethren. Like true reprobates, you are insensible to his noble offers ; you refuse to receive from his hands the only drop of the balm of consolation you are allowed to hope for in your present state of existence. Hear me : one of your companions in misfortune, incited by an unknown feeling, dares to answer you in his name : I shall speak the language of truth, for nothing but truth can inspire me : you will as-

suredly not dare to suspect me of courtly servility, knowing that here there are neither places, nor dignities, nor rewards of any kind to be looked for. My task is difficult, it is true; but the more difficult it appears, the more convinced will you be that I should never have attempted it without the permission of a being superior to our nature."

After this short exordium, seeing that the silence continued uninterrupted, the Abbé continued his speech:—

"Assembled nations, expect not that I shall discuss this important subject with the silly phrases used in the world above by past, present, and future politicians; that contemptible routine can no longer suit beings freed from the body, who have no advantage to obtain from any particular kind of government, or any sort of revolution: it is by sapping the root that the disease can be extirpated; it is by showing the sources of your error, that I shall perhaps succeed in inspiring you with sentiments more conformable to that noble faculty of reason, which even now forms an integrant portion of your being. Conceal not, my unfortunate colleagues, the state of your hearts!

. . . For what do you reproach Napoleon? His measureless ambition? And who fomented this ambition—who, but yourselves?"

Arena. (*with great warmth.*) It was for his ambition that I wished to stab him.

Moreau. It was also on that account that I served in the enemy's ranks.

Franceschi. Silence!

Maury. And what would you yourselves have done (turning towards Arena and Moreau) if by the destruction of Napoleon you had risen to the summit of power: can you say that you would not have acted worse than he did? How many ages must pass away before we see a Cincinnatus, a Curius Dentatus, a Titus, a William Penn? . . . But *Napoleon was a fortunate soldier:* that you all know. He owed his good fortune to his talents, to the firmness of his character, and still more to the intrepid valour of the republican soldiers whom he commanded; his victories raised him innumerable enthusiastic admirers; but unfortunately the more he fascinated public opinion, the more was the bosom of the mother country torn by the disorders and misconduct of the heads of the civil power! . . . Let any one dispassionately think of the period

when France, governed by alternate factions, saw every morning its rulers of the preceding day dragged to the scaffold; when men without knowledge or experience, maintained by means of insurrectionary movements the sanguinary laws proposed in the clubs of anarchy; when the enemies of liberty begged at the feet of foreigners for the destruction of that classic land! From this spot I see that Robespierre, who pretended to inspire men with the love of liberty by heaping murder upon murder! I also perceive that Condorcet, who blushed not to send to the gallies a man who had borne the title of King of his country! Though concealed in the crowd, I recognise that Pichegru, who betrayed his country, by exposing to death by means of perfidious manœuvres thousands of his countrymen, who had placed their confidence in such a traitor! And that La Roche Jacquelin, who, with the mark of Christianity on his breast, and his arms stretched out towards Heaven, led on to massacre thousands of idiots, who thought they were maintaining the rights of the throne and the altar, while in fact they were maintaining nothing but the selfish interests of the nobles and the clergy! But who could follow up the afflicting cata-

logue of the extravagant excesses of that period? who could retrace the hundred-thousandth part of the crimes produced by the aberration of the human mind? *Tot homines, tot sententiæ.* Amidst this fearful chaos, the hero appeared; parties became extinct, and France was saved; his name was loaded with the benedictions of the people; his portraits became almost an object of worship; his armies were invincible. Were more advantages necessary to be thought a superior being upon earth? . . . . But the hero was, after all, but a man; and, what was worse, he commanded men, each of whom was at least as ambitious as himself. Napoleon perceived it, and judged that if such men remained inactive, all his labour would be lost; he found it necessary, therefore, to lead them on to new conquests, and to flatter their pride under the magical name of glory. They required titles, dignities, and riches! The conqueror granted every thing with an unsparing hand, thinking he would thus secure their gratitude; hoping, perhaps, that the slightest reverse would never occur to such defenders; he pretended to conciliate all, to gain the goodwill of all. . . . Magnanimous heart! First of all, he allowed the Papal power to remain,

and all the consequences that spring from it. He several times restored to their thrones the monarchs he had conquered. He called round his person the insatiable *caste* of the emigrants, and gave them places in his government. He dictated laws to all Europe; made knowledge penetrate among the most ignorant nations; caused industry to flourish, encouraged the fine arts, erected eternal monuments, and generously pardoned his most inveterate enemies! Alas! what did the ill-fated hero obtain? He cherished serpents in his bosom; the men he had loaded with favours were almost all ungrateful to their benefactor; generals, priests, kings, emigrants, artists, and a part of the nations which had been regenerated by his genius, threw the first stone when the evil day came upon him. He is assuredly the only instance in history of a man who rose from a private station to a throne without the aid of crimes, who descended from it equally pure, who loaded the human race with benefits, and who saw, immediately before his fall, all Europe combined in arms against *him alone!* The most distant posterity will shudder with indignation when they think impartially of the history of this hero. An extravagant writer of the spe-

cies called *Girouettes* (*Weather-cocks*), who still exists upon the earth, (at present a detractor of the great man, formerly his enthusiastic admirer,) has composed these identical words: "*God created him, and then rested from his labours.*" These expressions will not appear exaggerated, if we reflect that the appearance of such men does not take place except after the lapse of ages. From the time of Hugh Capet, (a true type of the present dynasty that calls itself legitimate,) France had not seen a single instance of a man of the people seating himself, without opposition, on the throne of her ancient Kings. . . . . This short analysis will doubtless suffice to show you that civil dissensions brought about the success of the army; that the latter gave birth to enthusiasm; that enthusiasm produced heroes, and that heroes are nothing but men. *(Cries of Bravo! bravo!)*

Franceschi. Silence!

Maury. The ascending principle once set in motion, every one hastened to leave his own sphere to reach one still higher. Could the head remain stationary when the subaltern agents were elevating themselves? It would be absurd to expect it. The conqueror was named

Emperor by a powerful army, proud of conferring such a title upon him who had so often led them to victory. There are in this region thousands of spirits who gave their signatures at that epoch, with the hope that a ray of this new sun would also shine upon them. (*Bravo!*) Once become Emperor—every thing has been told. This title and its attendant duties bore with them all the consequences of his subsequent conduct. Could he leave his family in obscurity, or their relations and friends? And if among the latter there were some vicious men found unworthy of his favours, who will dare to accuse Napoleon of it? Intrigue is sometimes so cunning, and merit so awkward and bashful, that he might, with the best intentions in the world, have enriched a scoundrel and forgotten an honest man. Could he despise the prejudices of surrounding nations, and annihilate the papal power by his individual fiat? Could he, by a ridiculous piece of inconsistency, proclaim unbounded liberty among the nations whom he governed? And even if he had desired it, who will dare to deny that the frivolous mass of the French nation would have a thousand times preferred titles and decorations to the austere virtues of a republic?

The example before me is sufficient to convince me of this truth. Destiny, by condemning you to these scenes, loaded with all the imperfections of the human mind, willed that the signs of this childish feeling should be constantly engraved on the rags that cover you; a sure proof that personal vanity was the only thing that occupied you during your lives. And knowing all this, shall you be allowed to insult with impunity your ancient chief? And has *he* no right to demand of you an account of the misfortunes you have indirectly caused him?—I am prepared for all your objections —for all the charges you have to make against the great man: I anticipate them and reply. (*A murmuring noise among the crowd.*)

President. Silence! (*Cries of Hear! hear!*)

Maury. If we scrupulously examine the actions of our hero, we shall find only six great faults to be laid to his charge: *first*, that he did not render Poland and Italy independent kingdoms; *second*, that he did not annihilate the papal power; *third*, that he attacked Spain by surprise; *fourth*, that he marched the choice of his army to Russia; *fifth*, that he did not sign a treaty of peace at Dresden; and *sixth*, that he gave himself up to the generosity of the

English Government at the time of his defeat. Assuredly, these are six great political faults that have caused the misfortune of more than fifty millions of men: he himself acknowledges them and repents his conduct. They were so peculiarly disastrous from the following causes:—

First. The degradation of Poland and Italy has thrown one of these ill-fated countries (after the downfall of its Protector) into the claws of the Northern eagle, and the other into the folds of priestly despotism, and the no less rapacious claws of the Austrian vulture, which is assuredly not so enterprising as the former, but much more insatiable; whilst by making them free he would have erected two impregnable ramparts against Northern aggression, capable of supporting him against every sort of reverse.

Second. The preservation of the Papal throne has maintained among the people of Spain, France, and Italy, such deep-rooted seeds of ignorance and servility, that the successors of the great man found the combustibles all prepared, and had only to throw a spark to produce a universal conflagration.

Third. The invasion of Spain by surprise was the cause of an unjust war, all the blame

of which fell upon the invader, so as to stain his former glory. Besides this, these scenes are peopled by the guilty men whom that epoch produced.

Fourth. The invasion of Russia was in itself a benefit, if want of foresight and precipitation had not turned into an engine of destruction an enterprise which, if well directed, would have for ever secured the triumph of knowledge and intelligence over the whole surface of the globe!

Fifth. The peace of Dresden: by agreeing to some sacrifices, he might have signed at Dresden a lasting peace, which would have speedily produced important results; but do we know the thread of circumstances that prevented him? Do we know the serpentine folds of diplomatic chicane, in which he was already involved at that period? And do we not know that he had the magnanimity to send an ambassador to the northern monarch, after the latter had declared war, and that his ambassador was not received? Surely this was not ambition!

Sixth. Certainly every thing was lost the day that his generous heart excited him to seek an asylum among his proudest enemies; but it must be admitted, that if he had chosen for his

asylum a free and hospitable country, he would still have been among the living, and, what is more, would still have been the terror of hereditary despots! It is true that he is more happy as it is, since he has been received in Heaven; but his great soul would not, I am sure, refuse to suffer some years' longer imprisonment in the body, if his presence could be useful to the numberless unfortunate beings he left upon the earth. The fall of this mighty colossus buried millions of victims in its ruins. Look to France paying tribute to those who, by an unparalleled insult, called themselves her liberators; look to her, torn by the fury of contending parties, covered with prevotal courts, swarming with spies and secret agents, who bring forth hired insurrections—dyed with blood by unpunished monsters, who commit murders in the King's name. Who has heard of the name of Trestaillons* without shuddering with horror? . .

* This monster and several of his accomplices live quietly at Nismes, without any one daring to deliver the earth from their presence. He was the man who fired a pistol at General Count Lagarde, who then commanded the department. That general was reckoned to be too honest a man. His uncle, the Duke of Richelieu (then President of the ministers), had not enough influence to

. . Look to his people, lately the conquerors of Europe (now degraded by ignorance and terror), bending their heads under the system of the Jesuits—enduring the arrogance of a haughty nobility—listening patiently to lying missionaries—suffering the noble veterans of their glory to be persecuted—rendering homage to low, nameless apostates—and, what is more, blessing the hand which each day drags them nearer to dishonour and slavery! Let us cast our eyes on ill-fated Italy, formerly destined to possess as its sovereign the son of the hero. There you will find the most terrible degradation to which the human race was ever exposed! The serfs of the North are exposed to insult and the lash; but they are maintained on the estates of their masters, while the lower classes of the Italians are beaten and insulted like them, and are dying of hunger. Assuredly the fate of the wretches who surround me is much to be pitied; but it would seem happy to any one who would compare it with that of the subjects of Piedmont, of the Austrian domi-

get his assassin punished! This fact suffices to show what was the nature of the French government at that period. —EDITOR.

nions in Lombardy and Venice, of Modena, the subjects of the Pope, or those of Naples: their masters are petty and arrogant tyrants, whose rule is the more insupportable, because it is held by powerful nations in contempt and ridicule. . . . . Alas! were it necessary to describe to you the secret inquisitions, the disgusting acts of barbarity and injustice, and the cruelty of the pigmy governments I have just named, you would be transported with rage to think that the earth endured such monsters. I shall particularly mention one of them, whose tyranny seems to increase in proportion to the smallness of his states: he is called Francis, fourth of the name, Duke, or rather tyrant of Modena. The Italians call him the executioner of the Holy Alliance. His contemptible states will soon be insufficient to hold the subjects he puts in prison. He will soon find no human beings round him to make victims of, and will be forced to exercise his horrid rigour upon inanimate beings, and will enjoy the pleasure of being at once judge and executioner. As ignorant as a mole, as hypocritical as a Jesuit, his ferocious persecution is chiefly directed against intelligent men; against those

whose talents are the pride of their country,—against liberal and enlightened priests,* honest citizens, and professors of eminent merit. In his eyes, thought is a crime, and virtue an insult upon his folly. Neither the tears of ruined families, nor the despair of a widow or an orphan, can soften the heart of this ruthless tyrant. He accompanies his acts with the blackest hypocrisy; at every moment he invokes the name of a God whom he insults, and who soon, I prophesy it, will send him to these regions, to be dragged in the mud during innumerable ages. . . .

The only part of Italy where the people enjoy some portion of liberty is Tuscany; such influence has the appearance of a philosophic sovereign, like Leopold, on the happiness of nations! One single man could have saved these countries, so favoured by nature, had he been virtuous; that man was Eugene Beauharnais. Alas! it is not enough to be adopted by a great man, to become a great man oneself. That ungrateful

* He ordered a virtuous priest to be hung (Andreoli), who was adored by his countrymen, on the mere suspicion that he might have belonged to a secret society. Some one having said to Francis that there was no sufficient proof: "No matter," said he, "he will serve as an example."—EDITOR.

upstart, who was indebted for his power and renown to the gold and the blood of the Italians, was the first who cowardly abandoned them, immediately after the downfall of his adopted father. He had only shone with a borrowed and reflected light; he became an opaque body the moment the sun became eclipsed. He could have saved Italy, secured the fate of his companions in arms, and surpassed his own master in real glory;—instead of holding this generous course, he deserted Mantua, carried off, like a mean thief, nine millions from those he governed, and pronounced before the Austrian general, Bellegarde, these very words, which ought to have overwhelmed him with shame: "*As for the Italians, do what you like with them: I have nothing to do with them.*" . . . At this moment the Abbé Maury was interrupted by a tumultuous cry that burst from the crowd: "*Let him be dragged hither —let him be brought forward—let him be punished!*"

A riotous mob rushed from the other side of the square, and approached the tribune, with blasphemous outcries. The President could not prevent the tumult. The rioters soon made their way through the crowd, and dis-

played before my eyes the bloody body of my son Eugene, which had been dragged through the mud, and was covered with wounds. At the head of these furious men, appeared some Italian officers who had served under him, and had afterwards died in the Austrian dungeons, on suspicion of being connected with the Carbonari: a madman vociferated, "This sordid tyrant permitted me to blow out my brains, under the very windows of his palace, rather than relieve my misery with a little of the gold he had stolen from my countrymen!"* After this exclamation he began striking him again: Eugene raised his hands in supplication towards me. I wished to rush forward to his assistance; but the Genius told me that it was impossible, that his lot must be endured. I then learned that every year, on the very day that he left Mantua, the Italians who perished in consequence laid hold of him, and dragged him through the mud for the space of nine hours. I concealed my face with my hands, and entreated the Genius to put an end to the punishment. "For thy sake," said he, "this favour shall be granted—but only for this day."

* An incident of this kind actually took place.

The Abbé Maury instantly exclaimed in a prophetic tone: "Cease, cruel men, cease: rend not the heart of a father! Respect the decrees of the Supreme Judge; withdraw from this; leave the unfortunate Eugene to his remorse, and return to order."

In a moment the tumult ceased, and the precepts of the orator were scrupulously observed.

I was astonished at the ascendancy which Maury had obtained over his audience. I attributed it to the magic power of his eloquence, and asked the Genius if such was the case. "Look," said he, "I keep nothing hid from you." At the same moment he placed a transparent bandage before my eyes. Oh prodigy! I saw again the enchanting countenance of the celestial messenger, and besides, two mysterious rays, which came from his eyes and communicated with the head of the Abbé, and followed him in all his movements! I then comprehended how he had spoken on every subject with such boldness and eloquence! . . . This vision lasted but a moment. The orator continued his address:—

"The painful scene that has just taken place, by corroborating the afflicting truths that come from my mouth, will also contribute to en-

grave on your souls those which relate to other circumstances: *ab uno disce omnes.* The examples of France and Italy are sufficient to show how many evils the political disappearance of Napoleon has brought upon the human race; let us also shed a tear for the fate of unhappy Spain—that romantic land!—the favourite soil of Heaven, the cradle of the arts and sciences, of the chivalric virtues, and of love—(in the time of the Moors)—now stained with ignorance, degraded by superstition, eaten up by a race of ecclesiastical vermin, a thousand times more shameless and filthy than those of Italy! You, who blame the great man for putting his brothers on the throne—can you deny that the rule of a Bonaparte, good or bad, was preferable, for the interests of Spain, to that of a degenerate family who pretended to absolute power, and were urged on by those wasps of the hive, the insatiable race of monks! When we possess a house sufficiently convenient to make life agreeable, is it not more rational to keep it, than to take it down with the hope of building a better? Tell me of a single conqueror who did not exceed this hero in blunders, in crimes, or in despotic acts! Fanatics called him a *despot*, but it was an insult upon

truth: could the man who so scrupulously observed the laws of equality merit such a reproach? Every one of you can say, if, during his time, the legislative, military, judicial, and executive posts were not open to individuals of every class, of every profession, and, what is more, of every opinion. During his reign there was no struggle of opinion known. Governed by a *man of genius*, the nation had no time to think of such foolish things; the sovereign concentrated in himself the general will: he might have said, like one of his predecessors in the seventeenth century, "*I am the State!*" but though he was as superior to the other as the Sun is to the planet Mars, he never made use of this haughty language: there was this difference between them—at the death of the other, his subjects made bonfires; and the latter consummated the ruin of his people when he abandoned the reins of government! Surely the fall of a guilty man does not produce such consequences! Now, by what magical influence was the destiny of these very nations attached to the destiny of a single man? Of what nature were the bonds that produced such an union of interests? Was it not because the interest of the sovereign was the same as the interest of

the people? In fact, they originally served in the same cause, and necessarily shared together in all its consequences. Ah! if my guilty countrymen, more impassioned than profound, more intelligent than enlightened, had felt the force of such a salutary truth, *the man would have been left out of view, but the sacred cause would have still shone in their hands in all its original purity!* But they owe their own ruin to themselves, and not to the innocent man, who, placed at the head of such a nation, was often nothing more than the sport of their thoughtless inconsistency and improvidence, though he had all the while the renown of commanding them as a sovereign lord. . . . A German sovereign, who was a clever man, but not a bit less a king, once said: "Were I King of France, I would build a great wall round my kingdom; I would have but one gate, and this inscription in large letters fixed over it: "*Hospital for Madmen.*" (Cries of "*Bravo! Bravo!*"—the French murmured—"*What stupid nonsense!*")

President. Silence!

Abbé. Recal to your memory, my dear countrymen, what all historians, from the time of Cæsar and Tacitus down to our own days, have

said of our nation; and you will find that Nature gave us as a distinctive mark (for ages back) frivolity, superficial minds, inconstancy, and vanity. Assuredly we have other qualities to compensate us; we are, for instance, very polite to the fair sex, very gallant even; we are pleasing in society, rigid observers of etiquette, and brave in the field of battle;—but all that does not constitute a statesman, or man such as he ought to be; and even in war we require to be constantly victorious, for, if a reverse occurs, it is all over with us . . . . Reign now over such a people, and be a philosopher; like the sage described by Helvetius, who was introduced among a party of fops, you would become the object of general ridicule. . . . Hence military despotism was the surest spring to set such a machine in motion! hence your countrymen, who still live upon the earth, owe the man whom they now insult, *gratitude, an apotheosis, and eternal regret!* (Cries of "*Bravo! bravo!*")

The Chouans. He was an usurper!

Maury. (turning towards them.) As for you, wretched, degraded race! the strongholds of ignorance, fanaticism, and false principles! your pretensions are too absurd for me to give

myself the trouble to answer you. Incorrigible and blind as you were during your lives, Supreme Justice caused you to descend to these regions that you might eternally dream of your anti-social system. . . . For you there is no hope of salvation! A day will come, however, when liberal ideas, becoming a second nature among future generations, will draw down upon you thoughts of pity from those who were indignant at your past existence. When the young men of after-generations read the history of their fathers, they will smile with contempt at the name of Royalist, as we ourselves have done, when we read the religious disputes of the Lower Empire immediately before its fall! . . . Then, you sad apostles of a despised cause! along with all those who may join you, shall you be driven from Politicopolis, and sent to inhabit in silence some unknown region of Hell, where you will have nothing to amuse you but a lazy king, psalm-singing priests, and the thick darkness which you invoked during your lives for the good of your fellow creatures. Gradually forgotten by future generations, your name will altogether disappear from the annals of the world! (All but the Vendeans shouted "*Bravo! Bravo!*")

During these acclamations, a flock of Harpies was perceived above our heads; they flew to within fifty feet of the ground, and let fall, in the middle of the Vendeans, a huge man in an uniform; they then favoured him with their customary parting salute, accompanied with shrill cries and horrid grimaces. Pichegru, being the nearest, had his rags infected with the stench: every one wished to avoid the insufferable odour; they pressed on each other in great confusion. In the twinkling of an eye, a large space was left empty by the crowd, and the unfortunate stranger lay all his length, alone, unaided, and swearing like a madman. Franceschi and Maury exclaimed: "By Jove! —it is he!" "Yes," said he, "it is I, suffering less from bodily pain and the stench, than from the shame of being brought back hither for the same cause that made me ridicule you so unguardedly." This incident excited a general laugh, and circumstances having in other respects changed their aspect, the Genius placed me again in the tribune, by the side of the orator, himself altogether astonished at all he had said, but I did not unfold the cause. Meanwhile hundreds of Vendeans came up with buckets of water, and poured abundant ablu-

tions over their bespattered king. He gradually recovered himself, and having perceived me, said: "He is here then, that rival I so much feared and hated during my life! If he be as generous in the mansions of the dead as he was towards my family during my life, I think he will not avoid me." Such moderate language surprised us all. I replied: "Not only shall I not shun you, but shall be charmed to ameliorate your lot, if my prayers might obtain favour with the Supreme Judge."

Desiré. Alas! I fear not to confess in presence of this immense multitude, that I have too often disobeyed the will of that Supreme Judge; had I acted agreeably to my conscience, instead of bringing back imposture and the system of the Jesuits upon the throne and soil of France, I should have introduced justice and integrity!

Several voices. The tribune! the tribune!—Hear! hear!

"My ex-colleague," said I to him, "so far as I can see, a happy inspiration has seized you at this moment; follow the impulse of your heart, and fear not to humble yourself by confessing your faults; this is no longer the abode of error; as you see, Hell (notwithstanding the

opinion entertained in the world above) is a place of truth; even its punishments are not of eternal duration; who can tell how far the clemency of the Creator may extend? Come forward boldly, accept the place I give up to you, and speak."

The Royalists wished to prevent him; but the ex-constitutional King escaped from their hands, and approaching me, stretched out his hand in sign of reconciliation. I helped him to ascend the stair. He spoke in these words:—

"How great is the ignorance of man upon the earth! How ridiculous his vanity! Neither the works of the philosophers, nor the lessons of misfortune, are sufficiently powerful to produce a salutary change in his life! In the class in which I happened to be born, I heard of nothing but the interests and pleasures of those men destined to rule over nations, solely from the right granted by those very nations to their dynasty, and not from any personal merit of their own. Every one knows that true virtue on the earth is concealed among the obscure. Born on the throne, twice driven away by the will of my people, and twice restored to the throne by the will of foreigners aided by a handful of my subjects, who has ever passed

like me through all the gradations that lead from royalty to an abject state, and from an abject state to royalty again, and all this through the spirit of party! . . . Great God! if a king could weigh in his lifetime the fatal consequences of a party-man upon the throne, he would retreat with shame from his own baseness! Assuredly, I had in my hands the means of rendering myself immortal in the eyes of posterity; I had nothing else to do than to raise a favourable comparison between the glorified being who hears me, and an unknown being of no account or influence, who had been put in possession of his pretensions a second time, in spite of the will of the nation! . . . . Ah! why did not a ray of genius come down to enlighten my memory? Why did I consider as marks of enthusiasm, some hundreds of white handkerchiefs waved from the windows, by as many ridiculous old women, at the time of my second return to Paris? . . . Why did I believe the wishes of France to consist in the interested language of some old fools, and some apostates from this great man (pointing to Napoleon), the former with the hope of regaining their sinecures and privileges, and the latter, with a view of acquiring digni-

ties and rank, which the narrow sphere of their merits would never have allowed them to attain under the former government? . . . Flattered, blinded by the cries of faction, swollen with pride, surrounded by fools, I alighted at the Tuileries, convinced that I was going to become, with very little trouble, the greatest king in Europe! This second return was chiefly marked by the blood of Ney and Labedoyere—tyrannical acts, imperiously required from me by the enemies of the peace of France! . . . . Yet I ought to say in my own justification, that when I reflected seriously upon my situation, I foresaw the difficult task I had undertaken; I felt the necessity of rendering my power endurable by a people accustomed to conquer those very foreigners who had become my supporters, and to obey a master whom they esteemed much more than they feared. In spite of the cries of furious factions, the *Charter* was granted. Who would have said that this solemn agreement between a monarch and his people would have soon turned to be a source of confusion and discord? There was but one way of rendering it useful and invaluable: that was, to observe it strictly and scrupulously for the general advantage, without

partiality or respect of persons. Hostile parties would have gradually disappeared; what that great man (pointing to Napoleon) did by means of the magical name of glory, I should have obtained by the no less inspiring names of *national representation* and *liberalism;* for every thing must have a termination. The French are fond of change. . . . I should have drawn down upon myself the blessings of a people always desirous of discovering in their monarchs any virtue capable of flattering their enthusiasm, and my name would have been handed down to future generations by the force of public gratitude! The wretches! instead of producing these benefits, they ruined me, they degraded their country by their wanton folly, but their reign must soon pass away. . . . Not being able to act directly upon me, they made a tool of my brother, a man of a weak mind, feeble, and a devotee. By constantly talking to him of God and St. Louis, they rendered him not merely their accomplice, but the prime mover of their crimes; they inspired my niece with such a determined thirst for vengeance, that all France would have been decimated, if she had had the power. The charter, by guaranteeing the rights of all

Frenchmen, had become an object of hatred to those who claimed exclusive privileges; they plotted its destruction. Unable to accomplish this by means of justice and reason, they had recourse to the most scandalous intrigues that have ever been described in the annals of history. By secret emissaries, impostors, and false reports, the good faith of the nation was sapped; the seeds of discord were sown; hired assassins were spread over the South; incendiary missions were set on foot; Paris and the principal towns were filled with spies;* inflammatory newspapers were encouraged and protected; conspiracies were got ready; the necessity of rigorous acts was then shown, and discontent became general. While these things were going on, Louvel appeared! Shall I confess to my shame that the assassination of my nephew was an object of execration by all classes of the nation, with the exception of the insatiable *ultras!* Every thing is suitable to these people, provided it enables

* For the purpose of increasing the latter, they were decorated with the sign of honour, which had never been employed hitherto but to reward bravery or distinguished merit: by this means its degradation was accomplished.—EDITOR.

them to gain their object. Religion, morality, domestic ties, honour, and virtue; every thing, in short, is trampled under foot by them, provided they can maintain their privileges entire. I know them now. I was then blind to their true nature! The death of the unfortunate Duke of Berry was laid hold of by these madmen with avidity, as a terrible weapon, to cut the fundamental contract to pieces: they were successful; how could I, alone and helpless, in the recesses of my cabinet, resist the remonstrances of these furious villains? They persuaded me that my unsuspecting simplicity would soon make me lose my throne and my life, as it had done my brother; they described to me an approaching revolution under such false colours that I was overwhelmed with terror. I began by dismissing my ministers, two of whom were very honest and enlightened men. I appointed others forced on me by faction. Among those who afterwards came into office, France will never pardon me Villele and Peyronnet. I increased the number of gens-d'armes, now become the blind instruments of the passions of the ultras, instead of being the protectors of order and tranquillity. I sent severe instructions to all the prefects, after dismissing half of them

to put fanatics in their places; I caused innocent men to be persecuted in every possible way by criminals and scoundrels; the national representation disappeared; the good pleasure of my court stood instead of law; I admitted into the legislature old fools with white night-caps; I made the word *charter* be considered seditious, and sent a regiment of dragoons, commanded by a Comte de St. Chamans, to charge the people in the streets, because they cried out '*Long live the charter!*' I pulled from his seat in the legislature a deputy adored by the nation, the patriotic Manuel; I spread the priesthood profusely over the country; I got secret conspiracies formed, that I might have a pretext for punishing—but this means was already worn out; it is not easy every day to meet with such men as C——— and D———: —in short, I did every thing in my power to satisfy the factious scoundrels who besieged my throne. They were hated already; they now became detested; they were execrated, and I along with them. But what does that caste care for the contempt or the esteem of the people, provided they enjoy their wealth? Places and employments were given to their villanous agents; the triumphant party dis-

played their luxury and arrogance openly in presence of their degenerate countrymen, and this was all they desired. They persuaded me that I was the father of my people, that I was called the *Desiré*, that a hundred families were dying of gratitude towards me; and if they had told the truth, they would have said that ten thousand were perishing from want, and cursing me with their dying breath! Not satisfied with these successes, the apostles of folly wished also to cover me with ridicule. They armed me with a helmet and lance, and sent me to fight in the very country of Don Quixote: my nephew was, of course, sent thither at the head of a hundred thousand Frenchmen; but proper care had been previously taken to spread gold and corruption among the unfortunate Spaniards, and for this purpose they made use of the monks: they succeeded to their hearts' content. What a strange contrast! Those very Spaniards, who had formerly fought bravely against the French, (then the importers of liberal ideas, the enemies of the monks, and the regenerators of their country,) had now in their turn become liberals, and fled before those very Frenchmen, changed, by a strange metamorphosis, into protectors of the monks, the enemies of liberal ideas, and the

enslavers of their country. . . We did to Spain what the allies did to France; we entered as peace-bearers, and brought them dissension, civil war, and final ruin. That people will have just reason to curse the French for ten or twelve generations to come! . . France, wealthy and industrious, again lifted up its head after *the pacification of the Allies* (with the exception of its political pre-eminence); but Spain cannot in any case ever rise again! In doing this, however, my nephew gained the fine title of *Hero of the Trocadero!* . . *Now* I see that that title was an insult: if I had thought so then, I should have punished severely the lying courtiers who conferred it upon him, for my nephew is at bottom a very good sort of man; he would be an angel if he were not surrounded by rogues! . . Shall I now speak of my private life? I blush for it even now: my greatest pleasures were eating, idleness, and the perusal of some classic authors, for I had great pretensions to a profound knowledge of the Latin tongue. I remember having adopted the following verses as the guide of my political conduct:—

'Nec prope, nec summum moliris per ethera currum;
Altius egressus, cœlestia tecta cremabis;

Inferius terras: medio tutissimus ibis.
Nec te *dexterior* tortum declinet *ad anguem;*
Neque *sinisterior* pressam rota ducat *ad aram.*
Inter utrumque tene !'

" Alas ! the votaries of exclusive privileges soon set this all right; the car leaned on one side toward the serpent; now it only moves on one wheel! I was also advised to keep mistresses, to preserve the honourable custom of my ancestors. A vulgar, depraved style of conversation, and a sort of cynical roughness of manners, made people think they would be of some use to me. The first was a woman of no rank, though the sister of a duke; she could do nothing but sing, or rather scream, insipid romances, and lullabies still more tiresome, that served me instead of opiates. Her brother's disgrace brought about her own. I took a second, who was allotted to me by intrigue; she could paint well, and was even rather handsome, but she did not write French correctly enough; I bartered her for a cunning gossip of a woman who wrote pretty well, but who wished to give herself the air of inviting me to breakfast with her. If I had been as active as the famous conqueror beside me, I might have mounted my horse and gone without being

seen; but, to set such a machine as mine in motion, it was requisite to have arm-chairs, servants, and a train of attendants, which would have been seen by all Paris, and caused excessive ridicule: my family were against it, and they were right: this precaution, however, did not prevent all my mistresses getting, for what cause I know not, the nickname of the *King's snuffboxes!* In short, the result of the whole was, that I died like a fool, without glory, without friends, without regret. It was while they were embalming my already rotten body that I found myself in the streets of this capital, ragged and forlorn, but still governed by a ridiculous measure of pride. A certain instinct involuntarily led me to endeavour to escape. After long patience and labour I succeeded in getting to the last circle, when I crawled along for forty-eight hours in a subterraneous passage, and reached a narrow opening, where I burst forth into a torrent of invective against the two persons you see before you, (pointing to Franceschi and Maury). After their departure, I long despaired of getting assistance, when I saw my grandfather Louis XV. and his daughter Adelaide, coming towards me; I told them my name, and they

succeeded in getting the hole widened, and I went along with them, proud of my deliverance. I related to them my history; and had no sooner concluded it, than I perceived my former surgeon, Father Elysée,* dancing half naked on the turf with five or six courtesans. At the sight of his ludicrous figure, I could not restrain the undulatory movement of my diaphragm, and I laughed as loud as a hump-back. The unlucky Harpies did the rest! . . I was lately quite as obstinate as before, but, on perceiving that illustrious rival, I felt a sudden change in my intellectual faculties; the film fell from my eyes. I felt the need of making my confession before this motley multitude, the greater part of whom would otherwise have overwhelmed me with their hatred. Happy should I be, if my family could hear these salutary truths from my mouth, and, re-ascending to the earth, pitilessly drive from beside the throne and from public office, those insatiable and selfish courtiers, with narrow, confined ideas, with depraved hearts, minds ignorant of every kind of lofty virtue—men

* This Father Elysée had been a priest of the Oratory, and emigrated to England along with the Bourbons. He was celebrated for his vulgar habits.—(EDITOR.)

who are the sworn enemies of the general good, the corrupters of their princes, and the prime causes of the shame and degradation of their country!"

Cries of *bravo* were heard on all sides; the spontaneous applauses of this immense multitude had such an imposing effect, that I felt myself affected. Louis burst into tears. The Chouans, Vendeans, Pichegru, Gigot d'Elbé, and many more, seeing that their cause was lost, thought fit to sneak away. But they could not get away without being noticed, and they were hooted and insulted till they were out of sight.

Franceschi cried out from the tribune, waving his wand: "People! the discussion is now terminated; withdraw—the assembly is dissolved for this day." They all obeyed without opposition, though I heard some voices muttering—"*Cursed additional act.*" . . . I thought they were in the right; but the thing was done, and there was no help for it. Franceschi then asked me if I wished to see the *Wheel of Fortune*, of which he had already spoken to me. "I shall see it with pleasure," said I, "provided it does not present scenes of horror like those we saw in the last tower."

" It is quite a different sort of thing," said he; " but in Hell you must expect to see nothing but varieties of punishment: this is the place of execution for the decrees from above; I am myself subject to them; my power is limited to superintend and impress a servile respect upon all these multitudes, and to punish them, and no more. Every thing is done, you see, without devils, without furies, without force or coercion. The condemned spirit falls down, and suffers, as if by instinct, a punishment proportioned to the nature and quantity of his offences. I perceive that King Louis has sinned rather from weakness than malignity; hence I think that his punishment is ended, or that, if he is to remain amongst us, it will be greatly diminished.

Louis. In fact I feel myself better than I was; look how clean my clothes are already become!

Nap. In that case be of good heart, and hope for better things in future.

We all four walked towards the new wonder. Louis was still confounded with all he had seen and heard since his decease. " I was always a materialist," said he; " I thought there was no existence after death, and you

may imagine my surprise when I found myself in filthy rags among these low beggars!" "You ought to remember," said I to him, "that—

> 'Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede
> Pauperum tabernas, regumque turres.'"

Louis. That is very true; but what is a philosophical precept, or a poetical axiom, in the eyes of a king of the earth? Supposing even that they could produce a good effect upon him, it would be infallibly prevented by the efforts of his courtiers. Ask the Bishop of Hermopolis,—ask Quelen, Bonald, Marcellus, or any other of that class, if a king should consider himself as much a man as a pauper? They would call you a liberal, which, according to them, is synonymous with revolutionist, atheist, or subverter of social order. By constantly hearing such absurdities from all those round me, I concluded by thinking like them that advised me, and set my conscience at rest. These animals of the earth will never believe in the truth till they are in my place.

Nap. Don't be uneasy; in a few years all these fellows will be sent to the Region of the Owls. For myself, I have always believed in a first cause and in the immortality of the soul:

proceeding from these principles, I have been somewhat of a fatalist; I have often abandoned myself to events with the certainty that neither more nor less would happen than what was fore-ordained. This belief made me gain more battles than one; but I confess that it turned terribly against me at the battle of Waterloo: had it not been for this, I might still have provided for every thing. It even seems probable that, if, instead of thinking only of myself, I had taken sincerely to heart the interests of so many victims, I should not have thrown away the handle with the knife.

Louis. Would to Heaven that you had been victorious! my conscience would have been loaded with so many sins the less.

Nap. And I should have terminated my life upon the throne, which would not have greatly contributed to get me a place in Heaven.

Maury. Hence, you see, every thing is for the best; the battle of Waterloo procured me the advantage of dying imprisoned in the castle of St. Angelo, immediately after the return of Pius VII. Gonsalvi would never have endured a cardinal who could have opposed him in the Conclave: but that short punishment in the other

world was perhaps of use in diminishing the punishment of this, for, since your arrival, I do not feel myself so miserable.

At that moment the Genius suggested this thought to me: "Abbé, if my wishes are granted, we shall not speedily separate." Another prodigy! The ragged dress of the Abbé disappeared, and he now shone in dazzling purple; happiness was depicted on his countenance; every thing indicated that he was admitted among the number of the elect! He stretched out his arms to me in tears; I embraced him with all the warmth of friendship. Louis was lost in astonishment. Franceschi fell at his feet, and begged pardon for having called him his secretary. Maury raised him up, called him his friend, and endeavoured to console him by enumerating all that Franceschi had done to raise him from his abject state. Such an affecting scene brought round us some hundreds of unfortunate spirits, and, when they saw the humble posture of their president, they had no doubt that Maury was a celestial spirit: in consequence of this, he was soon surrounded by a crowd of abbés, bishops, and other churchmen (formerly furious supporters of the

Papal pretensions); they loudly called for his intercession, that they might obtain some change in their fate.

Maury thus addressed them: "I have scarcely left the condition which you deplore. If my regeneration has developed in my being any faculties hitherto unknown to me, I ought to employ them now to thank the Supreme Judge, who, by the intermedium of this elect (pointing to me), has shed upon a miserable sinner the treasures of his mercy; but my elevation gives me no claim to efface the sins of others, nor do I think that prayers are of any influence with the Supreme Judge, for who knows so well as he the just and the unjust? You churchmen, above all, who have continually made use of his name, to justify both the good (if there were any) and the evil actions of your lives—can you, in your own consciences, find any pretexts for drawing down upon you the indulgence of the Almighty? It would be difficult for you to find one. Think for a moment upon your public lives as ministers of the God of Christians, and upon your private lives as citizens; I speak only of you whose condemnation proves your former criminality, and in no respect of your virtuous

brethren, a part of whom inhabit Heaven, and another portion is useful upon the earth. One of the unpardonable evils you have produced by your corruption, in the world above, is that thousands of hot-headed fools (authorized by the example of those of your body who were impostors, debauchees, cruel, and deceitful) boast openly of their sovereign contempt for all the race of ecclesiastics, and confound indiscriminately the good and the bad, the virtuous and the vicious, the bees and the drones. From this indiscriminate contempt arise (particularly in Catholic states) depravity of habits and moral anarchy. All these consequences weigh on your heads, ye impious priests! who never considered your ministry but as a sure means of enjoying life without labour, at the expense of the credulous; and you are the more culpable, inasmuch as you received a good education in youth, and knew well what you were doing: you acted, many of you, against the cries of your own consciences! Shall I now speak of the sacred texts which you interpreted to the advantage of your own passions—of the perfidious suggestions you insinuated to rich men who were powerful, to the destruction of poor men without influence—of the numberless acts

of seduction you accomplished by means of confession, called a Sacrament out of derision? Shall I describe the contemptuous laugh that appeared on the lips of the greater part of you, when you performed those farces called Missions? You thought that your profession could only flourish by the number of dupes you made, and that, in spite of this precarious dependence, it was the profession that procured you the greatest quantity of enjoyment with the least exertion: you were bound by your vows to resist the imperious laws of Nature, though you were irresistibly and involuntarily subject to these laws like other men; as you could not therefore satisfy them openly (without destroying the foundations of your own superstructure), you put on the mantle of hypocrisy, indulged in the silence of darkness, and insulted with a suspicious eye (and always with a ferocious heart) religion, humanity, and virtue! Which of you will dare to deny that these melancholy details are a faithful picture of his life? Who will dare to complain of the rigour of his punishment, when he knows that it does not approach within a hundredth part of that with which you terrified the wretches whom you deceived upon the earth? Then

you dared to threaten with Hell every one who would not blindly follow your absurdities, without reflecting that if there were a Hell, it must also open for yourselves! What pardon can you expect, Archbishop Martini, Canon Cellesi, Abbé Marchetti, Monk Lampredi, Bishop Falchi, and all the rest of the vile intriguers who persecuted the virtuous Bishop *Scipio de Ricci?* What did you do when that worthy prelate, protected by a philosophic prince, endeavoured, by means of useful reforms and his synod of Pistoia, to diffuse among the Tuscans the true light of the gospel?* Dark satellites of the Roman Babylon, you excited against him calumny, the ignorance and fanaticism of the multitude, and all the efforts of the blackest hypocrisy; you praised and supported, against your own consciences, the disgusting absurdities of the bulls called '*Unigenitus*,' '*In cœna Domini*,' '*Auctorem fidei*;' extravagant productions,

* If all the priests of the Catholic church possessed the knowledge, virtues, integrity, and toleration of that model of prelates, they might with justice be called the ministers of a God of Peace; but instead of this, the worthy Bishop was constantly persecuted, insulted, and calumniated by these men, who foresaw, in the doctrine of Ricci, the overthrow of their privileges, and the exposure of their impostures.—(EDITOR.)

opposed to all the virtues of Christianity—invented to perpetuate the slavery of that portion of the human race subject to the bondage of priestly authority.

"What pardon can be claimed for you, *Friar Joseph*, unworthy Capuchin! the confident or rather executioner of an impious cardinal; who, in concert with all the ecclesiastical debauchees of the convent of Laudun, forged the abominable farce of sorcery, which led the innocent Urban Grandier to the stake: and you also, Garasse, the Jesuit, with the lying priests your accomplices, who endeavoured to prove to the ignorant, that the *deism* of the virtuous Geoffrey Vallée was synonymous with atheism?

"In speaking of you, I speak also of all those who, like you, turned falsehood and folly to their own advantage, without caring for the wretches whom they multiplied. I do not address myself to you, factious priests, who, taking the throne and the altar as your motto, preached insurrection and massacre; nor all you, intolerant hypocrites, who, under the pretence of evangelical zeal, armed ignorant nations against knowledge and civilization, thus leading them involuntarily to become the destroyers of their own well-being! Suffer then

misery and opprobrium in silence, too happy if, in some future age, Supreme Justice shall send you to the Northern regions of the country of the Atheists, there to vegetate for ever.—"

When this sharp address was over, we saw all these wretched spirits concealing their faces with their hands, and running off howling like devils.

Louis. Yet this is the place which will one day be occupied by some priests in Paris, particularly by those of St. Roche, St. Philip, and St. Lazare. Oh! how delighted I should be if Frayssinous, Quelen, and some other people had heard this discourse!

Nap. For myself, there is nothing I should have desired so much as to see here that Janus with four faces, that T. . . . . I should like to have heard from his own mouth a justification of his changes in the world above!

Fran. I think that he will be condemned here to be hooted by the mob once a day for two or three years; and that, after that time has elapsed, he will be sent to the Wheel of Fortune.

Nap. How can you know this?

Fran. By my book, which also contains the penal code of my circle: when this punishment

takes place by a decree from above, I have no power to prevent it; that was the reason why I felt so sorry that I could do nothing to assist the unfortunate Prince Eugene.

Nap. How painful this idea is to me! I never gave the wretched man any such examples; but, as I said before, it is very difficult to be a king and an honest man. . . .

The places through which we passed were nearly similar to those I had already seen; the same filth in the streets, and the same raggedness among the inhabitants. We came up to the bank of one of the thirty thousand canals that wind through Politicopolis. This one was very wide, and contained stagnant water, of the colour of soot. Franceschi ordered some beggars, who were there by accident, to go for the boatman; but while the latter was hastening to obey the President, Maury and I felt ourselves lifted up by an invisible hand, and flew like birds over a river more than a mile in width: the acclamations of a crowd of idle people rose on seeing us; for the marvellous pleases among the dead as much as among the living. This was the first time that Maury participated in the true privileges of the elect. Louis remained on the banks along with Fran-

ceschi, and waited patiently for a boat of the country to take him over to the other side. The Genius made us halt in our flight, that we might enjoy for a moment a prospect of the city. Our eyes could not embrace at a single glance so many various objects; we perceived an infinite number of towers, which doubtless contained a great number of prisoners like those we had already seen. The Genius told us that they contained several ancient Kings of France, such as Dagobert I. Clotaire II. the famous mayor of the palace, Ebroïm, and even Charlemagne. "What! Charlemagne!" exclaimed Maury. The Genius coldly replied: "Do you think that the slaughter of *twenty-seven thousand Saxons* is a trifle in the eyes of the Eternal?" He added, that these monarchs had their heads cut off every month, and that, besides this, Clotaire* was quartered twice a year. At the summit of the turret of a tower, near to the former, I saw a bluish flame suddenly rising; I inquired the cause, and our Mentor informed us, that this was the punishment of Charles II. King of Navarre, called Charles the Bad, who died in 1387. "That man," added

* This monster put to death Queen Brunehaut, then eighty years of age, by this cruel punishment.

he, " who caused so many persons to be assassinated, whose life was but one long series of debauchery, died in the same manner in which he is now punished three times a year: wrapped up in a sheet steeped in spirits and sulphur, he thought this would strengthen his worn out body; he found it his final destruction. In this very tower is also shut up, among other criminals, Otho II. Emperor of Germany, called the Bloody; Basil II. Emperor of Constantinople; and Christian II. the Nero of the North. There are also Jane of Castile, mother of Ferdinand, the destroyer of Granada, and King John II. (Jane's second husband) who had the weakness to be an accomplice in the cruelties exercised upon his own son, the Prince de Viane, by the instigation of that wicked woman."

Maury. It must be admitted, to the honour of truth, that our republicans were well justified, when they exacted the oath of hatred to royalty;* for if we take every thing into consideration, we shall scarcely find two good kings

* It is evident that Cardinal Maury intends here only to allude to despotic and vicious kings, and in no respect to constitutional monarchs, who can do nothing but good, and are consequently not within the sphere of his remark. —(NAPOLEON.)

out of fifty; and this gives us a certain loss of about ninety-six in a hundred, for the sake of the remaining four; and what a loss, great God! The sword of Damocles falling by intervals upon the head of sixty generations!

Louis. It is on that account that in my former kingdom Henry IV. is talked of in every peasant's cot, and, to change the name, they mention Louis XII.; but after these two, I challenge you to find out of the whole three dynasties another *father of his people!* I do not even make you an exception, my colleague, although the market-women called you *Papa* under the windows of the Tuileries!

Nap. I have always said that it was very difficult to govern well, and to act conscientiously.

Our attention was then directed towards some public squares crowded by an idle and turbulent mob, in which was seen a host of individuals in black, holding rolls of paper, and gesticulating with all their might. The Genius told us they were lawyers, chiefly dishonest attorneys, who were as intriguing as during their lives, and hoped to maintain among the dead the monopoly of common law; but they were laughed at by every one. Farther on, old

women, with their faces plastered with white and rouge, and dressed in dirty shifts, ran barefooted through the streets, amidst the hooting of the populace and the filth that was showered upon them. The Genius said that they had been duchesses, marchionesses, countesses, court-ladies, commonly called *petites maitresses*, who were in the front ranks of the fashionable world, who loved pleasure and their own comforts, and never could comprehend that misery existed among the human race; they were never of any use to any one but their milliners and dress-makers, or their lovers during their youth, and their confessors in their old age. Such were several Russian ladies whom he pointed out to us; one of them had been as abandoned as Messalina, and as cruel as Nero. The other had kept her hair-dresser enclosed in a cage beside her bed, because she was old and ugly, and was afraid that the public might learn from the talkative barber that she wore a wig. Another of them, who was a princess, delighted in seeing indecent scenes performed by monkeys. The greater part of these women enjoyed a lofty name and great wealth, but no feeling of shame could ever put a limit to their disorderly life: some, who seemed French or

Italian, were adorned with a cardinal's rochet, and three of them had tiaras. Maury burst into a fit of laughter. " It is but too true," said he, " that these old witches formerly held all the sacred college in their claws ; they sold bishoprics, livings, dispensations, and even made Popes in their own way." We entreated the celestial interpreter to tell us the names of these women with the tiaras. " Two of them," said he, " have suffered this punishment for more than eight hundred years, and it will not probably soon cease: their names are Marozia, and her sister Theodora, formerly famous for their beauty, their abandoned conduct, and their intrigues at the Court of Rome. It is easy to see by their furious gestures how deeply afflicted they are with the humiliation to which they are exposed. They lived in the tenth century. The former was mistress to Pope Sergius II., by whom she had a son, whom she placed by violence in the pontifical chair, by the name of John XI., after having caused the murder of Pope John X. who lived with her sister. Theodora was a monster of infamy and wickedness. By Pope John she had a son called Crescentius, who was the greatest scoundrel of his age. The latter secluded herself in

the Castle of St. Angelo to enjoy her pleasures, and made all Rome and its dependent States crouch under the yoke of her despotism. The third lady was called Donna Olimpia Maldachini, mistress of Pope Innocent X., whom she raised to the pontificate by her scandalous intrigues. She was at once the most cunning, the most ambitious, the most avaricious, and the most unnatural woman of her age! The most amusing part of the whole is, that Pope Innocent himself is now among the mob, and is one of the first to hoot at her, to bespatter her with mud, and to reproach her continually with all his misfortunes. Their present punishment will also be of long duration; after this they will be condemned to the Wheel of Fortune for ever. Amidst that mass of women who follow, several united the abandoned conduct of Sybarites to the most refined cruelty. The courtesans belonging to courts have done as much in another way: we have only to remember the history of almost every king of France, particularly of Louis XIV. and Louis XV.

Nap. At any rate I cannot be reproached with having given too much power to women during my reign, for I never considered them

any thing more than a momentary pastime, and that was all. It is true that several libertines of my court gave them, by underhand means, the right of interceding, but it was always without my knowledge; at any rate, I could not provide for every thing, nor prevent every thing that was wrong.

Maury. For my own part, I confess that I had always a strong inclination for the fair sex. The ladies of Montefiascone still remember my gallantry; I was then young; but with this exception, I was never shamelessly immoral like many of my brethren. Do you remember, while speaking of this subject, the history of a certain signature forced from Gonsalvi by police agents, who surprised him in a Cardinal's dress along with girls of the Palais Royal in Paris, at the time he was the Papal Nuncio at your court?

Nap. I remember it well enough, for I myself gave the order to Savary . . . But what sort of men are those we see farther down—those men with the enormous mustachioes? The Genius carried us in a moment to this distant spot, and the supposed mustachioes were neither more nor less than iron gags placed across the mouths of some thousands of

individuals, as naked as worms, and all covered with mud, whom the people were furiously striking at with sticks having pins fixed at the end. The more they endeavoured to escape, the more furiously the people drove them back with their pointed sticks. These wretches twisted themselves into every attitude of despair; but they were too well gagged to be able to cry out. I felt some pity for them. The Genius, who read the thoughts of my heart, instantly said to me: "Thou canst not pity those men without committing sin, when thou learnest that they employed their lives in laying snares for their fellow-creatures, in deceiving their simplicity, in plunging them into dungeons, in dragging them to execution, in despoiling them of wealth and honour, in causing the ruin and desolation of families, and in causing the moral degradation of mankind to such a degree, that a third part of Hell is peopled by the victims of these villains. They were all cunning spies, secret agents of police, the instigators of revolt, and the persecutors of men of talent and learning; in short, the spies of all the countries subject to bad governments. If any criminals ever merited condign punishment, surely these are the men, for they knew well that their

trade was infamous; they perceived how many evils their secret influence caused to society, and yet sordid interest stifled the cries of remorse. The grand chaplain, Antony de *Mouchi*, from whom they got their name,* will still swim for a thousand ages (along with the English Jefferies, who was of the same stamp) in company with the inquisitors, in the burning zone that surrounds the infernal hemisphere; after this, they will come hither to be tormented to all eternity. What idea can we form of a government that rests for support on such people as these, unless that it is vicious, oppressive, and founded on false principles, contrary to the very essence of government—*the general welfare?*"

These reflections of the Genius overwhelmed me with shame, when I remembered that I had myself employed such men during my reign! I sighed profoundly, but dared not justify myself. My invisible guide had again the generosity to comfort me, by saying: "Thou hast lived in the midst of troubles and dissensions; thy government was exposed to the hatred and snares of others, so that it was necessary for

* Viz. *Mouchards*—spies.

thee to employ spies, to be armed against surprise; but what need have peaceful governments of them, who are neither exposed to war nor opposition, nor hostile coalitions, unless it be to torment their own subjects? What necessity is there for the contemptible States of Piedmont, the Pope, Naples, or Modena, to be swarming with spies? As for the Austrian Government in Italy, the case is very different. Austria has usurped the rule of that country against the will of every class, and by the right of the strongest: it cannot, therefore, sufficiently multiply its scaffolds and executioners, that it may stifle general indignation by means of general terror; but this will not prevent its dominion from passing away, nor its agents from seeing realized *here*, in a terrible manner, the prophecy of the Hebrew Judge: *his blood shall be upon you and upon your children.*" Thus spoke the Genius, and every word went to the bottom of my heart. Is it possible, thought I, that I actually took for my wife the daughter of a despot, on whose head weighs such a heavy responsibility? I was right when, in talking of this alliance during my life, I said: "*I have placed my feet over an abyss covered with flowers!* Oh my son! . . Oh, Marie Louise!"

Tears fell from my eyes; a host of melancholy reflections crowded upon my memory —and for some moments I forgot that I had left the world above. "I have already told thee," resumed the Genius, "that men are responsible for their own actions, and not for the actions of others, particularly when these do not depend upon the former. As for thy son, now brought up in the old vicious principles destructive of sound philosophy,—it may happen that, in rising to manhood, a ray of light may penetrate his mind, and cause him to leave the highway of error for the path of truth: then, by the shadow of thy name, he will be enabled to assemble round him a host of individuals, by whom he may accomplish the great work which thou didst begin under such happy auspices, but which was in part destroyed by thy own fault, and in part by the occurrence of adverse circumstances. Thou shalt then be associated in his renown, as if thou wert alive. But if, on the other hand, thy son grovels in obscure mediocrity, the blame will fall upon the authors of his ignorance; and yet when he becomes a man, his indolence will also weigh upon his own shoulders, for he will irresistibly know the duties which destiny commands from the

son of such a father! For thy wife, think of her no more; she is unworthy of thy remembrance; vile and degraded, she has, without effort, crouched to the yoke imposed on her by her senseless father; and her corrupt heart has abjured, in favour of a hollow courtier, that noble pride which should have been the portion of a woman who was adorned with the title of thy wife. Cease also to pity thy adopted son: knowest thou not that his avarice led him to refuse some sums of men destined to accomplish thy deliverance, although he was indebted to thee for all his fortune?" I confess that this communication rent my heart. "How," said I, "could I possibly believe in the honour of such a perjured son! How often have I not said at St. Helena that I felt no embarrassment in applying to him who owed me all he possessed—who held his rank from me and all his wealth! I should have thought it an insult to him to have doubted for a moment of his eagerness, particularly as I had claims upon him for more than ten or twelve millions—how painful is ingratitude to a heart that never knew it!" . . . But all at once, resuming my usual courage, I exclaimed, "Lord, thy will be done!"

We directed our flight towards the banks of

the river, where Louis and Franceschi had just landed: when I reached the ground, I eagerly related to them all that I had seen.

Fran. I know all these particulars; the attorneys ply their trade without relaxation, sometimes in one district, and sometimes in another; they spend their time in chicanery. The old court ladies go out in the attire you have seen four times a month; in the interval, they are confined to nasty holes, where vermin, and the remembrance of what they have been, do not tend to make them the happiest beings in the circle. The spies are exposed to the attacks of the people for three hours every day; they then pass the rest of their time in plying their trade, under the command of an examiner (which is synonymous with a commissary of police); their duty is to watch for the arrival of new-comers, and to inform their leader.

"Then," said I, "the spies who crowded round me at the time of my descent, were tormented some hours afterwards?"

Fran. Assuredly.

Louis. How happy it would be, if such was the case in the world above: nobody would be found willing to undertake such a vile trade, and society would be so much the happier! I

am impatient to see the arrival of some ladies of my acquaintance, who, during my reign, thought fit to say that I was a Jacobin, so much were they imbued with pride and folly! It would be a laughable sight to see their grimaces on their first arrival; but I should laugh much more, if I saw covered with rags and vermin, that peacock (as vain as he is silly) my former first gentleman of the bed-chamber! . . . .

Maury. Being of beings, how profound are thy views—how admirable is thy justice! The return of a single inhabitant of these regions to the earth would impress the necessity of virtue upon every bosom. . . . . Yet if men saw the future before them, they would have no merit in being virtuous: we must therefore admit, with a sage in the regions above—"Whatever is, is right."

Louis. Yet it must also be admitted that there is a great deal of evil; for surely if all these wretches, who are in misery, could choose between annihilation and existence, they would undoubtedly prefer the former; therefore their existence is not a benefit. . . .

Maury. It is not a benefit, relatively to themselves, but it becomes so in the general system; it is true that they are sunk in crime,

but it depended on themselves to have turned towards virtue. In fact, how could men conceive the idea of virtue, if no crimes existed? how could they know the value of knowledge, if ignorance had never been known? Zoroaster, the great philosopher of antiquity, with justice defined the world *a discordant harmony of things.* Examine for a moment the mass of created things, beginning with the elements, and extending your enquiry to beings endowed with an immortal soul; you every where find contrasts, anomalies, and degrees of comparison; yet from this mass of discordant things, springs the perfection of creation. What means this arrangement, except that God, in his wisdom, wished to show men how much gratitude and love they owe to him, for having placed their species in the noblest and most sublime rank of creation on the terrestrial globe? I speak only of the latter, for we know not as yet the wonders contained by the myriads of worlds that roll through the universe. Yet, what a distance is there between the inhabitants of these worlds and justified spirits; and what still greater distance between the latter and those who were glorified from all eternity! Yet what distance from these again to the Supreme Intelligence; to

him who is at once the essence and the principle of all things!"

The cardinal's metaphysical dissertation was about to continue; but our attention was called away by a distant noise, similar to that which might be produced by ten thousand steam-engines all in operation at once. "Doubtless," said I to Franceschi, "this is the object of our peregrination." "Precisely," said he, "that may be easily imagined, by the noise and the nature of the environs."

We passed over a marshy soil, swarming with innumerable insects and hideous reptiles: in the midst of this disgusting plain rose a circular building, a kind of fortress, crowned with towers, from the centre of which rose a turret of prodigious elevation, (it was lost in the fogs, and the spirits from without could never discover its summit,) constantly throwing back the beings we had taken for harpies at a distance, but which we now discovered to be men. The force of the shock was such, that these unfortunate beings described a parabola of at least five thousand five hundred toises, before they fell into the surrounding marsh, where immersed up to the breast, they slowly made their way back again to the fortress, through the

liquid filth and the innumerable unclean reptiles with which it was covered. We looked in silence upon this novel scene, and walked one after the other on the top of one of the hundred narrow dykes, that are raised twelve feet above the surface. They were two leagues in length, and led from the banks of the marsh to one of the hundred gates, by which Franceschi told us that this second Thebes was surrounded. "Why," said I, "do not these poor reprobates get up upon the dykes, and thus avoid the misery of wading through the mire?" "Because," replied Franceschi, "they are not allowed to do so: several of them have the hardihood to infringe the prohibition; but they are instantly seized with such a dizziness that they fall back head-foremost into the marsh, in the midst of these disgusting insects. There is every reason, therefore, why they should prefer fatigue to such a punishment." At the very moment I was going to make some further inquiries of Franceschi, Louis was struck on the cheek by a large toad, thrown at him by one of the reprobates. We stopped, on hearing him cry out, to see who the offender could be; but he was so filthy that a scavenger standing beside him would have looked like a fop. He

had come up quite close beneath us, and was preparing with uncommon diligence to throw all the reptiles he could lay hold of at Louis, whom he called *silly despot*. Franceschi, with his wand, took care to prevent him; Louis cried out in a passion: "What have you to say against me, man of mud?" "I wish," replied the reprobate, "to revenge myself on you as far as I can, for the trade you made me practise at the commencement of your foolish reign! . . . It was to aid your views, and the views of your faction, that I a hundred times betrayed the man whom I see with astonishment by your side: hence it happened that, when I died, I was hated and execrated by all France."

Louis. Can that be the police minister of every successive government—the false, ungrateful intriguer, the disturber of the quiet of the human race? I have only one thing to say to you: if you served me, it was apparently because you found your interest in so doing, and, since our lot is differently cast in this world, it is not my fault if you are now swimming with the toads.

I now felt warmly interested, and could not

help saying to him: "What, miserable wretch! are you not satisfied with having caused, by your base intrigues, the misfortune of universal Europe? Is it not enough that you quenched your insatiable thirst of gold; that you betrayed the republic, the empire, and the royal cause; that you plunged into every diplomatic intrigue that promised you any advantage; that you conspired my destruction with the treacherous Metternich; that you were the first to broach the plan of my divorce, when it was far from my thoughts? Were you not too fortunate in escaping my just resentment at the time of the emissary of Basle? Do you still pretend to have acted right?"

The Ex-Minister. You may say to me whatever you please, I shall make no reply; it is just that *you* overwhelm me with reproaches, since I so ungratefully repaid your benefits, and, in truth, I would have taken good care not to appear before you; but for that man, in whose cause I betrayed my conscience and honour, for whom I supported insult and remorse, and who, as my sole reward, drove me from the management of affairs; against *him* I cannot help displaying my bitter animosity, more

particularly as he is now on an equality with me; that he must have been one of the guilty, since he is here, and that . . . .

Louis. Hold your tongue, miserable wretch! To believe all these rascals, it would seem that I was the sole cause of their ruin; while there was no intrigue nor baseness they did not make use of to get lucrative employments on my return. Truly, I also was urged forward by others to do what I did; but must I on that account hate them during all eternity? No, certainly; many men doubtless sin from mere weakness, but many others have done evil, because such was their intention.

The Ex-Minister was about to recommence his application of toads a second time, when Franceschi ordered him, in an energetic tone, to pursue his journey, which he did, after bursting forth into a torrent of invective.

All round us, on each side of the dyke, there was a great number of half-immersed reprobates, who were making their way back to the tower; one of them, who was quite close to us, looked at us with great attention. He had a very ill-looking countenance. . . . Franceschi told us not to pay any attention to him; that his name was Katch, an Attorney-General,

or Fiscal-General, in the reign of Frederic William. He had a most atrocious heart. Immediately beside him we saw another, who was attempting to get up upon the dyke. "Let him alone," said Franceschi, "he will soon fall back head-foremost into the mire. He richly deserves it! It is Laubardemont.*

Louis. Ah! gentlemen of the long robe, this marsh is very large—there is plenty of room for you!

Franc. You have seen a specimen of the spirits condemned to *the Wheel of Fortune.* They are the most unruly in all Politicopolis, the most blinded to their own state, and the reprobates who work with most obstinacy and spirit, for they are convinced that they will gain by their perseverance the object of their desire, *durable happiness;* hence, you will hear them talk proudly, even in the midst of their punishments. It is true that all are not of the same class as these. In general, the most wicked are those of the two first regions; as we advance, their character becomes milder in proportion as their sufferings diminish. A bad spirit, who has become the prey of misfortune,

* The unjust judge, who condemned Urban Grandier for *sorcery.*

becomes a hundred times more wicked!—Look around you—they swarm like flies.

Maury. Before we enter, tell us what sort of individuals we shall have to do with.

Franc. First of all you will find all the most famous misers, usurers, stock-jobbers, and bankers in Europe; namely, all those, who, without any industry useful to society, had the art of acquiring an exorbitant mass of wealth by impoverishing the laborious classes—those who painfully amassed, penny by penny, colossal fortunes, and died in misery in the midst of their riches, (for they could not bear the idea of spending the smallest portion of it): charity, compassion, or generous sentiments, never entered into their souls: they saw men dying with hunger around them, without being in the slightest degree affected. You will also find those great forestallers, who took advantage of a year of scarcity to buy up all the grain, and cared for nothing but how to fill their own strong boxes, unmoved by the wailing of a whole people dying of hunger; all those wealthy manufacturers who endeavoured to diminish as much as they could the bread of the unfortunate workmen whom they employed, and along with these, all partial and

prevaricating judges. There is also a great number of Venetian senators, who were inquisitors of state, or members of the Council of Ten; all the roguish artists who by fraud and intrigue procured the patronage and the money of rich fools, to the detriment of modest men who possessed real talent; all courtiers with treacherous hearts and intriguing minds; the haughty of all ranks and professions; the base flatterers of power; and finally, you will see all the diplomatic agents, who, by their influence or knowledge, held in their hands the destinies of nations, and who, instead of cooperating to produce the happiness of mankind, (as their bounden duty was,) assisted in oppressing them, in loading them with chains, and in selling them like herds of cattle.

"Great God!" exclaimed I, "by what special favour have I avoided the fate of these unfortunate beings?" The Genius replied, "The author of all things grants no special favours to any one to the prejudice of others; he is simply just. His infinite justice extends over all that exists; the oppressed, the sufferer, the poor man, all find compensations for their sufferings, sooner or later, if they loved virtue, and supported patiently during their lives the

painful duty of forming an integrant portion of a class necessary to the views of the universal system. The poor man might have been born rich: that advantage was not in his own power; but it was necessary that he should exist. The Creator has sown in the hearts of all men the seeds of virtue, and has given them the power of following good or evil, according to their caprice. Now virtue is the only real inheritance of man. The virtuous poor man, after his death, forgets what he has suffered, and is entirely absorbed in a felicity which is to last for ever; whilst the greatest punishment of the wicked is their recollection of the past. Thus thou mayest praise his clemency, inasmuch as he permitted that course of events that gave thee up for some years to misfortune and remorse; but believe not that he thought fit to favour thee more than another, for all men are equal in his eyes."

The thundering noise of the grand tower now became still greater. We were at the end of the dyke, and the iron gate being shut, a great number of the spirits who came out of the marsh rushed forward, (like a swarm of insects,) to lay hold of the spikes with which it was covered. Franceschi went forward, and

struck with his customary wand. The door opened instantly. Five men, so blackened that they might have been taken for Cyclops, came forward, each of them with a heavy hammer in his hand; they were preparing to strike any one who should dare to glide away into the interior without passing through the customary formalities, (*viz.* ablution and classification); but their arms stopped at sight of the President and the other spirits of superior rank. Their crabbed looks assumed a submissive and mild aspect. They asked us what they could do to serve us. "Nothing," replied Franceschi; "do your duty towards the crowd that besieges your gate; as for us, we wish only to visit the interior, and have no need of any one." They bent their heads in sign of respect, and betook themselves to their duties. A few steps from us were twelve wells arranged along three sides of a square: over each well was a windlass, from which hung two buckets, that were continually descending or ascending. Each well was attended by two men of the same class as those at the gate. The duty of the one was to take the condemned spirits, one by one, and put them into the empty bucket; the other hauled them up out of the water.

This ceremony was used to purify the spirits who came from the marsh; they descended covered with mud, and came up quite cleansed. The purified spirits then passed through a double row of the keepers, who struck the most unruly with hammers, and ordered them, according to their class, to their customary labour. I asked Franceschi the object of this classification. "It is absolutely necessary," replied he; "without it every one would be free to take the nearest road to gain his own ends; besides, they are not all guilty in the same degree, and it is just that the labour be proportioned according to their merits." We advanced into the interior. It would require volumes to give an adequate description of it. First of all we saw before us an enormous rock of semicircular form, convex; at the foot of which was a range of caves, through which passed thousands of condemned spirits, driven along by the pitiless keepers, with their hammers; they made loud lamentations, and seemed overwhelmed with terror at the prospect of leaving the light of day to be buried in these horrible subterraneous recesses. Franceschi explained to us the cause of their despair: "Each of these openings that you see,"

said he, " leads to an immense abyss, that is three miles below the surface we now occupy: from the lowest point to the level of the soil, there exists a pile of scaffolding that goes from the centre in radii, each sixty paces wide at the circumference, and a hundred paces in height, which makes the number amount to three thousand (in depth); but, as the number of the circular radii is a hundred and twenty-four, and they are separated, two by two, by a corridor five feet wide, it follows that the total circumference of the interior of the tower is seven thousand seven hundred and fifty feet. The radii are twelve hundred and ninety feet towards the centre, which is formed by an enormous round column, which serves as a pivot to the labyrinth, and a prison in case of tumult. The entire enclosure is filled up with these astonishing works: the works under ground are all of iron; but from the surface to the top of the turret, they are formed of wood, ivory, fine gold, and precious stones; so that the grand machine is really divided into five districts, called *regions;* namely, the *Iron* region, the *Wooden* region, the *Ivory* region, the *Gilt* region, and the *Royal* region. The first, as we have already said, is three thousand

paces deep; the others are each a mile higher; the last of all is nothing more than a magnificent palace of two stories, and a hundred and fifty feet high; the whole together forms an extent, in a straight line, of six thousand a hundred and fifty paces. As what you will see without is comformable, with some slight differences, to what exists under ground, we shall spare ourselves the horror of visiting the works at the bottom; but it is impossible for us to penetrate into the labyrinth without going through one of these doors, as the rock extends so far, that it even conceals from our view the top of the turret.

Louis. Do you think that I may go into the interior without danger?

Franc. You may be perfectly at your ease on that score: your destiny protects you, and at any rate the inhabitants of these places are too busy with their work, and too much interested in pursuing it, to take the slightest liberty, even were the superintendents not always ready to chastise them.

Franceschi entered by the middle gate, and we followed him into the abyss. Of all that I had hitherto seen, nothing had produced on my imagination such a singular combination of

astonishment, surprise, conflicting ideas, and terror. It was necessary, first of all, to pass over, by a narrow bar of iron, a hole ten feet wide, before we reached one of the corridors, which, as has been mentioned, separate the radii. From this elevation, the condemned spirits sprung headlong to the bottom in cursing their existence. Maury asked if they were all forced to go to the bottom. Franceschi said that some were forced to go the whole distance, but that others laid hold of the works higher up, and others higher again, according to the proportion of their respective punishment. In effect, we remarked several who stopped on the same level with ourselves, and immediately laid hold of the wheels that were vacant. The profound obscurity which necessarily inveloped these infernal works, was broken only by the dark-red gleams of the torches used by the smiths who superintended the operations. The latter ran in every direction, giving blows of their hammers as they passed along. What noise—what tumult—what horrible confusion! Every scaffolding along the length of the radius, contained hundreds of toothed wheels, springs, and levers, all in movement, though in opposite directions. The condemned were borne along

by the movement, but each of them had also to attend to the rotation of the cylinder above him, which went in an opposite direction and with great velocity; they had then to leave the first wheel, lay hold of the second, go round with it several times, before they could be sure of the third, and be particularly careful not to take the advance of any of their companions, for, if once confusion arose, the equilibrium was destroyed; then, driven off from the regular rotation, they ran the risk of being struck by the surrounding springs, which constantly threw down, into the scaffolding beneath, any unfortunate being who by carelessness or imprudence exposed himself to their action. These springs consisted of wide elastic plates of polished steel, which were set in motion by the lower rafters of the wood-work, and continually presented their points as certain wheels moved along, which, besides their usual toothwork, had saliant catches for this purpose. The greatest noise was made by the shooting of these treacherous plates, and their re-action was terrible to those who were exposed to their influence. We were witnesses ourselves of this singular operation. Franceschi assured us, that the ascent, from the bottom to the height we

occupied, could be made (in case no accident occurred) in thirty-five days, but that a great number could not succeed in four months, on account of the action of the springs: certain spirits even fell from one scaffolding to another, and found themselves as far advanced as at their first outset. That then the spirits, who returned from the marsh, were forced to wait their turn, till there were places vacant; that great quarrels arose between them in this interval. "It is down there," said he, "that the tumult is prodigious, and that the trade of a smith requires wonderful activity. The people who govern here are as unfortunate as those who suffer: the men employed in working the eternal machine were themselves guilty of grave offences during their lives. Some were endowed with great mechanical talents, and employed them in inventing machines destructive of personal liberty, or instruments of punishment and death, with which the powerful ones of the earth have so long tormented the human race. Others were tools of tyranny;—gaolers of the Bastille and other state prisons—alguazils of the Holy Brotherhood—and the executioners of despotic monarchs. There you will find St. Regent and Carbon, accomplices in constructing

the infernal machine intended for your destruction; and a host of commissaries of police, who, instead of devoting their time to the preservation of order and tranquillity, assisted in exciting the hatred of rival factions:—their duty does not go beyond the works in wood, as you will soon see. The following scaffoldings are superintended by women."

"What a singular thing!" exclaimed Louis.

"These men," continued Franceschi, "are employed according to seniority: the newcomers superintend the bottom of the gulph; they then ascend by degrees to the wooden works, where they usually remain three or four centuries; after that, they retire to the charge of the wells. The care of the gates is given only to those who are most highly favoured."

The frightful noise, which stunned us on every side, made it very difficult for us to converse together: besides, the continual prospects before us, the groans and the incessant efforts of the wretches by whom we were surrounded, were not well fitted to captivate our attention long. Maury said that this spot was the true bagnio of Politicopolis. I showed Franceschi my anxious wish, to ascend as quickly as possible to a part of the works lighted by the rays

of day. He replied, that the third above us was the first that was of wood. We could not get thither except through the wheels; and I was greatly embarrassed at first, till my guide worked his customary wonders. I called to him for assistance. "Here," said he to me, "thou art, like every other, subject to the imperfections of a gross substance, which even I have not the power of changing, till we leave this place; but no harm will happen to thee, nor to the Elect who accompanies thee. As for the other two, the President, aided by his wand, has the power of going every where; but the other spirit would run great risk, were he to lay hold of the wheelwork by himself, without assistance; and on that account I allow him to lay hold of one end of the President's wand, by which means he will ascend in safety. Look to that corner of the square, and you will find a place by which you will be able to ascend. I advanced cautiously by the aid of a torch that passed near us. I perceived a perpendicular range of vacant wheels, which seemed to be so from the very bottom to the top, for, as far as my eyes could reach, I could not perceive a single spirit upon them. When I examined their movements more carefully, I saw dis-

tinctly on every wheel, several large letters cut out round the edge. Those that struck me the most were M. T. P. di B. H. L. V. P. If I had then enjoyed the intelligence of the elect, I should have instantly guessed the intention of the letters; but, clothed in a form almost human, I confess that for the moment I could make out nothing of the meaning. Franceschi also knew nothing of it as yet. However, we were forced to ascend by the empty wheels. I began first, and the others followed. I was much surprised to find that I was more successful than I had expected at first, for, assisted by my feet only, I was lifted up from one wheel to another, as if I had walked up ordinary steps; with this difference, that the centrifugal motion gave me a very agreeable sensation. We soon reached the story above, and from that, the first scaffolding of wood, which being beyond the rock, received its light from the foggy atmosphere that reigns eternally in the vast environs of Politicopolis. I could then examine the men who were working, and recognise several of them. The first of all was Augereau: he was turning round on a wheel quite close to us, and seemed to be making every exertion to lay hold of the second, while he

menaced with his fist a lanky spirit with a long nose, who attempted to lay hold of it before him. I gazed upon the latter for a moment, and recognised Kolly, (the general sent by the Austrians to command the Pope's troops, a short time after the latter had signed the treaty of Tolentino in 1797. That treaty, as may be easily imagined, was very different from being *warlike!)* "What," exclaimed I, leaving my wheel, and addressing the Duke of Castiglione, "old growler, is this the fate that awaited you?" "Ah! there you are too," exclaimed he in his turn, but still turning round, "come and post it with me, and try if you can get in first." Kolly also asked me ironically, if I had come thither to found a republic. "If I did not pity you, I would rather ask you what have become of the nine days' prayers which Pius VI. ordered for the success of your arms, and the salvation of your soul?" "Pius VI. and I, as well as many other respectable people, were the victims of the corruption of the age."—"It is a pity," replied I, with a smile, "that the corruptors and their victims do not now share the same fate." He did not understand me, and I left him.

Louis, when he came to the level of the

wheel on which was Augereau, thus addressed him: "I am very sorry, Duke of Castiglione; for the troubles you were exposed to on my account."

"On your account! Learn that I did not act for you at the time of my defection (for I knew nothing of you whatever); what I did was for my own personal satisfaction. I was tired of that man (pointing to me); I had got all I wanted from him; I wanted repose, and abjured his cause."

"Fine repose, truly, has he found!" exclaimed Maury.

Nap. Yet this is the very language held by all those who remain in the world above.

Fran. And they will all likewise come to have their share of these wheels, when their turn comes round.

We passed on, or rather we mounted along several wheels, which were all marked with mysterious initials: I wished to obtain some explanation from the Genius, but a spirit whom I had formerly known, came so near me that my attention was called away; this was the Comte d'Entragues, my old libeller: ungrateful by nature, an adventurer by profession, he attempted to libel me, after I had rendered

him great services." . . . "And are you also," said he, "amongst us?"

"Don't rejoice yet, wretch; accident may place me for a moment on the same level with you, but our respective portions have no analogy together. Do you remember the libel you published in Switzerland?"*

"Would to heaven that, instead of a libel, I had collected five hundred thousand bayonets to annihilate you."

"Yet what harm did I ever do you? But what 's the use of speaking to these hardened beings?"

Fran. I already gave you notice that you would gain nothing by it. "You are right: let us pursue our journey."

We had now reached the last wooden scaffolding but one. Tumult and confusion were at their height; the place might have been

* When Napoleon was at Mittau he had the generosity to set the Comte d'Entragues at liberty, who had been brought before him as an agent of the Bourbons, and a conspirator. The latter found his way to Switzerland, and displayed his gratitude by writing a libel against Napoleon, which was blamed even by the hostile diplomatic agents of the time. This intriguing man went to England, where he was murdered by his servant, who wished to rob his master.—(EDITOR.)

taken for the temple of discord. The superintendance of the smiths with their threatening hammers, was scarcely sufficient to restrain the rebels who were collected together. I remarked a great number of Russian uniforms, and displayed my desire of knowing the individuals. For this purpose, we placed ourselves on an iron bar near the wheel-work. Maury was beside me, and able to hear the explanations of our invisible guide, who thus spoke: "Destiny has permitted that these spirits, formerly so turbulent, so selfish, so ambitious of wealth and titles, so oppressive to the human race, should be assembled here, that they may expiate their crimes, not only by the customary labour of the wheels, but by their hatred, their jealousy, their revenge, and all the evil passions which they constantly brought into operation, during their prosperity at a most corrupted court. The two first, who seem so enterprising, are Kretschetnikow and Kakowski, the tools of Catherine II. They overturned the Polish constitution, which the pusillanimous Stanislaus (formerly one of Catherine's lovers) had not the courage to defend. The spirit lower down, who makes ridiculous con-

tortions, is Lambro, who was originally a pirate, and afterwards became the buffoon and physician of the Northern despot.

At this moment a spring struck a gigantic spirit, who was contending with three other spirits for the order of precedence in making the ascent; the other three were, one after another, exposed to the same fate: when I cast my eyes below, I saw the first spirit plunging among the lower wheels, and the rest following him without being able to stop their downward flight.

The Genius continued:—"The first is the famous Count Alexis Orloff, the favorite of Catharine: to please that vindictive woman, he carried off the unfortunate daughter of the Empress Elizabeth from Leghorn, and put her to death without mercy: before this, he had (in concert with Passeck and Bariatinski, who have just fallen after him) strangled Peter III. That man has committed unnumbered crimes and cruelties."

"This must truly be the case," said Maury, "for though he died raving mad, that punishment has not diminished the one which he suffers at this moment." "What knowest

thou of the matter?" said the Genius: "could'st thou foretell what would have been his punishment, had he died in peace?

"The fourth is Potemkin, the most powerful of all the favourites; he was haughty, intriguing, unjust, and sanguinary; his end was not exceedingly happy: he died on the road to Otschakow, in the arms of his niece Branitska, who remained attached to the service of Catharine, under a title that decency forbids me to mention. A short time before his death, Potemkin had given his famous fête at the Tauric palace, which surpassed in magnificence the fabulous narratives of fairy tales: here his punishment consists, like that of many others, in never attaining the object which he desires. Of these three restless spirits who seem to contend with the wheels, one is Wiasemski, the attorney-general of Catharine, who, to increase the capitation tax, reduced to slavery, by one stroke of his pen, the Cossacks, the Tartars, and Fionnese; the other two are Besborodko and Markoff, depraved ministers, but not so cruel as the former: they are allowed to reach the summit, while Wiasemski cannot go higher than the last scaffolding of ivory; like Orloff and a host of others, he falls back in spite of

all his resistance, and rolls down, through the utmost depth of the wheel-works."

At some distance from us, through the confusion of spirits and machinery, I saw two individuals disputing together; one of them, who was very tall, was too well known to me not to command my attention. Though I had never seen the other, by the portrait that had been drawn to me of him, I could guess who he was also. I told the Genius my surprise at finding them together. He said to me: "Massena is only here on his way upwards; obstacles do not stop his progress; he ascends from the very bottom to the summit, becomes intoxicated, like all the rest, with his short-lived happiness, and then takes the grand leap into the marsh to begin all over again. But Suwarrow cannot say so much; he will still require fifty years before he can reach the gilt region; as soon as he reaches the ivory region, he falls back into the abyss in the same manner as his countrymen, who have been mentioned. At this moment he attempts to dispute the passage with Massena, but the latter will beat him." In effect, I saw Massena boldly climbing up to the higher wheels: on turning round, he perceived me, made me a menacing gesture,

and went on his way. Suwarrow perceived me also, and made me a horrible grimace; I felt pity for their fate, for I remembered their bravery and military talents. "Why," said I to the Genius, "do these warriors, who have acquired such a high reputation, not inhabit a region worthy of them?" "Must I tell thee again and again," said the celestial intelligence, "that the single title of hero is vain and illusory in the eyes of the Eternal, if it includes no other merit than that of having been able to slaughter the human race by means of tricks, stratagems, and bold manœuvres? To obtain a place in Heaven, a hero must combine with the military qualities so much esteemed on the earth, those of the just and charitable man, of a protector of the weak, of a useful legislator, and a defender of the rights of man. A wise and holy man considers that only to be the true victory, which conquers by unbroken integrity and unsullied honesty and honour. Massena might have fulfilled all these duties, so easy at any rate (particularly to a man who is placed by his position in the command of others, and with the power to enforce obedience) but his excessive avarice not only stifled these fine sentiments in his soul, but led him to

commit acts of injustice and tyranny, and even robberies, unworthy of a warrior who plied the trade of killing men in the name of liberty! . . . . . As Suwarrow was nothing more than the blind instrument of extermination to a most atrocious despotism, it would be useless to give an enumeration of his crimes. The blood of the unfortunate Poles still calls aloud for vengeance, and the countries which he over-ran, at the head of the Northern armies, will preserve for ages the recollection of his barbarity. Suwarrow is so much the more to be blamed, that he had the seeds of virtue within him; but they shone only at rare intervals, like the gleams of the sun through a stormy sky."

Meanwhile Louis had met with some person of his acquaintance, and was pouring upon him strong but fruitless reproaches; "If, at least," said he, "that silly courtier had despised men of the blood royal with the pride of a republican, though he would have been blameable for doing so in a vulgar manner, he might have been excused on account of the goodness of his cause; but he was himself nothing more than a despot in the pay of another despot. It was therefore to flatter the pride of his masters at the expense of a fallen prince, that he received

me in such a beggarly manner at Riga, sitting by his fire-side, as if I had been too happy, forsooth, to have *the honour* of being present at his toilet.

The Spirit. I behaved as you deserved; why did you think of passing through the guards, who were under arms, without returning their salute? You were then a king without a kingdom, and consequently an ordinary man, who did not merit so much honour; but I acted very differently to the ex-king of Poland.*

Louis. Well, you have got your proper place now—creep, haughty courtier!

The ex-minister quitted his wheel to attack Louis, but he touched the trigger of a spring, and fell headlong into the gulph below.

"Every thing is to be found in this region," exclaimed Franceschi. The sight of Massena had painfully affected me, and, in fact, could I forget that he was one of my best generals? I knew his avaricious spirit, and had often shut

* Prince Repnin was so proud and insolent, that he one day received the unfortunate Stanislaus, king of Poland, in his dressing-gown, and had the impudence to turn his back to him, and to make the most indecent gestures before a mirror; so that the ill-fated king could not avoid seeing the excessive contempt and humiliation with which he was treated by this ridiculous courtier.—(Editor.)

my eyes to his plundering expeditions. I consulted the Genius that he might deign to inform me if his punishment would be temporary or eternal; he told me that as he was punished only for this crime, his sufferings would be of limited duration. "All those," said he, "who are in the same case, such as Augereau, V———, Davoust, Menu, Rusca, Championnet, and other companions of thy first exploits, will labour among the wheels here, till liberty and the rights of men be firmly established upon the earth. Then will the nations forget the crimes of these warriors, and consider them only as the first champions of liberty." "And will it require a long period before that fortunate event occurs?"—"It will happen when the corruption of the nations which have again fallen under the yoke of old dynasties, shall have reached its acmé!"

Louis. If I am to judge by what I saw before my death, and by what exists at this moment, the crisis is not far distant: in my time, honesty and good faith were completely unknown; and religious hypocrisy will now accomplish the remainder.

Maury. I shall say the same of Italy; let the Pope, the Austrians, and the Duke of

Modena reign a few years longer, and the fruit will be ripe in that fine country also.

Nap. Mighty God! why did I not see in the world above what I have witnessed here; how many beings would have been preserved from misery! how many blessings would have followed me to the grave! . . . . Let us go on! let us drink the bitter draught to the very last drop!

We re-ascended along the endless cylinders, and in a few moments reached the last scaffolding of wood, where we found the same confusion as before; but I was not surprized at it, when I saw, in the front ranks, spirits with Russian uniforms grotesquely attired. Soon after I was alongside of Paul I. "What," said I to him, "have not the austerity of your life, and the fatal 25th of May, 1801,* been able to preserve you from your present fate?"

"My austerity," said he, "was not that of an anchorite, but rather that of a military mania; I wished by that means to oppose the effeminate system introduced at court during the reign of my mother: what I did, I would do again, were I to return to the earth."

* The day on which Paul I. was assassinated.

"Then," said I, "all your cruelties, your acts of tyranny and rigour, committed without rhyme or reason, would produce no remorse in your heart?"

"Not the slightest; for I am convinced that the human race must be governed with a rod of iron. I know not what good my son may have done since my death; but if he has not followed my example, he must have become the sport of faction: republican ideas have penetrated even into my empire, and what must it, then, be in the rest of Europe?"

"Your son has of late times perfectly followed your wishes; he was by turns my friend and my enemy; as my friend, I was on the point of becoming your son-in-law; as my enemy, I invaded his states as far as Moscow."

"Great God! my son-in-law—Moscow! He must, then, have been mad! A child of the revolution my son-in-law!"

"Assuredly—it depended only upon me to be so."

Paul. If you had made this proposal in my lifetime, I would have sent a white mare for a wife, as Sigismund, King of Poland, did to the Grand Duke Ivanvasilièwitsch.

Nap. Proud Autocrat! You did not always

hold such language! Do you remember the time when you sent to entreat me to draw up a plan for the invasion of India in concert with you? You then thought me worthy of your alliance. . . ."

He was going to reply to me, but two of his former generals, the ferocious Araktcheief and Arkarow,* without the slightest respect for their former sovereign, wished to drive him off the wheel, which was immediately over theirs. Paul struggled with them and cried out "Murder! murder!" The smiths hastened towards him, and violently hammered the two assailants. They were finally caught by the springs and disappeared in the abyss. "There," said Paul, who still continued climbing, "is the fine fruit of revolutionary ideas!" "I abandon him to his obstinacy, though I deplore his misfortune." "That Sovereign," said I to the Genius, "although by far too severe, was a man of great probity, and would even have been good, had not his mother always endeavoured to keep him distant from her—had not she neglected

* The cruelties and tyrannical administration of these two generals of Paul I. would fill a large volume.—(EDITOR.)

his education, and embittered his temper by keeping him like a prisoner, insulated from the court and society." "That is true," replied he; "but he committed crimes from the impulse of his own free will; most of them with no other object than to satisfy a silly pride, a brutal caprice, or a ridiculous etiquette. Such was the case with a lady called Lekarow, who died raving mad because she could not call in a doctor to the assistance of her dying husband; the Autocrat put her in prison because she had forgotten the etiquette of descending from her carriage when the Emperor's passed by." This barbarous incident I was not aware of; however, he rendered one great service to his country by creating *the Commons*, of which the Russians had no idea before the reign of Paul.

The Genius. And it is that single action alone that has obtained him the favour of not being put into one of the avenging towers of Politicopolis, along with his mother, who, like Queen Elizabeth, will long expiate her faults along with other tyrants, particularly with the Czar, Alexander Newskoi, of whom the Russian priests made a saint; and who in the eighth

century destroyed the immense, flourishing, and free city of Novogorod, to please the enemies of his country.

"Priests are every where the same," said *Maury*. "Ours have made saints of Charlemagne, Pepin, and Constantine; they would have canonized Mahomet, if he had subjugated nations to the priestly power."

He had scarcely done speaking, when a spirit in a cardinal's rochet and a red cap gave him the title of *Apostate*.

"Ah!" said *Maury*, "I well knew, impious courtier,* that I should find you somewhere before I left this. This is the fruit you have gathered from your diplomatic tricks -- from your persecution of the innocent Carbonari—from my imprisonment in the castle of St. Angelo—from the oppressions of every kind

* Cardinal Gonsalvi was a man of talent, a great politician, and a great libertine. He was reckoned well-informed, so that many people say he was a member of some secret societies, whose object was the propagation of knowledge, and the restoration of liberty. If that were so, he must have greatly betrayed his conscience, when he filled the dungeons of the Ecclesiastical States with poor wretches, whose only crime was their wish to save their country from shame and slavery.—(EDITOR.)

that marked the return of Pius VII. to the unfortunate Roman States."

"What do you mean by that, you vile revolutionary agent? Would you compare the virtues of a Bishop of Montefiascone, who insulted his whole diocese by his shameless gallantry, to the conduct of a man who supported the principle of the Pope's infallibility against wind and tide, against the impulse of his own conscience, and in spite (pointing to me) of the power of that scourge of the human race? I was a Cardinal and prime minister, and in these two capacities I did my duty: honours and dignities are not yet lost for me, though I have ceased to live on the earth; with a little labour and perseverance, I shall still be able to attain them!"

"Go," said *Maury*, "wretched mass of worldly matter! I disdain to justify myself or to reply to thy calumnies, and abandon thee to thy fate."

The language of Gonsalvi surprised me greatly. "How!" said I to the Genius, "do these hardened sinners not, then, know what awaits them at the end of their career?"

"No," replied he; "if they did, they would

not be so persevering in climbing up the wheels. Their mania consists in implicitly believing that when they reach the region of precious stones, they will find eternal happiness; but an invisible mover, concealed under their apparent pleasures, strikes them and hurls them into the marsh; *there* they deplore their fate in losing their short-lived happiness, and long contend with the filth and the toads. They make their way back to the enclosure as a means of salvation; after they undergo the customary ablutions, they lose their recollection of the marsh: ambition and a boundless thirst for enjoyment again take possession of their souls, and their labours recommence with the feeling that they will assuredly find a speedy reward for all their cares. These people acted precisely in the same way in the other world; it is just that they should find in this wherewithal to satisfy their ruling passion! If any one had told a certain minister of finances (called in the world above the Abbé Terray*) that another

* Minister of Finances in the reign of Louis XV. He was a profound, tyrannical, and unfeeling man. Somebody having observed to him that one of his plans was somewhat unjust: "And who told you that it was just?" said the minister. He died in a private station, in 1778.—(EDITOR.)

paradise existed than the last, and the last but one that we saw, he would not have believed it. It is the same with Law, the famous paper-monger; wealth was their only divinity during their lives; wealth continues to be so, after their death. These two individuals are now working in the iron region. It would be too long for you to visit the wheel-work in its horizontal extent: you would be surprised to see in it all the financiers of past ages, with the exception of Sully, the minister of Henry IV. Sir Thomas More, Lord High Chancellor in the time of Henry VIII., and a very small number of their brethren. I allude here only to Europeans, for we should go too far, if I wished to enumerate all the ambitious men of the four quarters of the world.

Louis, who did not see the celestial messenger, but who listened attentively to his words, now exclaimed like a madman, "Ah! Villele! Villele! I see the place reserved for you: we can now say of you what you were wont to say before you became a minister: *Rira bien qui rira le dernier!*" *

* This well-known expression was, in 1821, a great favourite with the person alluded to, then struggling for place.—(EDITOR.)

At this moment, I happened to look by chance upon the letter V, engraved round the vacant wheels, along which we were ascending; and the name of Villele striking my ear at the same time, I had no longer any doubt that he was the person designated; and I also instantly made out the rest as if by enchantment, (with the exception of the P,) and read aloud Metternich, Pozzo di Borgo, Hudson Lowe, and Villele. [See page 196.]

Louis extricated me from my embarrassment by again exclaiming, "Who can it be, truly, but Peyronnet? But, alas! I am the sole cause of this. By yielding to the solicitations of the anti-national faction, and of that old female adventurer Du Cayla, I gave the post of Minister of Justice to a man who had no other merit than having acted the part of a fanatic when my niece went to Bordeaux,* and who pours forth his high-sounding nonsense with the im-

* M. Charles Ignace Peyronnet, now Keeper of the Seals, lived in an obscure situation at Bordeaux, when he thought fit (on the 12th May, 1816), to become one of the mob of fanatics who hailed the arrival of the Duchess of Angouleme. This fine instance of loyal devotion, aided by the protection of M. de Caze and Madame du Cayla, promoted him from one station to another till he obtained the first judicial office in France.—(EDITOR.)

posing air of a peripatetic philosopher. As for Villele, with his hypocritical look and his old monkey tricks, he has ruined France, and that is saying enough! How delighted I should be to see him climbing up the wheels of the iron region, and getting a proper portion of blows from the hammers!"

"Console yourself," said Franceschi; "his place is marked out, and his turn will soon come."

For some time, in proportion as we ascended higher, we perceived a whitish glimmer immediately above our heads, though the discussion in which we were engaged did not allow us to pay much attention to it; but when we reached the last wooden wheel-works, I saw with considerable pleasure that we had got to the ivory region. Women elegantly dressed now occupied the posts of the coarse-looking smiths; the wheels had a more regular movement, which was also more mild, less rapid, and, above all, less jarring; the springs (though equally effective with those lower down) shot off without noise. The light was also more vivid; we breathed a purer air; and even the spirits, who had got so far as this region, seemed to have left behind them their chagrin and ill-humour.

Like to the race of man, who know pretty nearly whence they come, but are totally ignorant of whither they go; these spirits were sustained by hope, and considered their present occupations as a continuation of their occupations in the other world. Skilful in asking each other mutual questions, sometimes reserved, often deceitful in their communications, concealing ambition under the veil of modesty, and at the same time slaves to all their little passions, they might have been compared to serpents, who change their skins without changing their nature.

The Genius informed me that the springs in this region would be harmless towards Maury, myself, and even the President; but that Louis should avoid them, as he was an immediate subject of Politicopolis: in consequence of this he was on his guard as before. This precaution seemed easy enough, as it was not necessary to lay hold of the wheels, as in the former regions; for in the middle of every corridor we saw a winding staircase by which we could ascend with ease, and at the same time be able to talk to the spirits employed at work, if we thought proper. We had scarcely advanced a few steps, when Maury cast his eyes upon the

women employed in doing the duty of superintendants; they were all armed with a whip with several thongs, in the shape of a spur. The thongs were of silver. Several of them gave vigorous lashes to the too gallant workmen who left their wheels to ingratiate themselves with the ladies. This incident excited my astonishment, and I asked an explanation from the Genius.

"Man without love," said he, "can conceive of no real happiness; and justly, for the whole creation is but the effect of love: by the name of *attraction*, it acts upon inanimate things; by the name of *affinity*, it co-operates in the reproduction and preservation of the vegetable tribes; by that of *love*, it deifies, so to speak, the human race. The happiness even of the elect is nothing but a pure and unbounded love, unfettered by fear or remorse; it is the greatest benefit which the Creator has bestowed upon created things; an inestimable benefit to man, who, endowed with memory and judgment, can multiply at will his enjoyments by the combination of these invaluable faculties: but eternal justice has willed that all the inhabitants of Hell (including those of Politicopolis), who are sent thither only to suffer, should live without

love. The only exception made is in favour of that region you first saw, where love reigns to the same extent as upon the earth. Those who inhabit this immense labyrinth are, up to the present region, deprived of that soft sentiment; but here, as in the upper regions, where all restrictions are removed, love can be considered in no other light than as a real punishment. First of all, the spirits of the ivory region, the moment they have passed beyond the wooden wheel-work, consider the eminence they have attained as their first reward for the fatigues they felt in the lower regions; new faculties become developed in their being; a feeling of happiness absorbs their minds: they think they are born to a new state of existence; the voluptuous undulation of the wheels—the neatness of the place—the appearance of the fair sex, who swarm on all sides—the hope of a still happier existence in future—every thing reminds them of certain happy periods of their terrestrial existence. They feel the necessity of love; they leave their work to indulge in it, and what is the consequence?—These women, formerly so amorous, many of them so abandoned in their amours, are now armed with a powerful whip, and pitilessly strike them at the

smallest proposal, at the slightest liberty, so that the lovers return in sad plight to their wheels, but unhappy are they who offend a second time! The woman has the power, and what is more, is under the necessity of dragging them to a spring, and thus hurling them down to the works below."

"Do these women fulfil this duty by an all-powerful instinct, or against their wills?"

"Most frequently it is against their will, for love has as much power over them as over the males; but unhappy is she who dares to pity the fate of her lover; she incurs a terrible chastisement by losing a reward which might render her happy for many years—and so this happens very seldom. The guilty woman is imprisoned in the interior of these cylinders (pointing to the winding staircase), which she leaves every twenty-four hours to be whipped openly by her companions: the duration of the punishment is according to the enormity of the offence. A woman thus delays, by five years, her ascent to the higher regions; and by this means is ambition, the weak side of the sex, punished."

During the explanation of the Genius, Louis had recognised a woman, whom he said he had

seen in his youth: he pointed her out to us. It was Dubarry,* the famous courtesan at the close of Louis the XV.'s reign. He called her, as he was desirous of talking to her of past times: she turned towards us, brandishing her whip; but when she saw us on the steps of the winding staircase, which was forbidden ground to the spirits of the place, she stood confounded, and asked who we were.

Louis. It would take too long time to tell

* She was born in 1744, and was the daughter of an excise-officer. She came to Paris under the name of Mademoiselle Lange, became a milliner, then a girl of the town in the famous establishment of Jourdan, and afterwards, by the intermedium of Lebel (valet de chambre of Louis XV.) mistress to that king. At Paris she was called "the channel of favours." At the death of her lover she was sent to a convent, which she left soon after the accession of Louis XVI. At the time of the revolution she furiously embraced the royalist party, and her house was the rendezvous of all the privileged classes about to be merged into the commons, and many plots were formed there. She was discovered, and the revolutionary tribunal condemned her to death. It has been remarked, that she was the only woman among those who became the victims of that unfortunate period who displayed such weakness at the fatal moment; she cried, threw herself down, implored the aid of the assistants, and addressing herself to the executioner, still styled him, *Monsieur le Bourreau!*—(EDITOR.)

you exactly what we are; but be satisfied with learning that you see before you the two last sovereigns of France, the one an inhabitant of heaven, and the other confined to this lower world. . . . .

Dubarry. Two descendants, doubtless, of the unfortunate Louis XVI.? and perhaps sacrificed, like him, by the fury of the revolutionists?

Louis. Oh, oh! Madam, do you think that kings are killed in this way, like flies?

Dubarry. If they did not kill you, it was because they were not able, or perhaps because the cause of royalty gained the ascendancy. . .

Louis. It was as you say; and you will be greatly astonished to learn, that all the kings who will henceforward reign in Europe will owe their thrones to that great man, who at the time of your death was only a second lieutenant.

Dubarry. What do you tell me? How! That gentleman was a lieutenant and succeeded in restoring the Bourbon dynasty to the throne! By what magic could he . . . . .

Louis. By very simple magic; by beginning by making himself Emperor, which means higher than a King; by creating a new nobi-

lity, after the former race were driven out, and then recalling the wrecks of the old *noblesse*, when he thought his power firmly established.

Dubarry. Most assuredly he had the good sense to exterminate *the commons*, for it was from that nursery that all our *murderers* sprung.

Louis. So far from exterminating them, he enriched them considerably. In his reign there were clergy, nobility and commons, but their separate existence was never perceived, because the laws were impartial to all classes, and every exclusive spirit of party was extinguished.

Dubarry. Well! it seems he combined in himself the merits of all other men! I cannot sufficiently appreciate his merits, for I never was a politician in my life; I did meddle a little with the fine arts, and a great deal with intrigues of gallantry, but I will say for my own satisfaction, that I feel great gratitude towards the gentleman, for by becoming Emperor he must have necessarily avenged me, and along with me all the victims who perished on the scaffold by the axe of the terrorists.

Louis. He certainly avenged you, but it was in a noble manner, without persecution, prevotal courts, or effusion of blood. Further; several of these revolutionists whom you hate

so cordially, held important offices in the time of the Empire.

Maury to Louis. Say also that these men were even employed by you during your reign, although, in the eyes of the pure royalists, they were reckoned the same Jacobins as in 1792.

Louis. Certainly: they affected so many proofs of repentance, that it was absolutely necessary to give them something; but don't believe that I was their dupe. This was the way in which I reasoned: these men have no opinion of their own; they only want places, whether they hold them by the grace of Selim, Mustapha, or—the Devil. To keep their places, they will endeavour to serve me with zeal, and what do I care for what they said or did, provided they serve me according to my views and the instructions of my ministers? (remember that this was the language I used on my first return to France;) in fact, you have seen that the most violent persecutors of the friends of liberty were precisely the men called *Girouettes, (weathercocks,)* such as Decazes, the Duke of Feltre, Dudon, the Duke of Belluna, and many more! . . . .

Dubarry. (interrupting him.) That 's all of

no consequence: the ugly Terrorists are destroyed, and I am satisfied. Now, I should like very much to know, if the ladies, during your reign, preserved as much influence as in my time.

Louis. None at all—for the benefit of France! In the reign of that great man, they were considered a pretty piece of furniture and nothing more.

Dubarry. (minaudant.) Fie—fie—the ugly fellow! (This set us a-laughing.)

Louis. In my reign, I attempted to bring back the fine times of my ancestor Louis XV. but I was openly laughed at by every body; yet I hope that you will soon become acquainted with three mistresses (untitled) whom I kept only for form's sake. The first was the sister of a Duke, my creature; the second was an artist; the third, an adventurer.

Dubarry. These are fine titles at any rate; what a pity it is that you had any thing to do with the sister of a Duke: that considerably diminishes the merit you had in choosing two commoners.

Louis. Be perfectly at your ease on that score; the shade of difference was not very strong: by the by, could you give us any

information concerning the celebrated rival who preceded you?

Dubarry. Do you mean Toinette Poisson, Marchioness of Pompadour? Alas! the poor woman is quite as compassionate towards men as she was in her lifetime, and took a violent liking to a certain Duc de la Feuillade, the most supple courtier that ever existed. In spite of the certainty of punishment, in spite of the disgrace that would inevitably befall her, she was taken *in flagranti delicto*, and is now imprisoned in the cylinder below you, but she will soon come out to get her account.

Louis. And what became of the Duke?

Dubarry. He always attacked princesses and the mistresses of kings. He attempted to seduce Diane de Potiers, la Feronière, Gabrielle d'Estrées, Agnès Sorel, Marie Anne de Chateauroux, Montespan, and many others: they drove him away with their whips. At last he attacked me twice: you may easily imagine what I did, I who despise love when it can bring me no personal advantage, when I was certain that I should be whipped and degraded. I took him politely by the throat, and dragging him towards one of the springs, sent him to work among the vulgarians.

Louis. What do you say? Do you mean that all these fine ladies you mentioned, are kept here as superintendents?

Dubarry. Are you surprised at that?—faith, there are plenty more of them. We have amongst us great princesses, queens, and even empresses. Lately I saw here Christina Queen of Sweden; I believe she is now in the gilt region above us.

The gossip of this woman, insipid as it was, amused me highly. I said to Maury, "What an unfortunate country is that, which, by the incapacity of its rulers, is the sport of a class so contemptible as these silly courtesans! I am in truth not astonished that the Revolution was accomplished so easily, in a kingdom undermined by three reigns of unbounded corruption."

Maury. Never was a juster or more necessary act than that of the French Revolution:—only I could have wished that they had otherwise set about it.

Louis. I admit that also. The people in the world above thought for a moment that I belonged to the revolutionary league, because I considered the loss of my brother as a mere trifle. Blind that I was! I wished to reign in his place, and cared nothing for all the rest. I was neither more nor less than what my cou-

sin *Egalité** was ; but he lost his head in consequence, while I went to seek assistance from foreigners.

Nap. This is precisely the cause of all your misfortunes ; for, instead of bringing permanent consolation to the French, before twenty years had elapsed, your system and that of your successors will throw them back into new troubles and revolutions. It is impossible that twenty-nine millions of Frenchmen can live content under the yoke of sovereigns who have been forced upon them by foreigners, and against whom they have shed their blood during a period of nearly thirty years! . . . There exists not a village in France that has not lost twenty or thirty men, the flower of their youth, in attempting to prevent your return. This is the way in which the nation reasons:— "We did not bring back the men who now oppress us : those who ravaged our country, who burned our houses, and violated our wives and daughters, placed them on the throne by force of arms."

Louis. I understand it in that way also. But put yourself in my place at that unfortunate period! . . . . . I owed every thing

* Duke of Orleans.

to the *Alliance*, which assuredly was not *Holy*. I was placed upon the throne upon certain conditions: the French were represented to me as sworn enemies of my dynasty; by reigning again, I assumed the charge of rewarding all those who had devoted themselves to the royal cause for five-and-twenty years—and, faith! any one might have been embarrassed.

Nap. I should not have been so; I should have promised the foreigners every thing; I should have flattered them with fine hopes till I had organized an army: meanwhile, I should have attached to myself the most sound, most numerous, and most powerful part of the nation: . . . . . When I had gained my object, I should have shown my teeth to my pretended liberators, and to the men who claimed exclusive privileges; the latter would have been glad to be allowed to take their share of the common law, and their complaints would not have intimidated me. A king of France, who really possesses the affection of his nation, ought not to fear the coalition of all Europe against him! In one word, I should have said—'*France*, before every other interest;' and with that word I should have thought myself acting justly towards every one.

Louis. All this is very fine and fair, but how could an army be formed in a moment?

Nap. You had one ready to your hand; you only required to use one word, one gesture, to triple its numbers, and render it as enthusiastic as it was at the battles of Austerlitz and Jena.

Louis. What was that magical word?

Nap. The preservation of the national colours. . . . .

Louis. (*striking his forehead.*) It is true! it is but too true! But I had not the courage to do so; my niece and all the partisans of the white colour declaimed like madmen against such a plan, and the white flag carried the day: besides, the returning faction wished a party sign of their own. Instead of making me come back as the founder of a new dynasty and a new order of things, they required me to date my reign from the doubtful death of Louis XVII. (whose fate nobody knows even at present.) To complete the infamous hoax upon the credulous French, an obscure writer, a real Pere Duchesne in a white night-cap, declared himself the champion of the flag. The faction supported him, and the more nonsense he uttered, applauded him the more vigorously. The two-thirds of the army, strangers to the glory

of France, and envious of those who had acquired legitimate renown, joined the party of that madman and his partners: they then obtained by menaces what they could never have obtained by persuasion: I am now sufficiently punished for my conduct; and they will be punished in their turn, according to their merits. This is all the consolation I have remaining!

Dubarry had hitherto listened attentively to our conversation, but now interrupted us. "I understand nothing of all the nonsense you have been saying about Austerlitz, Pere Duchesne, and obscure libeller. You were lately asking me about the Marchioness of Pompadour. There she is coming."

We saw, in fact, the column open below us, as if by enchantment, and Pompadour came out, lightly dressed in a simple white tunic, with her hair dishevelled, her eyes wild, and her hands stretched out; she gave utterance to half-stifled sighs. Twelve women assembled; Dubarry was amongst them. (Louis pointed some of them out to us who had been priestesses of the *Parc aux Cerfs.)* They laid hold of the penitent, laid her down on a bench, and taking up her dress, vigorously and unmercifully gave

her two hundred lashes with their whips. She swore like a trooper, without shedding a single tear, and retired to her den, suffocated with rage. Franceschi told us that in a few hours the pain would be unfelt, and the marks of her punishment disappear, and that she would be able to receive as much more in twenty-four hours. Whilst we were ascending to the upper stories, Dubarry gave us a look that showed how proud she was of her office. Maury observed, that in general, when women are bad, they are ten times worse than men. "It seems," said he, "as if the barbarity of a woman increased in proportion to the weakness of her frame. They have also petty passions unknown to the heart of man, such as envy of another's person, manner, and look, and many others. Ancient history is full of anecdotes of refined cruelty perpetrated by women with the greatest coolness and indifference in the world. Deborah, Judith, Queen Thomiris, Herodias, and many others, may serve as instances. Juvenal has transmitted to us the disgusting remark of the Roman lady, who was entreated by some one to spare an unfortunate slave whom she was sending to execution, and to whom she replied: '*Oh de-*

mens! ita servus homo est?" While speaking of this subject, I remember an atrocious proposal which Queen Caroline of Naples had the barefaced impudence to make me: it was to renew, in concert with me, the Sicilian Vespers towards the English who then occupied Sicily.

Louis. Faith, she was very capable of doing such a thing.

Nap. I threw into prison the impudent fool who took charge of such a message: he remained there till the period of my abdication, when, by a singular concurrence of circumstances, he was liberated by the success of the arms of the very English whose massacre he had projected. . . . It is true that she now pays dearly for her abandoned conduct, her violence, and her crimes! I perceived her in the fields of carnage by the side of Cardinal Ruffo, both of them covered with blood and filth, and about to become the prey of the fury of the Terrorists.

Louis. I cannot help saying again that men are mighty fools during their lifetime: *humani generis mater, nutrixque profectò stultitia est.*

Maury. And you may add, *et nequitia.*

At the height we had reached, the view of the melancholy wooden constructions below

was intercepted by ivory buildings that gave to one's fancy the appearance of a landscape covered with moving snow. The variety of the costumes of both sexes; the vague murmuring caused by the clashing of the springs; the mixture of voices, even the very strokes of the whips, heard in various directions, gave this picture such an original aspect, that the pleasure of the prospect made us almost forget that we were in a place of retribution: yet we perceived from time to time some spirits falling down into the abyss, and swallowed up by the works below. We had a second representation of a woman mercilessly flogged for debauchery. *Franceschi* told us that her name was Letti, the daughter of an Italian monk, and once governess to Sophia Dorothy, Queen of Prussia. That woman was as atrocious in heart as she was abandoned in conduct.

A lady, whom, by her dress, I recognised to be Swiss, took a man immediately beside us, whipped him vigorously, put him under the fatal spring, and hurled him down like a lump of lead. This man wore an Austrian uniform: and two other Austrians who were on the same level, were ready to burst with laughter; one of them, however, resumed his seriousness the

moment he perceived me. I endeavoured to recollect who he could be, when the Genius told me as follows: "The spirit just hurled down is a certain barbarian in name and nature, called Schraut; he was long ambassador at Berne. Faithful to the tyrannical principles of his government, his petty persecution of the Italian refugees was his sole amusement. The Swiss government was afraid of the claws of the Austrian eagle, and meanly aided the vexatious measures of this minister of despotism, by driving away, after twenty-four hours' notice, these unfortunate beings, who had neither home nor country, and threatening, in case of refusal, to conduct them with a guard to the very lion's mouth."

It was for me, thought I, that these unfortunate men experienced so many sufferings. When they lost me, they lost every thing! Ah! why cannot I return to the earth to compensate them a hundredfold for so many years of persecution and misery? But who is the bulky original who constantly stares at me with a sneer? He addressed me first: "To see you here, was a happiness I scarcely expected; it is alone sufficient to compensate me for all the troubles I formerly suffered during

my ministry. Have you found in this neighbourhood much china to dash to pieces?"

"No; but, instead of it, I perceive the *Northern Bear** slowly climbing up the eternal wheels: this is much better than china: in truth, you ought to think yourself very fortunate in getting to such a place, after having been so long the soul and director of the Austrian policy, the intimate friend of the great Catharine, and the *first hired extinguisher* of the aristocracy of Europe."

Cobentzel. As for happiness, every one considers it in his own way: certainly, I am not rewarded as I expected to be; but I am consoled by a sight of those who surround me.

Louis. Solatium est miseris socios habere penates.

Cobentzel. That is very true: in fact, what do I do at present more than I did then? If the truth must be told, I am still better off

* This was the name Napoleon gave to the Count de Cobentzel, alluding to the heavy paw which that diplomatist thrust into all the negotiations of the time. Tired one day with his wily turns and delay, Napoleon laid hold of a set of china in the apartment, and dashing them on the floor in a passion, "You wish for war," said he: "well, I am going to Vienna: adieu!" (In fact, he was there immediately afterwards.)—(EDITOR.)

than before. There I depended on the will and often on the caprices of two or three sovereigns; on the intrigues of other diplomatists; on the honesty or dishonesty of my subordinate agents; on the mass of opinions held by the people (corrupted by the republican contagion); and on the fear of seeing my vanity wounded every moment, and the still more alarming fear of being supplanted by a rival. All this combined makes the place of a first minister like an assemblage of brilliant but false jewels, which, when shone upon by the sun and seen from a certain distance, dazzle the eyes and excite the envy of the vulgar, but, when seen nearer, excite nothing but indifference and disgust! . . . . After this, can any one be astonished that I should be allowed to enjoy some moments of happiness in this world?

Nap. Do you reckon the past and the future of no account?

Cobentzel. The past I consider as a dream. Did the slave of the desk, who in the world above reached the highest judicial offices, ever remember what he had been? No: and so is the case here; I remember very well, that low, low down there, there is very hard work to do; but I also know that without it, I should never

have gained the place where I am, and that higher up I shall be still better off. For the future, I care little about it, come what will—but are you yourself happy?

Nap. Very happy—far beyond my expectations:—above all, I am free, as you see, as well as the persons who are with me. I ascend by the staircase, instead of climbing by the wheels. Thus far our destiny seems the same; but when we reach the summit . . . . . the veil of futurity will be unfolded . . . and happy he who reaches it without remorse.

Cobentzel. That is a scarecrow I never knew.

"Nor I neither," said his bulky companion, who had hitherto remained perfectly silent.

Louis. Can you be the jailor of Italian liberty—the persecutor of liberal ideas—in short, that Bubna who tortured the Italian patriots for several years, and with whom my ministers had mysterious negotiations to bring about the degradation of nations?

Bubna. You have said so: yet, in spite of all efforts, and all my persecutions, the triumph of Italian liberty depended only upon a slender thread. At Naples, had it not been for the treachery of Carascosa, and some other scoundrels, the liberals would have remained firm.

At Turin, had it not been for the cowardice of the Prince de Carignan, it was all over with the Austrian government in Italy.

Nap. Thus you confess that the glory of your success has not been cemented, either by the justice of your cause, or the bravery of your troops, or your personal talents, but solely by the intrigues of traitors and the pusillanimity of cowards?

Bubna. Certainly; I admit it, and shall say further, that each of us well knew that the cause we were defending was unjust; every one saw with his own eyes the distress and oppression of the people of Italy; but we served Metternich and the Aulic Council. These two chains bound our consciences. When, lately, the Austrian arms were employed to aid the royalist Latour, and restored to the throne King Charles *Felix*, (now called Charles *Ferox*,) I was indignant at seeing a Marquis from Turin in the ranks of the liberals, all perfumed and dressed like a fop, and I called him, out of derision, *Brutus à la rose.* This bon-mot, which caused a deal of laughter, had no object in view but to teach these men their trade. Look, in fact, to their conduct in Spain, Naples, and Piedmont; they wished to act moderately, and

ruined every thing. Do you believe that the French Revolution would have succeeded, had it not been for the rigorous measures adopted at the time? I do not think it would. Machiavel tells us—"Crush thy enemy if thou wishest not to be crushed by him." People say that Italy, divided as it is, can never succeed in extricating itself from the yoke of its oppressors? It is an error. Let a serious revolt once begin on any point of the Peninsula; let them every where attack the enemies of independence; let them march forward, still keeping the same object in view, and I will answer for it that in a short time the great mass of the nation will be under arms. Every district contains a crowd of people thirsting for vengeance; nothing but terror can keep them down. The moment they see the possibility of avenging themselves without reprisal, it is all over with tyranny in that beautiful country.

Cobentzel. You are now talking, colleague, like one of the Carbonari.

Bubna. On the contrary, I am talking like an agent of aristocracy; I say that without rigour you cannot pretend to rule over Italy: consequently, I did my duty in my lifetime.

Nap. And you are well rewarded for it.

I left the Austrian ministers to go on with their discussion while slowly climbing up by the wheels; and ascending myself some steps higher, I stopped on hearing the noise of a quarrel caused by a spirit with grey mustachioes, and dressed like a hussar, who, in spite of the lashes of a whip with which he was cut, continued to approach very cavalierly a rather pretty woman. The latter cried out in a furious passion, "Begone from this, you daring fellow—do you forget that I was your queen?" The hussar replied: "There are no queens here; all the spirits are on a footing of equality: at any rate, I did enough for you, to merit some complaisance on your part also." "Insolent!"—"Proud!"—Several women collected round them, but, as Franceschi had told me, none of them durst give any assistance to their companion. She succeeded at last, however, more by the effect of the destiny which ruled her, than by her own address. The old hussar was driven back to the wheel, and began to swear away in a precious manner. When the lady was coming back, she perceived me on the stair. This meeting disconcerted her, for her vanity was deeply wounded; but I easily guessed

what was passing in her mind. . . . . "Madam," said I to her, "you are not the first queen I have seen in these regions; and if that can be any consolation to you, I shall inform you that not one of them seems to enjoy such a happy position as your own."

"Happy!" said she, "when one is every moment exposed to the insults of those who formerly never presented themselves before me but with respect and awe!"

"It is true that this world does not much resemble the other. You did not expect to find me here?"

"I confess that I calculated your punishment by the evil you did me, and thought you must have inhabited a real Hell. You doubtless know that the innumerable sorrows with which I was overwhelmed, after the battle of Jena, carried me off from the other world."

"I knew that the fools above said so. They wanted to impute that battle to me as a crime, like many other things; but the truth is, that your husband felt himself suddenly seized with a warlike whim, and several persons have even assured me that you were the prime cause of it. . . . Did you not say to me one day,

'Alas! the history of the great Frederick ruined us; we wished to imitate him, and we only hastened our ruin.' Is that true, Madam?"

The Queen. Yes, I cannot deny it.

Nap. How dare you, then, accuse me of being the cause of your death? Would it not be more generous to say that you could not survive the humiliation of a defeat, of your wounded pride, of the fine dreams of triumph you would have realized if you had conquered me? Do you forget that I restored the throne to you? Ask your husband, when he comes down here; ask my own father-in-law, his ally; and your imperial friend, Alexander. And did they act in this way towards me, when I fell into their hands? If I had been as intimate with you as the latter, you might have pretended that by excess of gallantry I had permitted your troops to beat mine; but not having at that time the happiness of knowing you . . .

The Queen. Enough, enough: leave off your sneering. I was conquered; you have been so in your turn, and that somewhat calms me.

On saying these words, she disappeared among the crowd.

Louis. I well knew that old Blucher was an abandoned libertine (and also a great gambler

and a great drinker); but I should never have thought that he would have forgotten himself in this world to such a degree as to attack his own sovereign.

Maury. There is nothing wonderful in all that: the respect which inferiors in the world above show to their superiors is not, and never can be, a thing felt and admitted. A witty author, a contemporary of ours, lately wrote—"What is the social hierarchy among a people without liberty? A long chain of contempt, which falls from the highest point, and from one link to another, and weighs at last upon the last class, which maintains all the rest. It is interest that mysteriously binds together all conditions of mankind: to the aristocracy may be properly applied what Lucretius said of the religion of his time:—

> 'Utilitas facit esse deos; qua nempe remota,
> Templa ruunt; nec erunt aræ nec Jupiter ullus.'"

Louis. In truth, the existence of a king and four scoundrels that surround him, disposing at their will of the happiness of nations, is a truly miraculous thing; the connecting link must be very powerful indeed, which makes thirty millions of men bend their heads to a yoke which

is contrary to their well-being—a yoke which they detest and yet dare not shake off!

Nap. Ignorance has a great share in this enchaining of people's minds: in Italy, particularly in Piedmont, the peasantry are so totally degraded and brutalized in their feelings of respect for their nobles, that the latter may wallow all day in debauchery, and what is more, in crime (at the risk of others), without fearing any remonstrance from these vile beings. If any one were to propose to a peasant to knock down one of his nobles, he would take off his hat trembling, and humbly beg pardon of God for having heard such a blasphemy. To speak of liberty to such wretches, is to cast pearls before swine!

Our ascent still continued, and hitherto I had paid but little attention to the women who fell here and there from the higher regions. All the space round me being occupied by white wheel-works, and by an immense multitude of spirits of both sexes, I could not exactly tell whether these women came from above, or if they formed a part of the revolving mass, like a swarm of insects; but now two fell immediately beside me, and I inquired the reason from our celestial interpreter.

" If the women," said he, " had nothing else to do but what you see here, and what you will see in the two regions above us, they would be too happy, and Hell would be changed into a paradise, for the laws of destiny do not make them subject to the springs of the turret. You have seen that there are punishments elsewhere for wicked women. When they have paid the tribute of their punishments, they will be sent to inherit these regions. Amongst those who are here at present, some (and these were the most abandoned) were whipped in Politicopolis during a long course of years. Others have only had mitigated punishments, because they were only half-wicked. Amongst them are persons of high rank, high-bred courtesans, intriguing actresses, the mistresses of ambassadors, and women formerly kept by bankers and lords. Their punishment does not really seem very heavy, but it is so in fact, if we consider that it is to endure for all eternity; none of these women will ever see the magnificence of the Heavens, unless it be by an extraordinary stretch of mercy. Less fortunate than the atheists, they can go no farther than these three regions. Here they are no more than galley-sergeants; higher up, they were girls at

the disposition of the first comer, taken up and abandoned again, and often treated with contumely; at last they fall here, that they may recommence their career anew. The two women who passed before you were the Countess Woronzoff, mistress of Peter III. and Mademoiselle Nelidoff, the mistress of Paul I."

At this moment a very amusing scene attracted our attention in another direction. A shrill voice was heard exclaiming—"*Wicked devil! wicked she-devil!*" The said she-devil was boxing the speaker with her fists, but he cried out for the assistance of a man called Grumbow, who had formerly been his favourite minister. The obedient and submissive courtier endeavoured to stop the arms of the termagant, and tried to persuade her that she could not refuse her ancient master the favours he had so fruitlessly sought for during his life; that she knew well that this *Model of Kings** had never loved any woman but herself. It was all in vain; the prude defended herself against them both. But another woman came up and burst into a torrent of invective against the

* The title Grumbow gave to Frederick William of Prussia!!

minister: the latter was more skilful than she (in activity of tongue), overwhelmed her with reproaches and abuse, and exposed her perfidious conduct while she was the confidant and favourite of Sophia Dorothy, the King's consort. This noisy and scandalous scene soon gathered a great crowd, and they soon came to blows; fists were employed instead of the tongue, and these four individuals rolled over and over each other in the most grotesque manner possible, and excited the amusement of the spectators. "*Vile forger!*"—"*Black heart!*"—"*Brutal fellow!*"—"*Wicked she-devil!*" —such were the words that escaped from their envenomed mouths. The women had the victory at last: and the King and his minister were thrown down among the works below. All that we could learn from this quarrel was, that Frederick William was a very violent, rude, and suspicious man; that he never loved any woman but Mademoiselle Pannowitz (maid of honour to the Queen); and that having declared his love rather too cavalierly, by throwing his arms round her at the turn of a narrow staircase, the lady, who had a very vigorous fist, gave his Majesty such a furious blow on the nose that his face was all drenched with blood.

It was from that time that he called her *wicked she-devil.* We learned also that his minister Grumbow was the most treacherous, false, and cowardly scoundrel known during his whole reign.* Every crime was sport to him, provided he gained his object: for the purpose of obtaining every kind of information, he gained to his interests a certain adventurer called Ramen (the Queen's waiting-maid and confidant), who was ready to do any thing for money, and who was as talkative as an old nurse. The latter gained without difficulty the confidence of her mistress, (who was herself excessively thoughtless and unsuspicious,) minutely noted down every thought of the Queen that was likely to oppose the plans of the minister, and then carried all her news to her paymaster. The King was so wrapt up in Grumbow, that he committed all sorts of blunders, ill-treated his own family, tyrannized over every one, persecuted honest and honourable men, and pro-

* Having an affair of honour to settle with the Prince of Anhalt, the moment Grumbow came to the ground, he was seized with such fear, that he threw down his sword, and ran to embrace the Prince's knees with marks of the deepest humiliation. The General gave him a smile of ineffable contempt, and turned his back upon him.—(EDITOR.)

tected scoundrels and adventurers. It was this minister who caused the unjust death of the unfortunate Katt, the King's page, and who gave the truly infernal advice to force young Frederick, then Prince Royal, to witness his execution. By this the King obtained universal hatred and execration.

Maury. Unhappy are the nations governed by kings full of the mania of soldierism! Foreign to every sentiment of virtue, they reckon the misery and oppression of nations as of no account, provided the uniforms of their soldiers are according to the regulations, and the buttons well arranged.

Nap. This makes me remember, that when I was at Tilsit with Alexander and the King of Prussia, I was the most ignorant of the three in military details. The King of Prussia particularly excelled in the knowledge of buttons and the proper cut of uniforms! Not a tailor could beat him. When I went to see him, I found him in a kind of arsenal holding more than fifty figures dressed in uniform. He changed his own every day. At Jena, his troops performed the finest and most brilliant manœuvres in the world; but I soon put an end to all these fooleries.

Louis. From what you say, it would seem that the military mania is transmitted from father to son in the royal family of Prussia.

Maury. Pretty nearly so, as gallantry in the royal family of France.

I urged my companions to pursue our ascent without further delay, as I wished to see the wonders of the *Gilt* region. My expectations were not long delayed: the gleams of the precious metal dazzled our eyes through the transparent ceiling with which this region was adorned; the ceiling was of ivory on one side, and of pure gold on the other. As we approached nigher, I saw that there was no apparent communication between the two regions. The last wheel-work terminated immediately under the white arch. The spirits at work seemed devoured with restless impatience: they would have wished to pierce at once through the wished-for arch; but this could not be done; the wheels moved only with the utmost slowness. Now and then a trap-door opened, and a man in a long gown, marked with black and red, with a golden rod in his hand, gravely asked one of the candidates what were his titles to be admitted. Every one explained his own claims as well as he could: according to the

opinion of the examiner, he was accepted or rejected; if the latter, he left his wheel to lay hold of another beside it, and so on, till he came to another trap-door, and his turn came again; or sometimes he was thrown down to the most distant parts of the ivory region. The crowds of spirits soliciting admission made this first story extremely bustling, and I did not perceive any women, except a few who moved by invisible means from one region to another. The trap-doors never opened without throwing one of them out, and taking in another. When I reflected on these circumstances, I could not help casting an eye of pity upon the unfortunate race of man! "All those who surround us," said I to my companions, "have more or less enjoyed life. Before they came here, what strange paths they must have passed through! what intrigues, baseness, and vice! At the moment their happiness seemed secure, death struck them, and they are now forced to begin all over again: if they had gained any thing by their conduct—but they are not a bit farther advanced than the vulgar saying—*aù bout du fossé la culbute!* (It 's time enough to think of danger when it comes!)"

Franceschi desired us to look on his side, to see with what a piteous mien old King Ferdinand IV. in his Neapolitan dialect, implored the examiner to admit him among the elect. He exclaimed from time to time, "*Santu Jennaru, ajutemé!*" He threw the blame of all his crimes upon his wife and those that were round him. He had, he said, deceived the people by promising them a constitution, because he was afraid; but that, in fact, he hoped the Austrians (as they did) would decimate the Neapolitans for the sole purpose of letting him terminate his career in peace, in the midst of his old prostitutes, his hunting, and his macaroni! He even confessed that his death was occasioned by a stroke of apoplexy that came upon him when gorged with a sumptuous dinner.

Louis could not help laughing at the silliness of his heavy-crowned relation. We heard the examiner, who pushed him with his golden rod, say to him, "Begone, old idiot! your hour is not yet come!" Ferdinand began wailing like a child; howled "*Ahú, malurá,*" and fell back like a stone to the radii below.

Maury. That man did but one good thing in his whole life: he refused the Pope his

annual tribute called the *Ghinea:* every one knows that it consisted in a white mule richly caparisoned, which the Neapolitan ambassador presented to the Pope on his knees (the mule also bent his knees). This homage was accompanied by a respectful letter from his master, and a present of six thousand sequins in gold. Old Ferdinand was told that in this enlightened age it would be a piece of folly to yield to this superannuated and absurd practice. He liked the advice vastly, and was firm in putting it in execution. I remember a very laughable incident that took place between him and the Papal Nuncio, Galeppi, which is truly characteristic of the private habits, or rather the shameless indecency of the old King! At a private interview with Ferdinand, the Nuncio was pleading the cause of the *Ghinea* with great warmth and eloquence. Ferdinand had no notion either of eloquence or of diplomacy, and was sadly embarrassed what to say or do; so, to cut the matter short, he turned his back upon the speechifier, and sneaked off to his private apartments. The Nuncio followed him wherever he went, still urging him with his arguments, till at length Ferdinand could retreat no farther, when he put his hands on a

table, lifted up one leg, and gave vent to a *crepitus*. "That 's for the Pope," said he; then came another,—"that 's for the Cardinals;" and then a third,—"that 's for you. Now go and carry my answer to your master!" We were convulsed with laughter at this anecdote, and Louis could not help communicating to us certain circumstances somewhat similar that had occurred in his own family.*

Meanwhile Franceschi had struck the trap-door immediately above us with his iron wand. The man with the simar appeared; he thought that Maury and I were superior to forms, made us a profound bow without uttering a word, and we all four entered freely into the temple of Mammon. What an astonishing prospect! The pavement, the columns, and ceiling were of pure gold; in the immense circle that surrounded us, as far as the eye could reach, nothing was to be seen but gold. "This," said Franceschi to us, "is a kind of vestibule: you see that the height of the ceiling is not more

* When a cracker was discharged one day in the Tuileries (in 1821), the Duchess of Angoulême ran in great consternation to the apartments of Louis XVIII. His Majesty jocularly said to her, "At any rate, my niece, you won't say that I made that one."—(EDITOR.)

than twenty-five feet; it is the usual residence of the examiners, who are neither more nor less than honest bailiffs of the other world." In fact, we saw none but men in black and red gowns occupied in opening and shutting thousands of doors, and in admitting or rejecting spirits of both sexes, according to the regulations of destiny. The spirits who were ascending sprung with great vivacity along narrow stairs, formed in the interior of the central columns (which were much larger than the rest), and entered the region in the twinkling of an eye. Their plain clothes instantly gave place to rich dresses according to their rank in life. The women who left this region rushed down the stairs in terror and disorder. Their former magnificent dresses disappeared, and they were now plainly dressed according to the fashion of their respective nations; a whip was placed in their hands, and the doors soon made them disappear from view. Whilst we were looking upon these singular arrangements, and were preparing to ascend, a lady of the most surpassing beauty, and very richly dressed, rushed rapidly down to suffer her punishment: her face grazed mine. . . . "Great God! it is he!" exclaimed she; but she could say no

more, for the inexorable trap-door closed upon her. . . . . Unfortunate Princess de ——, I had no expectation of seeing you in such scenes: *agnosco veteris vestigia flammæ!* I know no mental pain so great, as to meet with a being in misery whom we have loved, and to be unable to offer her any other consolation than fruitless regret! I entered the column for the sole purpose of dissipating my chagrin, for I was most powerfully affected by the momentary sight of the princess. The spiral staircase was also of massive gold; nothing could be more wonderful than the first view presented by this splendid region. There were no more wheels, no more levers or re-acting springs; but in their stead, magnificent saloons, superb galleries, basso-relievos that surpassed the most finished workmanship of nature; gigantic columns, marvellously sculptured, and arranged in the most beautiful order; temples decorated with a boundless luxury, of which I had never formed the slightest idea—and all this extending, both horizontally and vertically, as far as the eye could reach. Each region has been stated to be a mile in height, and the circumference of the whole seven thousand seven hundred and fifty feet. Let any one imagine

such a vast space, all dazzling with gold, sculptured with arabesques, basso-relievos, triumphal arches, singular Caryatides, and a thousand curious objects unknown to the human race—let one fancy in this magic circle hundreds of thousands of spirits of both sexes, richly dressed in the fashion of their respective country and age, moving about in every direction, intoxicated with their present happiness—to this add an aromatic air, imitating the odour of the most delicious perfumes—a soft and voluptuous music, performed by viewless hands;—and but a very feeble idea will be formed of the irresistible charms of this wonderful scene. . . . . Maury, on his arrival, offered up a prayer to the Supreme Mover, to express his thanks for having ranked him among the truly elect of the celestial region. "If the abode," said he, "of a factitious happiness be so seductive, what inexpressible charms will there not be in the abode of eternal felicity!" and the soft tears of gratitude fell from his eyes. Louis remained motionless with astonishment, with his eyes fixed and his mouth open; I was myself in ecstasy, for I had never seen any thing comparable to this. . . . The fêtes given at my coronation were but the sports of children com-

pared to these. Franceschi alone seemed indifferent to all about him, though pleased with our surprise. At length, after giving a free course to our imaginations, and enjoying the long period of silence forced upon every one at the sight of such an extraordinary prospect, we resumed our usual coolness and serenity, and began to converse with each other as before. Maury continued his remarks, and said: "It is here that one may justly exclaim: "*Vanity of vanities—all is vanity!*" This saying presented a melancholy truth to us, who were in the secret; hence, after our first astonishment had subsided, we could no longer look upon the actors who figured in this grand drama, but with eyes of compassion.

The novelty of every thing that surrounded me occupied my mind; but I was still more attentive to the personages of past and modern ages who figured in these scenes: I wished to address them all at one and the same moment. Unfortunately, the personages themselves moved along so rapidly, that those whom I saw last, drove out of my mind those I had seen but a moment before, so that we advanced into the interior without perceiving our progress, and in this way found ourselves elevated above several

stairs. The construction of the latter was truly singular: the first part of the region (immediately above the vestibule) was distinguished, at various distances, by two arches placed in the form of a cross, forming an obtuse angle, and containing two collateral staircases, adorned with balustrades. The central height of the arches was sixty feet. Each branch presented a square platform, rather spacious, and containing seats. From each side of the platform then proceeded four other stairs, which were curved in different directions, and joined the corresponding points of the contiguous arches; and in their turn served as a basis to other stairs, which still followed the same proportions, and thus occupied the whole extent of the circumference and altitude of the region. The square spaces between the arches, were occupied with inlaid floors skilfully arranged, upon which rested the little temples and the rich ornaments I have already mentioned.

It was on entering one of these temples that I perceived Murat, his head shaded by a bunch of white feathers, and his dress all resplendent with gold: one might have fancied that this was the first day of his installation upon the

throne of Naples. He was closely urging a fair-haired lady, with a lively complexion and sparkling eyes, whose dress indicated the twelfth century. He was so absorbed by her conversation, that I was forced to clap him on the shoulder before he would attend to me: he at first assumed a menacing attitude, but the moment he recognised me, his confusion became extreme. "Eternal justice! are you here—you, my brother-in-law, my Mentor—my sovereign!"

"If you had felt in your lifetime," said I to him, "the force of the titles you are now lavishing on me, you would not have sacrificed me to your caprices. By ruining me, you sacrificed millions of men, and yourself along with them; for you know very well, that, deprived of my support, you were absolutely nothing of yourself. This I shall always say in your praise, that you were the best cavalry officer in my army: none but the brave Lasalle, Lannes, or Ney could have equalled you; but none could ever have surpassed you—with this exception, never did I see such a Marplot in politics. In presence of the enemy you were a hero—in your cabinet a very woman. Your impolitic measures, and the errors of your blundering

head, have ruined my operations, destroyed the sacred cause of the independence of nations!"

Murat. For pity's sake, do not tear my heart with such painful recollections! I admit every thing, since events have unfortunately proved the blunders I committed. But allow me to say, that when you left the Island of Elba, I had wrongs to repair towards you (for having made a common cause with the Austrians in 1814). Now I confess that my alliance was merely feigned; I wished only to preserve myself on the throne, to offer you assistance in case of favourable circumstances. That impolitic measure unfortunately brought upon me the hatred of all the Italians, and almost all the French! To remove such an unfavourable impression, I formed the grand plan of making a general attack upon the Austrians in 1815. My object was to draw off their attention towards my kingdom, and to leave you free to perform the grand operations required by your position at the time. . . . You may well say, that in this also I was grossly mistaken, because I ought to have waited for your orders, and, still more, because I commanded the most cowardly and undisciplined troops in Europe!

Maury. It was perhaps in allusion to them

that Justin said: "*Frequentius cœnam quam castra visentes.*" (More careful of their supper than their camp.)

The Lady. In my time they were quite as bad soldiers as in your days; this defect should not appear singular among a people who combine effeminacy with ferocity; who, taken individually, produce men of great courage, and even of great learning; but the great mass of whom is always opposed to their governors and to sound laws; ready to revolt, ready to submit again; the natural enemies of labour; turbulent by instinct; despising the objects of their worship, and yet abjectly superstitious; humble to the tyrant of the moment; haughty and cruel towards a conquered enemy; slaves to their passions, even to brutality—ignorant, superstitious, enthusiastic and revengeful.

Nap. Madame seems to be well acquainted with the character of this nation?

The Lady. That is not surprising; my name is Jane; I reigned over the descendants of the Sybarites for six-and-thirty years; in imitation of them I was myself a homicide, superstitious, revengeful, and gallant to excess; I became the victim of my deeds at last. Like a late Emperor (whom I have already seen here) I was

smothered between two beds by hired assassins, who coolly executed the infamous orders of the most ungrateful of men—of Charles de Duras, whom I had adopted as my son, and to whom I had bequeathed the crown !*

Nap. It seems to me that I have somewhere read that this Charles de Duras was a feeble and abandoned man, which enabled your brother-in-law and enemy, Louis of Hungary, to find little difficulty in making him an instrument of his vengeance.

The Lady. He was wicked from inclination

* Jane I. Queen of Naples, lived in the fourteenth century. She mounted the throne at the age of 19; she was married to Andrew of Hungary, whom she caused to be assassinated by the man who became her second husband, Louis of Tarentum. She sold Avignon for the sum of 80,000 florins in gold. She had four husbands; she married the last at the age of 46, thinking more of his qualifications as a husband than as a defender of her kingdom. Having no children, she adopted her relation Charles de Duras to succeed her. That model of ingratitude, urged on by her brother-in-law Louis of Hungary, made war upon his benefactress, took her prisoner, and caused her to be smothered between two beds in the castle of *Muro*. Duras was himself assassinated some time afterwards in Hungary. Jane protected literature and the arts; her Court displayed the most unbounded gallantry, but she is accused of having caused the death of her three first husbands. She died in 1381.—(Editor.)

rather than from weakness. His propensity to evil was displayed from his earliest infancy; he was never happy but when he was playing malicious tricks upon every one around him. I learned from a spirit who descended to these regions a century after my death, that the ungrateful villain dearly paid for his crimes, for he was assassinated in Hungary at the moment he was about to mount the throne. Ah! if I could possibly mount again upon my ancient throne, at the risk of decimating my subjects, I would regenerate them radically! I would take particular care that all the children should have a military education, with helmets on their heads, and cuirasses on their breasts, and be brought up under the severest discipline! When Antipater demanded fifty children from the Spartans as hostages, they preferred giving him twice the number of grown men; such was the importance they attributed to education!

Nap. I should doubt very much of your success, Madame, even with this means. Nature is too prolific in that country; the sun is too warm, the climate too exciting and vivifying, to accomplish such an object by severity. In my opinion, the only means of rendering them better would be the extirpation of ignorance

among the lower classes. If my relation beside you had employed this system, instead of being himself a corrupting example of Oriental luxury and pomp, he would have been universally regretted, while he died nearly as you did: he was murdered by hired assassins, betrayed by those who were indebted to him for their rank and fortune! Now that all these things are over, we may all cry out together: "How many ungrateful people we drew from nothing!"

Murat. There can be no doubt of it; but, before we close this discussion, allow me to say, that Eugene powerfully contributed to the general disaster.

Nap. Let us say nothing of him; I have seen him, and he is sufficiently punished for what he did; so let us respect his misfortunes.

Murat. And can you tell me any thing about my wife?

Nap. I have been told that she has attached herself to a certain General Macdonald. I have taken her part, for I have always found qualities in her superior to most of her sex. Must she be blamed, because, after her husband's death and all her misfortunes, she has placed her confidence in a trust-worthy person?

And then, such a clever woman—the mother of several children, possessed of such a sound judgment and such an excellent heart!—She cannot possibly have forgotten herself. But, after all, she is a woman. Who can depend firmly upon the caprices of a woman's mind? Perhaps my own wife's is not more to be depended on! . . .

Murat seemed absorbed by melancholy reflections; but Jane cast a look of contempt upon him, rudely left him, and went to take the arm of a warrior dazzling in armour, who then passed before the vestibule of the Temple. "She is jealous," said Murat, "haughty and thoughtless, like a Parisian; she is angry that I thought of my wife: the man she has joined is Louis of Tarentum, her second husband, and the murderer of the first. I confess my weakness; I love Jane; but I admit she is better with him than with me!"

We left this sort of boudoir together, and conversed about our disasters and present situation. I was sorry to hear Murat say, "I have lost my kingdom, it is true; but I am compensated by the acquisition of my personal independence! . . This rich and immense

palace is well worth Caserta.* There are more pretty women here than elsewhere; several of them combine a celebrated name with the greatest personal attractions. Such is the Empress Theophania, whom I met with, and whom I am now seeking for every where."

Nap. Can you possibly seek the society of a woman who became famous for her abominable crimes?

Murat. We pay no attention to such things here; we enjoy existence, talk of past times in our sports, and that is all.

Nap. If my memory is correct, said I to him, that Empress died at a very advanced age, and cannot therefore be so attractive as you say.

Murat. That would be true enough, if the ladies here ever went beyond their thirtieth year.

Nap. Explain your meaning.

Murat. The ladies who died before they were thirty, appear here of the same age as when they quitted the world: those who died at a more advanced age, even in helpless do-

* A palace belonging to the kings of Naples.

tage, resume, on entering this palace, the happy age of thirty.

Nap. In truth, since I entered these regions, I have not seen a single old woman! Now do you believe that your present happiness will always endure?

Murat. What is your object in asking the question?

Nap. None at all: I only wish to know if you are really happy?

Murat. Certainly I think I am! What I see around me is not an illusion, as you will yourself admit: it is true that, to get hither, I was obliged to undergo many hardships and much cruel treatment! But that is all over now, and I think of it no more.

I could only reply to him with a profound sigh, which he doubtless attributed to my recollections of the past; but in truth, how could I have undeceived him? His fancied security would have been stronger than all my arguments! Maury, on looking round, discovered Cardinal Matteï, who was ascending a stair quite close to ours, in company with Father Ricci, the last General of the Jesuits; we soon came up with them. The Cardinal expressed his fears at our approach. He still fancied

himself in the sublunary world, at the time of the taking of Mantua. My affable air made him resume his composure, and he then said with a smile, "*Peccavi, peccavi.*" "I believe that we now may all say together, *Peccavimus, peccavimus!*"* Then turning towards Father Ricci, "That," said he, "is the extraordinary man I have so often spoken to you about; it was he who might have sunk the frail bark of St. Peter, but had the generosity to let it swim safely after all the tempests had subsided! To do so he had every pretext in his favour by the bad conduct of the Court of Rome, which dared to break the faith of treaties, in spite of the armistice concluded between the Italian powers and the French general. But we had all our hopes placed in General Wurmser, whom we considered as a liberator; we waited only for the slightest reverse occurring to the French army, to renew our hostilities and our crusades. During that General's advance, an epidemic disease obtained what the formidable forces of Austria could never have obtained: that was, the momentary raising of the blockade of Man-

* The Cardinal in question employed these very words, when endeavouring to excuse himself to Bonaparte for attempting to excite the Italians to insurrection.

tua. That unexpected incident was attributed to the direct interposition of Heaven; but Heaven acted thus only to humble us more terribly afterwards! At Rome the French were insulted in the streets; the virtuous Basville was cowardly assassinated, and proclamations were made in the States of the Pope, that the first duty of *a Catholic* was to assist in expelling the French by every possible means, even by *poison!* . . . (Pius VI. had some months before this published an edict, menacing with death whoever should dare to assault a Frenchman in the States of the Church.) For the purpose of aiding the views of my infallible master (I was then archbishop of Ferrara), I publicly displayed my joy on learning the disasters of the French army. I urged the people to insurrection; I ordered the clergy to preach murder in the sacred choir, which should echo with nothing but the praises of the Creator; I took possession of the citadel of Ferrara, and caused the Pope's two-coloured standard to be hoisted, after pulling down the tri-colore, and dragging it through the streets! A short time after this, the famous battle of Castiglione put an end to these ecclesiastical bravadoes, and opened the eyes of the ignorant

who had been misled; I was arrested by the conqueror's orders, and taken to his head-quarters at Brescia; I was confused, and ashamed of my conduct, and implored his pardon by humbly exclaiming, '*Peccavi.*' His generous heart was disarmed; he was satisfied with sending me for three months to repent of my sins in a seminary of that city! Alas, instead of repenting, I merely flattered my mind with new plans of ambition: while I thought I was serving God, I was merely serving my own passions: it was in vain that I examined the qualifications of all the members of the Sacred College, I could not find one who was more worthy than myself of filling the office of prime minister. I obtained it on my return to Rome: the Pope himself thought me a holy man, and the right arm of the interests of the Church. . . . . Some time afterward the conqueror saw me again, with eyes of pity, acting as plenipotentiary at Tolentino: I signed whatever he required; the distance between him and me was too great for me to hope to gain any advantage. Yet, idiot as I was, I had acquired celebrity among the leaders of the *obscuranti.* The childish formality with which I maintained all the unimportant ceremonies of public wor-

ship; my obstinacy, my zeal for insurrections, and my hatred to liberty, made the Court of Austria believe that I would make an excellent Pope. After the death of Pius VI. the agents of Austria exerted themselves powerfully in the conclave of Venice to get me elected. . . . I ought, on this occasion, to remark, to the praise of the Italians (including the clergy), that such was their aversion to every thing connected with Austria, that they preferred electing Chiaramonti, in spite of his professing to be a republican, whilst he was Bishop of Imola."

Nap. A sin confessed is half pardoned.

"I hope so," resumed Matteï, "and I am now doing all I can to obtain it: by good fortune, I found that holy man (pointing to Ricci), who aids me with his knowledge, and comforts me with hope."

"In truth," said Ricci, "the *grace efficace* and the *grace concomitante* * act powerfully upon us: I know that we have ceased to exist upon the earth, and, to my great astonishment, see uncertainty still enveloping spirits that are freed from the trammels of the body! From this I infer that grace is still with us; without

* Expressions void of sense, employed by the Jesuits in their famous quarrels with the Jansenists.—(Editor.)

it, we should have lost all hope; hope is realized in this place by the *intuitive* vision of created things, which will lead us by degrees to that of the Creator !"

Maury thought that a dissertation upon grace, in our present position, would be too much of a hoax, and interrupted Father Ricci by observing: "Did you never imagine that there was a strong analogy between us ?"

Ricci. Certainly not, unless you sprang from the ranks of my disciples.

Maury. I was nothing of the kind; our analogy did not consist in principle, but in the worldly vicissitudes that caused us both to die in the same chamber.

Ricci. (warmly.) Do you mean to say that you died in the Castle of St. Angelo? You ! a Cardinal ! of what crime were you accused ?

Maury. Of a very grave crime, in the eyes of a Pope newly restored to his seat—that of not being what you were when the Jesuits were suppressed.

Ricci. Is it possible !

> "Cangiano i savi
> A seconda de' casi i lor pensieri."

If you had lived in the time of a philosophical

pope like Ganganelli, you would have made your fortune, while I should have had need of a pope like Pius VII.—that pope must have surely restored the society to its pristine splendour!

Louis, who seized every opportunity of making a general confession of his sins, immediately added: "Alas! father, it has not been the Pope exactly who has patronized your society!—No; by a strange inconsistency, it was a constitutional King, who commanded a witty, gallant, and warlike nation; a king, who believed neither in God nor devil—who went to mass daily, that it might be reported in the newspapers;—and that king—was myself. Now, what I did is nothing, in comparison of the influence my successor is endeavouring to give to your society. It is true that he will be laughed at, at last: he has already received more than one public mortification from the courts of law: judges, as honest as Lavacquerie and Lamoignon, have acquitted those whom the court had the greatest interest in getting condemned; victims were sought for who should serve as examples to any one that dared to controvert their principles; but, instead of them, appeared public opinion, which, like an

anxious and vigilant mother, covers her beloved offspring with her wings.

Nap. During my reign, I sometimes applied my attention to find out the advantages a sovereign may obtain by following a mysterious, dark system, shrouded in alarm and terror. I found out, to my experience, that it was useful neither to himself nor to his subjects; nor even to inspire his enemies with respect or fear:—to *himself*, because suspicion and distrust poison his life;—look to Tiberius, Louis XI., or Philip II.: to his *subjects*, because they hate every thing that comes from the authority of the sovereign, even when it is intended for salutary purposes:—to *his enemies*, because they know their adversary's secret, and will never give him more than one chance, that of trying every possible means of avenging themselves, even under the mask of virtue. Hence Montesquieu justly said, "that government is like all other things: to be maintained, it must be beloved; to be beloved, its aim must be the general happiness of all."

Maury. Montesquieu also remarks: "If a nation existed in the world, which was of a sociable turn of mind; an openness of heart and disposition; fond of enjoyment, with a

strong propensity and readiness to communicate its ideas; which was lively, susceptible, agreeable, and cheerful; sometimes imprudent, and not rarely indiscreet; and which to these characteristics added courage, generosity, and frankness of manners, and a high feeling of honour;—such a nation must not be cramped in its manners by laws, lest its virtues should also be restrained."

Ricci. These are principles that were totally neglected in my time. But now I remember, the Montesquieu you are talking of was put in the *Index Expurgatorius.*

Maury. It was by constantly placing the names of great men in the Index, that the brutal degradation of the human race has been accomplished. It was also on that account that such eagerness was shown to praise the acts of superstitious and credulous kings; whilst poison and the dagger menaced, from the retreats of mystery and crime, all those monarchs who were active and enlightened! . . . I have always pitied a nation governed by a superstitious king; cruelty follows closely in his train: I need not speak of such a monster as Charles IX. It is said that Louis XIII. showed much reluctance to agree to the law

which made the Negroes in the colonies slaves, but he instantly consented, when they got him to believe that it was the only sure way to convert them. When Louis XIV. became a devotee, he committed the greatest fault of his reign; hence it has been said, that he never possessed a friend, and the revocation of the Edict of Nantz is a proof of it. Philip II. said, that "if no executioner could be found to hang the heretics, he would perform the office himself."

Nap. Previous to my reign, the Kings of France took an oath to exterminate all heretics; but at my coronation I swore to protect all religions: confess, my dear colleague, (speaking to Louis XVIII.) that you would have done like your predecessors, if you had been crowned ——unless the fear of the English and Prussians had restrained you.

Louis. I do not deny it; in my position at that period, I was capable of doing any thing.

Ricci. However hostile history may seem on this point, I shall never cease to reiterate what I wrote in my protestation, some time before my death; namely, that my order could never be reproached with the commission of any crimes; . . . . that it always co-operated

in the propagation of the Christian religion; . . and—

Maury, (interrupting him.) Rather say the *Papist* religion, which has no connexion whatever with the true principles of Christianity!

Mattei, (to Maury.) I see you are still the same man as ever: it is possible that we may be in error; but this error is dear to us. It is better that our conversation should end here.

Murat had hitherto remained beside us, out of politeness, listening to nothing that was said, but casting a restless look upon all the passers-by. . . . All at once, he perceived a beautiful woman covered with jewels, and dressed in a purple cloak; she glided down the stairs like lightning, and had come within a short distance of the spot where we were, when Murat stretched out his arms, and exclaimed, "It is she!" and rushed forward to meet her. We followed him with our eyes, as far as the foot of the Gilt Region, and, not seeing him return, concluded that, borne along by his passion, he had followed his beautiful Theophania (for she it was), and not being able to get into the ivory region, had endeavoured to dissipate his chagrin with some other beauty. . . . . "This is precisely what he always was," said I to my

companions; "hot-headed, impassioned, thoughtless, yielding to every caprice, and wholly indifferent to future consequences!"

Matteï and Ricci continued their ascent by another flight of steps, and we slowly pursued our own career, in hopes of meeting some interesting personage of our acquaintance. In such a varied and innumerable multitude, there was necessarily a great diversity of tastes and occupations. The greater number devoted their time to intrigues of gallantry, which gave one the idea of a very crowded masquerade; others (that is, lawyers and diplomatists) seemed seriously occupied with important matters, altogether out of their sphere; the bankers and speculators were collected in different groups, and were busily employed in the most abstruse and extraordinary calculations, founded on the profusion of the metal which had formerly been their delight; but the most amusing class of all was that of misers and celebrated pickpockets. We saw a tall, gaunt man, mysteriously running off with two vases of the greatest beauty, skulking adroitly among the crowd, and then hiding himself in a little temple, as if he was afraid of the loss of his treasure! We resolved on following him: the moment he per-

ceived us, he rushed upon his plunder with open mouth and haggard eyes, and the most laughable attitude imaginable. I remember this very man dying in Paris in 1808, in the fourth story of a house which he had inhabited for forty years by himself, without either servant or relation near him: no one had ever entered his room; the people in the same house knew nothing of him or his business; his apparent wretchedness saved him from the enquiries of the curious. The newspapers that gave these particulars, said that he went out every morning to buy his frugal meal, and that the door of his chamber was protected by three or four different locks. . . . When he felt his end approaching, he locked himself in, spread all his treasures upon a table, and died while feasting his eyes with the sight! The corruption of his corpse forced the neighbours to break open the intrenched post of this priest of Mammon. I recollected these particulars when I saw him in the singular attitude I have just mentioned: we left him to enjoy his blind raving. But before we left the temple, three other personages not less extraordinary presented themselves to our view. Maury, who had a perfect recollection of the countenances of the popes of past

ages, from having seen their portraits, told me that they were Innocent III, Innocent IV, and Boniface IX. The former reigned eighteen years, from 1198 to 1216. The second reigned eleven years, from 1243 to 1254. They had all three squatted down in a corner, with a crucible before them, a trivet, and a box full of ingots, jewels, and other precious objects. They seemed so absorbed with their occupation, that we had plenty of time to reconnoitre them thoroughly before they noticed us. Maury was well acquainted with their history, and said to us: "The first was of the family of Conté, and was almost as cruel and tyrannical as Pope Gregory VII.; he committed the most atrocious cruelties against the heretics and the Albigenses of Languedoc; he was not more temperate towards sovereigns than towards heretics. He brought Romagna, Umbria, the March of Ancona, Viterbo, and other places, under the papal jurisdiction. He conquered Rome itself: during his reign the senate was the senate of the pope, and not the senate of Rome. The pontiffs then began to be powerful sovereigns. The Dominicans and Mendicants of St. Francis took root during his pontificate; yet, amidst all his enterprises, the ruling passion of that pope

was avarice. The most laughable part of the matter was, that he still inculcated, as fervently as ever, contempt for temporal things! . . . The following is part of a letter he wrote to the English King, John, when he sent him four rings adorned with precious stones:—'The form, which is round, (said he) represents eternity, and ought to detach you from all temporal things, and attach you to the things that are eternal. The number, four, indicates the firmness of a soul superior to the vicissitudes of fortune, and that is founded upon the four cardinal virtues. The matter, which is of gold, (the most precious of all metals) denotes the wisdom which Solomon preferred to every other advantage. The colours are also mysterious; the green of the emerald, denotes faith; the blue of the sapphire, hope; the red of the ruby, charity; and the brilliant yellow of the topaz, good works.' Such a silly and quizzical letter nevertheless had its effect. John placed himself on his knees before the Pope's legate, and gave up all his states to him to obtain the pardon of his master, who had already excommunicated him! Innocent IV. a Genoese of the house of the Fiesqui, was the implacable enemy of Frederick II. Emperor of Germany.

St. Louis having remonstrated with him, on the improper manner in which he treated the emperor, the arrogant pope replied—"So long as I live I shall defend France against the schismatical Frederick; against the King of England, *my vassal;* and against all her other enemies." Like his predecessor, this pope was one of the greatest misers who ever sat in the chair of St. Peter. One day the virtuous Thomas Aquinas (the greatest man of his age) found him very busy counting a large sum of money.* The Pope said to him: 'You see that the Church is no longer what she was when she said, *Silver or gold, I have none.*' To this the doctor replied: 'That is true, Holy Father, but neither can she say to the man sick of the palsy, *Arise and walk!*' This pope left at his death twenty-five millions of florins in gold, an almost incredible sum for that epoch.† Boniface IX. a Neapolitan, was of a

* In speaking of riches, Epaminondas remarked: "It is not the liquor which is corrupt;—it is the cup."

† There was also another pope (John XXII.) who left about an equal sum at his death. Italy was then in a flourishing state. The houses of Peruzzi and Bardi, of Florence, became bankrupts, because they had lent a million, three hundred and sixty thousand gold florins, to Edward III., who was unable to repay them. (*Anno* 1339.)

mean family, and sat in the papal chair from 1386 to 1404. He was avaricious, usurious, and extravagantly prodigal towards his own family; it was he who instituted the perpetual annats, which have so greatly increased the revenues of the successors of *poor Peter*. There they are, all three, busy coining money! . . ."

When I heard Maury's narrative, I regretted that the keys of St. Peter had not been (at the time the French entered Italy) in the hands of Innocent III. instead of Pius VI.; "With a character like his," exclaimed I, "it would have been all over with the papal dominion!"

We left the cave of Plutus without disturbing the mysteries of his ministers, and I merely said with a smile, "*Let us respect misfortune!*" When we reached the landing-place of the staircase before us, we saw Clarke in a court dress, sitting beside Madame du Tincin :* he seemed enchanted with her conversation ; and it must be admitted that the countenance of the ex-canoness was extremely fascinating. The

* Alexandrine du Tincin, an ambitious and talented woman. She was mistress of Cardinal Dubois, and succeeded in obtaining a cardinal's hat for her brother, known by the name of Cardinal du Tincin. She died in 1749.—(Editor.)

arrival of Louis and myself visibly disconcerted him. He rose, however, and came to meet us with an embarrassed countenance, which displayed considerable awkwardness. "Duke of Feltre," said Louis to him, with a smile, "if I had known that, on leaving me, you would have gone some years before me to these regions, I should have requested you to prepare a lodging for me."

"Sire, as you see, there is plenty of room for all; (then turning towards me, and bending his head) even for him whom I cannot behold without a blush."

Nap. You mistake my real sentiments, Duke of Feltre, if you think you cannot approach me but with the aspect of repentance and remorse! I have pardoned so many things during my lifetime, that it seems to me to be absurd for any one to fear my remonstrances after my death. Do you remember the note I wrote to you? "*Serve the King as faithfully as you have served me.*"

Clarke. Yes, Sire, I remember it; but it is not that circumstance that causes my present embarrassment: to serve the King was not a culpable act, but to draw down upon myself the hatred of a whole kingdom, by the vices of an

unjust and partial administration, was a crime which all the gold of this place cannot wash away! Unfortunately for my repose, I know all that has been said and done concerning me since my death. I may conscientiously say that the facts have been exaggerated, and the blame greatly overcharged; but the grounds of complaint are but too true—even were they nothing more than the charge of having been the persecutor and oppressor of those very soldiers, who a year before were the pride of their country—of those soldiers whom I had the unmerited honour of superintending in prosperous times—of those illustrious warriors, whose hardships, sufferings, and blood had only served to augment the power of those who, like me, enjoyed, in the heart of the capital, all the comforts and pleasures of life, without danger or anxiety:—this cannot be called serving the King! . . . . It was the conduct of an ungrateful heart; it was evidence of an insatiable thirst for wealth and honours, however obtained! . . . . It was preferring the silly satisfaction of a courtier, (flattered by the condescension of his temporary master) to the blessings of all future generations. Look to St. Cyr! I have been told that he was a minister

like myself! but what a mighty contrast: what severe integrity in his measures! what incorruptible uprightness in his management of the finances! Hence was the King who hears me forced to dismiss him . . . . . for such men would not suit the party of the day! . . .

Louis. My dear Duke, you must be consoled for all these things, as I am myself, and, what is more, as your former sovereign and benefactor, Napoleon, has obtained consolation. The human race are and always will be ignorant, vicious, selfish, and blind to their dearest interests. It is useless to inculcate eternal truths in their minds, for they will never make a lasting or salutary impression. One of our poets has said—

" Sur ce bas hémisphère il n'est rien d'immuable.
L'homme, égaré toujours dans la nuit de l'erreur,
Ne connaitra jamais, ni la paix veritable,
Ni le parfait bonheur——"*

I am sure that every one has felt the force of this thought; but I am also certain that the slightest incident occurring a moment after-

* " There is nothing unchangeable in this sublunary sphere. Man still wanders through darkness and error, and can never attain in this world either unalloyed peace or perfect happiness."

wards would banish it from his mind: it is when they come down here that they will open their eyes . . . . . but, perhaps, it will be too late! And I also have lately made a general confession of my sins before a countless multitude of the dead; had you heard the enumeration of my blunders . . . .

Clarke. Allow me, Sire, to observe, that in committing errors you had many excuses to offer. The French had, first of all, ill-treated your family; you returned to them as a stranger who had no interest, care, or discretion to feel for any one. You found it necessary (though often against your own feelings) to follow the precepts and aid the passions of your masters from without. You were constantly surrounded by a class of people who cried out *Vive le Roi!* with no other idea than that it signified *Long live the privileges we are trying to recover!* All these circumstances combined would have misled a very Titus! But I acted like a man, who, after receiving lodging, food, and clothing in a hospitable mansion, rises up against the owners, and calls them intruders and robbers—such was, in fact, the conduct I adopted.

Nap. And it is that of many others. Your

confession is certainly praiseworthy, and has even gone beyond my expectation, for I have hitherto met with none but obstinate spirits still wrapt up in all their old follies: this is a favorable indication for you, and promises you more happiness in future.

During the time that we were conversing, Madame du Tencin had listened attentively to the confession of her new friend: she already knew who we were, for Clarke had often talked to her about the events of my reign and those of Louis. She spoke to me with infinite grace, and said, "Sire, the goodness of your heart is perhaps the principal cause of the chagrin felt at this moment by the poor Duke; he regrets that he did not devote the close of his days to serve you in your misfortunes, as he would have done had you been always victorious!"

Nap. I should have taken good care not to ask for such a sacrifice from all my creatures; I have some knowledge of history, and know that long before the time of Ovid, men felt what he expressed in the following line:—

"Tempora si fuerint nubila, solus eris."

But I certainly did not expect that these

gentlemen would not only abandon me, but become the first accusers of my actions, and the persecutors of their former companions in arms. The number of the wretched I left in the world is truly terrible! . . . . . From whom had they a right to expect consolation, unless from that class of men whom I had elevated to power, and who maintained it under the government that succeeded me? Who should have protected those accused of the Revolution, if not the very men who were indebted to that Revolution for their fortune and eminence?

Mad. du Tencin. I perfectly agree with you, Sire; nothing can be opposed to such arguments: but if we reflect a little upon what has been done in past times, we shall find such a host of examples of human versatility, that indulgence will be enjoined us. I myself was the most famous *girouette* of my age; I was by turns a cloistered nun, a canoness distinguished for gallantry, the mistress of a cardinal who was prime minister, and a courtesan distinguished for intrigue and *bel esprit;* indeed, I had such pretensions to the latter title, that I never called the literary characters who frequented my house by any other name than my

bêtes (fools);—but we all merited that significant term, for we had taken for our motto—

"Nul n'aura de l'esprit que nous et nos amis."

I obtained great applause for writing novels that had been revised and corrected by men of learning. But my ruling passion was intrigue rather than literature; and it is very probable that I should never have meddled with literature at all, if I had been able to draw up decrees of Parliament from morning to night.

Nap. I read, Madame, one of your works, the *Siege of Calais;* its perusal gave me some agreeable moments; but, as I had expected to find an exact narrative of all the military operations (the only thing that could excite my interest), I was much disappointed in finding the book full of amorous adventures, improbable incidents, and complicated scenes and characters that wearied without instructing me:—I do not think that I finished it.

Mad. du T. That was all my own fault; my nephew, Pont de Vesle, who corrected my works, often blamed these heavy parts, but he was not listened to. The favour I enjoyed whilst I was the mistress of Cardinal Dubois, combined with that I acquired as the sister of ano-

ther cardinal, who was also in the ministry, had raised me to such a pitch of pride that I sincerely believed myself above the whole human race.

Louis. Can you inform us, Madame, if it was true, that though the Regent despised Dubois, he could not do without him ?

Mad. du T. That is perfectly correct: by means of his immoral habits, Dubois had acquired the favour of the Regent. The latter was flattered by seeing a churchman on the same level with himself; and by constantly confiding his secrets to him, it happened that Dubois became the soul of the ministry. He was supple, and adroit with his superiors, violent and brutal towards his inferiors; fond of money, though not miserly; with no sound knowledge, but a great deal of vain pretension, he succeeded in dazzling the multitude; he was at one and the same time admired, feared, and despised. I attached myself to him, and through his means rose to rank and power:—had it not been for that, I should have had no compensation, for he was very ugly. . . . . The Regent at last wished for his death, for he was afraid of getting rid of him otherwise. One stormy day that the minister was very ill,

the Prince could not help saying, " I hope this weather will carry off my fellow!" In fact, it may be truly asserted that the depravity of the Regent was to be attributed to Dubois: he had persuaded him that there was neither probity among men, nor virtue among women, and that cunning scoundrels should be employed by government rather than men of honour and integrity.

Louis turned towards me, and said with a smile, " We know other sovereigns who confided the reins of government to scoundrels, even without the counsels of a cardinal." Then addressing myself to Clarke, I said, " Duke of Feltre, I am sensible to the signs of repentance you have given me. Though in the mansions of the dead, it is pleasant not to meet enemies on one's passage; I congratulate you on the choice you have made of such an amiable and intelligent friend. I wish that your present happiness may long continue, and advise you to arm yourself with patience and resignation whatever may occur to you.

After a few minutes conversation, we separated, the best friends in the world. Louis agreed with me that Clarke was not endowed with a superior mind nor sound knowledge, of which a

proof might be found in his fondness for heraldry and genealogical trees; but that he was very diligent and an excellent director of the government offices.

Maury had left us for some minutes; we saw him at the top of the stair in a solemn conference with another cardinal. By the richness of their dress it was difficult to distinguish which of them was the elect and which the reprobate. When we came up, Maury said to me, "Here is another cardinal who was a prime minister, the *most eminent* Alberoni." He related to me a part of his history, which afforded me great amusement. I saw a very gay man with a comic expression of countenance, but which also indicated boldness and ambition. He came up to me with a malicious smile, as if he had wished to express—"*We were no great things in our childhood, and yet we both meddled with grandeur.*" . . . I guessed his thoughts, and said, as if to myself, "I never could imagine any thing so absurd as for certain sovereigns to give the management of state affairs to ecclesiastics."

Alberoni. You would have thought otherwise, had you been a devotee and debauchee: do you not see that a minister who is a priest is a kind

of safeguard for the conscience of a superstitious King, for he can then commit every sort of injustice, tyranny, and even crime, without being afraid of any punishment in the other world? The anointed of the Lord is there either to absolve him from his sins, or to prove to him that his actions are sanctioned by Heaven. Then suppose the Prince is fond of laughter and merriment; that a man of my humour has access to him once a-day for the space of two months, and amuses him with stories, jokes, and tricks of buffoonery, what is to prevent the buffoon from becoming a favourite? From being a favourite to become prime minister is an easy matter; and such was actually my case with Philip V. He had a handsome and intriguing mistress (the Princess des Ursins): I tried my comical tricks, and choused her from him. Aided by the latter, I got Philip to marry Elizabeth Farnese, a very gay and pretty woman: again I played my tricks, and choused my master. I went on chousing men of their wives, till I found one who choused me myself. As the scoundrel Dubois could not supplant me by political intrigues, (because I was more knowing on that point than he,) he succeeded in making an arrangement with ano-

ther wretch, called Laura, the Queen's nurse: she took her mistress by her weak side, and made her jealous of me, by relating all the stories she could collect of what I said or did among the Spanish ladies (and it is well known that those belonging to the court boast of not being very cruel). I had no suspicion of the impending blow; but the matter succeeded wonderfully well. The Parmesan Queen, in a momentary fit of anger, made her (doubly-crowned) husband such a panegyric of my conduct, that the silly man sent me as swift as a shot an order to leave his states in four-and-twenty hours. He thought he was merely satisfying his own resentment, while he was only satisfying the Queen's jealousy! I believe I am the only minister who ever had such an unexpected, rude, and rapid tumble. The evening before I was the sun of Spain—next day I became a tombril. . . . . If my career was to go over again, I do not say that I would not *play the buffoon* to amuse Queens, but most assuredly I would never become their *lover*. What madness! In a post like that, the whole kingdom is a seraglio. . . . .

The ludicrous manner with which Alberoni gave his narrative, amused us infinitely. Louis

asked him if it were true that he was indebted to the poet Campistron, secretary to the Duke of Vendome, for the commencement of his fortune.

"I owed it," replied he, "to thieves who plundered Campistron, but still more, as I said before, to my merry humour, which made all my protectors pleased in their turn. Laugh as long as you please, thought I, provided I go on. In fact, I was indebted to this happy gift of nature for the brilliant career I passed through, from the humble post of bell-ringer in the cathedral of Placentia, to that of prime minister of the kingdom of Spain. Towards the end of my days, I did like many others; I became *ganache* (an old fool), and rendered myself ridiculous by attempting an expedition against the most dwarfish of republics, that of San Marino, in which I failed. This made the witty Benedict XIV. say, 'Alberoni is like a *gourmand* who covets a piece of coarse bread after a good dinner.'"

Nap. The existence of that little hill you have just mentioned, which has always been independent in the midst of a country parcelled out like Italy, seems really miraculous! For my own part, I made it my duty to respect

their independence: they sent me deputies to request I would recognise their little hamlet, and I made them a present of two four-pounders, which they took back in triumph to the top of their ant-hill, and declared that they would drive back *all the Aristocrats of Europe*, if they ever attacked their liberty! . . . Alberoni played us the same trick as Murat. He perceived, at some distance, that very Laura, who was formerly the author of his downfall. "Ah! wretch," said he, "I have two words to say to you." He made a gambol, and disappeared.

We laughed long and heartily at the character of the diplomatist, and the master he had served. Louis told us that he had been himself inclined to favour these people, and confessed to us that Decazes assumed his ascendancy over him only because he was an agreeable story-teller, and kept him well acquainted with all the gossip and scandal of Paris. He also confessed that the greatest sacrifice he ever made in his life was dismissing that minister; that he could not be brought to agree to it till he had been constantly harassed by the *ultras*, and his life embittered by the cabals of his own family; "And after all," said he, "had it not

been for the melancholy catastrophe of the Duke of Berry, they would never have obtained it as long as I lived."

"I acted in the same way," said I, "towards many others, but chiefly towards Fouché and Talleyrand; I was perfectly certain that they betrayed me like Judas, and yet I never had the courage to reduce them to powder. One must have been in our place to be persuaded that it is not so easy, as is generally imagined, to destroy the first impressions of a sovereign; for a minister is like a spider; he can be destroyed only by breaking through the net in which he has shrouded himself: now, every one knows how costly to the state is the formation of a spider's web of this kind!"

While occupied with our own reflections, and conversing with persons of both sexes (more or less interesting), we still continued ascending, and had already reached the highest stair of this beautiful region. Franceschi had hitherto been silent, either to show us a mark of respect, or because he was absorbed (as he confessed to us afterwards) in a host of serious reflections, which were the more impressive as they were inspired by a place that seemed at the first glance to be the abode of perfect happiness and

content. It is an incontestable truth that the more an unhappy man is surrounded by luxury and pleasure, the more deeply is his heart overwhelmed with sorrow! "Sire," said he, "we are now at the gates of the last region. Here is wherewithal to satisfy human pride even beyond its most frantic desires. All the senses are gratified at the same moment, as soon as we enter this magic palace; there are no more restrictions, no more restraint, but unbounded liberty, and desires appeased the moment they are formed. Masters, servants, superiors, inferiors, princesses, and waiting-maids—all, in short, who attain this region enjoy a happiness without alloy as long as they remain; but, alas! if we reflect upon the fate that awaits them afterwards, who would not shudder with horror?" The endless stairs had ceased; the last arches, instead of supporting others, served as a support to passages of golden lustres, adorned with elegant ballustrades, by which thousands of spirits went to present themselves at the gates of a temple magnificent beyond description. This temple was only the vestibule of the region called royal, and was fifteen hundred paces in circumference; its form was that of a dome, and descended majestically from

the superior roof, to which seemed attached with broad leaves of acanthus, laurel, and myrtle—eagles, fleurs de lis, and other symbols of massive gold, of admirable workmanship. The exterior of this gigantic column was occupied from the very top with *basso relievos*, and works in filligree, representing battles, triumphal marches, the coronations of Emperors, Kings, and Popes, with portraits of all the most remarkable personages of the four quarters of the world; besides this, there were views of all the tricks played by the most celebrated swindlers of past ages; the whole history of the famous impostor Alexander of Abon;* that of the first priests of Isis, of the

* He was born in Paphlagonia about the second century. His uncommon beauty gained him the confidence of a celebrated magician of the time, who instructed him in the art of deceiving the ignorant. He then worked a great many miracles by means of his knowledge of natural philosophy; and his temple of Esculapius Glycon (whom he represented in the shape of a serpent) became so celebrated, that people went from all countries to consult him. The Emperor Marcus Aurelius was himself the dupe of this impostor. Medals were struck in honour of him. He died at 70, of an ulcer, though he had himself predicted that he would live to the age of 180, and would be killed by lightning.—(EDITOR.)

oracles, and the soothsayers of the pagans; and lastly, that of a great many of our male and female saints who wrought miracles. Louis made me notice a *basso relievo* that represented the entrance of Henry IV. into Paris; we saw in several places men massacred, and others thrown into the Seine! The generous Henry knew not that the acclamations he received at that epoch were accompanied by murders, or he would have promptly revenged them. Now if the triumph of a just and humane king produce such excesses, what must that of a tyrant be? A short distance from us we perceived the conflagration of the Palatinate by the troops of Louis XIV. "Can that be called a victory?" said Maury; "should it not be called unparalleled barbarity?" Farther on, we stopped to observe the massacre of the Saxons. . . . . There was Charlemagne in person, ordering, sword in hand, the worship of the cross, and the unfortunate Saxons on their knees (convinced of the sanctity of their own religion), accepting martyrdom without complaint! Among the robber scenes, we perceived the figure of a Papist priest, stealing plate, jewels, and other precious articles out of a splendid palace. Maury knew his history,

and told us that he was the priest Vajani, famous for his talents, swindling, and impostures; he lived in the seventeenth century. He was convicted of robbery and condemned to the gallies, which he left after many adventures, and became minister to Cardinal Franzoni, ambassador from Ferrara to the court of Florence. When I approached on the other side, it was with grief that I saw the figures of some of my officers and generals, who had stained their glory by depredations unworthy of their noble profession, and which were the more to be blamed, as we owed to them, in aftertimes, the hatred of the nations we flattered ourselves with having regenerated! Indeed, I may truly assert, that had it not been for the shameless rapine of a certain number of Frenchmen, whom I shall not name, our cause would have made innumerable proselytes over the whole surface of Europe! These men did as much injury to the French name, as the excesses of the Terrorists: they treacherously sapped the glory of their country and my own power. I cannot pass over in silence the abominable robberies of an Italian general, who commanded at Barcelona; his name was Joseph Lecchi: had that man been born to a

throne, he would have renewed the horrors of Tiberius and Caligula! The Spaniards will execrate him from generation to generation; and to that monster are the French indebted for all the murders committed upon their countrymen, since the period of his abominable government. . . .

Louis, upon this occasion, related to us several heart-rending anecdotes he had heard from Prussian generals, whose families had formerly suffered from the brutalities and infamous conduct of these plunderers! Indignant at these thoughts, I quitted the basso-relievos, and endeavoured to enter the palace. Fifty doors, disposed at equal distances round the grand column, presented an entrance to the porch to more than a hundred thousand spirits, impatient of admission; the prospect they presented was truly magnificent. Richly dressed, each of them firmly convinced that he was a grand personage, jealous of scrupulously displaying all the forms of politeness and courtesy belonging to their age, some of them were seen to put their hands out in a dignified manner without moving their head, while others made a turn round as they bowed; some bent their heads to the ground, others kissed their thumbs. Then

there were ladies dressed in the Roman, Turkish, and French fashions: by the assemblage of costumes which they presented, the latter gave a pretty just measure of human frivolity. The most ridiculous still were the ladies of the reign of Louis XV, concealed behind their enormous hoops; and the most ridiculous portion of the men were those of the reign of Louis XIV, with their monstrous wigs, and the skirts of their weighty coats. I long contemplated the variety, or rather the parti-coloured scenes, of this panorama. We then examined the mode of reception. The spirits presented themselves two by two at each gate (it was usually a man and a woman). When the door opened, if a woman was seen to rush out precipitately, and the examiner appeared in a white robe, the two candidates entered without further formalities; if, on the other hand, no woman came out, and the examiner was in a red robe, then the candidates were excluded. This was the cause of the constant movement we had perceived in the Gilt Region. It was not an easy matter to get admission into the palace. . . . Franceschi told us, that the rejected candidates would be forced to recommence their journey from the beginning of the region, appear before

each of the gates, and wait for their turn to be admitted. Several of them had, he told us, made this tour twelve or fifteen times.

" It seems to me," said I, " that it is advantageous for these spirits to be received as late as possible, for, so long as they remain here, they run no risk of the *marsh*."

" Yes," replied Franceschi, " if they had any idea of the existence of the fatal marsh ; but they think, on the contrary, that they are insulted when they are refused admittance. It is a pity that you cannot examine individually all the inhabitants of this region, for you would be astonished to learn that none of them thinks himself perfectly happy. They all desire something more, because they know that this something exists. Look at that man and woman, in whose faces the door has just been shut: how ashamed they are !" We saw them, in fact, concealing their faces with white handkerchiefs, and quickly disappearing by the stairs ; they wore dresses of the time of Francis I. Maury saw the dismissal of Cardinal Aquaviva and Cardinal Duprat,* a very haughty

* Duprat of Auvergne, was by turns an advocate, a lieutenant-general, and advocate-general to the parliament of Toulouse. He advised Francis I. to make the Prag-

man; of a general of Dominicans, and even a provincial of the Capuchins! the latter with his bare poll, his goat's beard, and pointed cowl, gave us much amusement. Louis, who, in spite of his rank of Most Christian King, always ridiculed the monks, made some very comical remarks on the amorous successes the shorn monks ought to have had in this region; "For," said he, "in their customary guise they were not likely to gain any in the world above!" . . . Maury assured us, that it was from this cause sprang all the infamous conduct laid to the charge of the monks, and that there was very little exaggeration in the accounts generally given of them. We approached one of the doors, and Franceschi struck with his customary wand. The door opened; a woman rushed out with a profound sigh; the examiner came forward in a white robe; we were ad-

matic Sanction, and the famous Concordat of the 19th December, 1515, with Leo X., which dishonoured France so much. Duprat got a cardinal's hat by it. Tired with the unceasing demands of this insatiable man, the King once answered him in the words of Virgil, "*Sat prata bibere.*" This prelate had a violent, harsh temper, was very selfish and very avaricious. He was hated by every one, and execrated after his death, which took place in 1535, when he was 72 years of age.—(EDITOR.)

mitted, and the door instantly closed again. Three minutes' obscurity succeeded the light of the Gilt Region, when suddenly a curtain seemed undrawn, and presented to our astonished eyes an immense rotunda, lighted up by more than two thousand lustres. Nothing could be more magnificent than the first aspect of this wonderful scene; a triple row of golden pillars, all chased, and surmounted with capitals adorned with pearls, opals, and lapis-lazuli, formed the border to this marvellous palace; the centre floor (which was formed of cedar and rose-wood, covered with flowers of gold and polished silver) was reserved for dancing; the porticoes were used by the votaries of lounging, play, and good cheer; the most delicious music and the most exquisite perfumes, raised to its utmost pitch the intoxication of the senses and the confusion of the mind: "Now," said I to Maury, "are we still in Hell?"

"I confess," said he, "that there is here enough to intoxicate one's senses; but after all, when we consider the occupations of these spirits, so similar to those of mankind, we must be convinced that this is not a real Paradise, nor even a place of durable enjoyment; for what do these people do? They walk about, talk of

the fine arts, history, and politics; they eat, drink, dance, and make love, as they did in the world above; but can they transport themselves into the immensity of space, or visit other globes? Do they admire, or do they know, the secrets of creation—have they the slightest idea of the Creator? Are they conscious of the nobleness of their being, enlightened by a ray of the divinity, or can they look down with an eye of pity upon the mean and childish actions of the beings below them? Are they capable of forming a precise notion of perfection, or of what it is not? or have they an intimate persuasion that they belong to the class of glorified spirits? Certainly not! see how limited is their intelligence: they can talk only of what they have been on the earth; they are the sport of their former passions, nearly as much as they were during their lives. I find but one good quality in them; that is, that they cannot lie; each of them tells his story as openly and candidly as possible, without concealment or palliation; and after all, this merit does not spring from their virtuous feelings—it is merely the inevitable consequence of their peculiar essence. A substance extremely subtile, completely freed from heavy and divisible matter,—a spirit

composed of moral elements, good or bad, cannot possibly appear otherwise than in all its native candour." . . . .

I thought the ideas of Maury very correct, and felt within myself a certain superiority, that led me to consider without envy all the enchanting objects by which I was surrounded. We noticed a great deal of movement among the beauties of this region, and several of them rushed out precipitately with tears in their eyes. An incident that occurred close to us, enabled us to discover the cause of all this. A very beautiful lady of the sixteenth century seemed violently in love with a handsome page, who replied to her tender approaches by a politeness bordering on coldness. This couple (dazzling with dress and personal beauty) had captivated our attention in preference to many others: we were desirous of learning their names and adventures; we approached, as if by chance, the pillar which half concealed them from view, and listened to the following dialogue:—

The Lady. What, cruel man! is it thus that you receive me, after a separation of more than two hundred years? Have you then forgotten

our former intimacy, and the sacrifices that it cost me?

The Page. Far from forgetting it, Madam, it is, and ever will be, for my punishment, engraved at the bottom of my heart! . . . .

The Lady. For your punishment, ungrateful man! Do you not know that my love for you cost me my honour, my dignity, and my personal happiness? Know you not the insults I suffered, from the King down to the meanest gentleman of the court; the humiliating letters I received from my mother-in-law; and the persecutions of my husband's brothers, who got me imprisoned in the Castle of St. Jean d'Angely for seven years?* For whom would I have suffered so much, except for the man whom I adored, and whose horrible coldness I now experience?

The Page. Add to that, Madam, "for the man who served my caprices and depraved tastes; for the man who, at my instigation,

* Charlotte de la Tremouille; who, by the charms of her person, her talents, and devotedness to the Prince of Condé, succeeded in getting him to marry her, after being his mistress for several years. Her story is told in the above dialogue.—(EDITOR.)

dishonoured not only the bed of his master, but basely poisoned him; for the man whose person, but not whose heart, I coveted; since at the very time I was showering my favours upon him, I had no scruples in granting them to others, particularly to Henry, King of Navarre; —for the man, in short, whom I would have sacrificed to my personal security, had he not had the good sense to escape from the search of the tribunals!"

The Lady. Great God!

The Page. Do not attempt to justify yourself; your conduct afterwards, and your intrigues, sufficiently displayed your real character. At any rate, I myself paid pretty dearly for the pleasure, or, if you will, for the honour, of having known you. I wandered about the world in exile, and died in misery and obscurity: whilst you had scarcely left your prison (by the favour of your old lover, who had become King) before your first care was to strengthen your influence, even by the most infamous means,—such as by prostituting the wife of your own son!

The Lady. (*warmly.*) And whose son was he, ingrate?

The Page. I know not; public opinion was

much divided on the subject: the fathers given him were the unfortunate Prince of Condé, whom we poisoned; the King of Navarre; and myself. I can affirm that the former had no share; but I am almost sure of the second; I was a boy, he was a man: at any rate, that Prince was so satisfied of his relationship, that on leaving prison, he caused your son to be recognised as first prince of the blood: surely, if he had thought he was mine, he would not have given himself so much trouble!

The Lady. Will you still continue to break my heart by your unjust reproaches? I do not deny that I had relations with Henry, even at the time that I loaded you with favours; but I swear most solemnly that that prince never possessed my love; he was passionately fond of the fair sex, and I foresaw that he would one day become King of France. . . . I knew that a little deference on my part would make him a firm friend for the remainder of my life! I yielded. . . . and even in our private interviews I never had any other object, any other hope, than that of assuring your future elevation. Accuse me now, overwhelm me with insult, if you will, but what I have just told you is nevertheless perfectly true!

I loved you; and you loved me then! To save the existence of the fruit of our love, as well as our own, imperious necessity forced us to be accomplices in the death of my husband; I was defamed, and rendered odious to all France; I was dishonoured by being brought forward in a scandalous lawsuit, the result of which was my imprisonment for the space of seven years! I took advantage of my former intimacy with Henry to persuade him that he was the father of my child: that good-hearted prince was delighted at the discovery, recalled me to court, restored me to my rank as well as my son, who was also *yours:* I enjoyed by anticipation the happiness of compensating you for seven years of proscription; but my search after you was constantly fruitless! Ah! if love is dumb in your heart, let the voice of friendship at least be heard!

On concluding, she fixed her eyes full of affection upon the page, then folded him in her arms, and covered his cheeks with kisses: but the page, who had for some time been casting his eyes towards another beauty, younger and more attractive than the first (though in the dress of a nun) scarcely replied to her caresses, and endeavoured to disengage himself from her

arms. The moment the lady perceived this, "Wretch that I am!" exclaimed she; "all my hopes are dashed away; my lot is cast!" On saying this, her face was bathed with tears, and she rushed out of the Temple of Pleasure, as hastily as her other companions in misfortune!

Louis. Well! I knew in the world above, that the branch of the Condés sprung from the page Belcastel. Great efforts were made to show that it was false: according to them, we were all descended from *Henry the Great*, while in truth there was much to be said on the other side! In such a gallant court as the court of France, to make such minute enquiries, would indeed be to fish in troubled waters.

Nap. At any rate, of what consequence, as far as respects a dynasty, is legitimacy or bastardy? Nothing at all, except to flatter human pride, and perpetuate the prejudice of fools. . . . The bastard may be a Titus, and the legitimate child a Nero. . . . . Charles Martel, bastard though he was, delivered France from the yoke of the Saracens. . . . . My enemies thought they would deeply affect me, by saying that I was a bastard; to ridicule them, I allowed the perform-

ance of all the dramatic pieces that contained malicious allusions. I remember one day being present at the first performance of a new vaudeville, entitled *Agnès Sorel.* Dunois appears in it, and a whole village comes forward to compliment him. The clown of the company began his harangue by the following verses :—

> " Celebrons tous ensemble
> Le plus grand des bâtards !"

A malicious laugh was instantly heard in various parts of the theatre ; but another speaker took place of the first, and began singing an address that concluded with these lines :—

> " Fils de l'amour ; tu fus au champ d'honneur,
> Legitimé par la victoire !"

I had at this time just gained the battle of Jena : the audience applauded so enthusiastically that the piece was nearly put a stop to. . . . . It seems to me that the actions of men, their degrees of knowledge, virtue, and public usefulness, should be alone looked to, and no trouble taken about their birth. . . . . While speaking on this subject, I have still fresh in my recollection the lines of Dupaty, in one of his poems, which I read at St. Helena ; it is entitled, *Les Delateurs :*—

" Le vrai noble aux combats, c'est le vaillant guerrier;
Le lache issu d'un noble, est moins qu'un roturier.
Rajeunis de ton nom, la vieille renommée :
Il ne suffira plus pour conduire une armée,
D'être aù sein d'un infâme, et nonchalant repos,
Le quatorzieme *sot* descendu d'un *heros !*"

He then adds :—

" Ne crois pas que ce soit ton titre qui me blesse;
Je combats la sottise, et non pas la noblesse."

Louis. Now I remember that that poem also contained some bitter epigrams upon my family; for my own part, I scarcely thought of it, but my niece was grievously offended, and in truth I believe that this attack gave rise to the censorship.

Nap. Another foolish measure! Could you not then see that this means excites instead of restraining malignity; that endless applications would be made of passages to yourselves and your acts, and that the slightest of your measures would be covered with ridicule? But had you let them talk and write on freely, they would have got tired of it, or at any rate their efforts would have been vain and ineffectual.

Louis. That is precisely what happened. Though the pamphlets and epigrams were cir-

culated in secret, they were only the more venomous and bitter on that account, and the censorship itself, with all the severity of a *Pain*, a *Lourdoix*, and a *Vieillard*, * could not prevent malicious interpretations from swarming in the newspapers, particularly in the *Miroir*, a very witty and widely circulated journal of that epoch.

Maury. I understand how it is: these people did as the spaniel, who was carrying a towel filled with living lobsters. The animals came out at one corner and began pinching his nose: he got angry, shook his head about, but still held the handkerchief firm with his teeth: overcome with pain at last, he laid down the handkerchief, but unluckily the shell-fish crawled out, and came all round the confounded spaniel: he ran after them, and brought them back one by one to their prison: their claws covered his nose all over with blood; he howled, barked, and shook himself, but still he did his duty! . . . . Fortunately for him, his master soon came to his assistance! . . . . .

Louis. (laughing most immoderately.) That 's the very thing! . . that 's the very thing.

* Some of the censors of the time.

Franceschi made us remark, between the pillars on the left, a sumptuous table, round which were principally collected canons, financiers, and mitred abbés. Each of these children of Comus had a female partner by his side. . . .

"Well," said Maury, "there they are truly in *their* paradise! . . . It is a pity that their pleasure is of such short duration. . . . By the ornaments these abbés wear, I recognise the ancient lords of Lizieux, the Sardanapaluses of the middle ages. They carried effeminacy to such a pitch that the poor peasants attached to the possessions of the Abbey (under the name of serfs) were forced, among other extravagant duties, to beat about all the neighbouring ponds with long poles to prevent the croaking of the frogs, who in the summer nights disturbed the quiet of these Sybarites.

Louis. That is perfectly true: I remember reading it in the *Gaule Poétique* of Marchangy, who assuredly is not a suspicious writer.* These were the fine old times so regretted by our incorrigible fools of the other world!

* *Marchangy,* Attorney-general. He is a man of talent, and distinguished for his literary works, but he was too hostile in his pleadings to the friends of liberty.

Nap. Why should we blame them, if they found a nation of fools who allowed them to do so? . . . Look to that canon, how he gormandizes! is it really tangible matter that he swallows?

Maury. One would say so by looking at him; I believe, however, that every thing is relative and proportioned. The substance of these spirits is, I suppose, susceptible of being blended with another external substance, which allows them to feel pretty nearly the same sensations as men,—with this difference, that the latter combine a portion of it with their own substance to supply the daily losses which the human machine is exposed to, and that the former (having no physical losses to repair) feel external substances acting upon them like a mass of perfumes, or of smoke, momentarily concentrated in a porous body; it gradually and imperceptibly evaporates till not the slightest vestige of it remains. As to the form, it is illusory, I believe, like every thing we see; were it possible for men to come down hither in flesh and blood, I am sure they would perceive nothing but shapeless fogs, instead of the fine things we admire: it is with this as with certain habits we contracted in the world above.

For instance, a man accustomed to live in retirement along with an ugly woman, would never perceive her true ugliness till he compared her with a woman distinguished for beauty. There is no reason to be surprised, therefore, if all these spirits seem enchanted with what they are: on whatever side I turn my eyes, I see none but happy spirits . . . the empire of the senses every where tyrannizing over virtue. . . . .

" Cum maximus omnium impetus ad luxuriam esset."

Inconstancy in love was the sole cause of those scenes of sadness we have already mentioned; they, from time to time, broke the monotony of a happiness too uninterrupted. When we approached to the circular walls, where thousands of mirrors reflected to infinity the magic splendour of the interior, we perceived that most of the latter turned on pivots, and led away to the upper apartments, by means of a charming little stair all covered with Mosaics.

Though these passages were very numerous, they were constantly crowded by the curious of both sexes coming and going; on the ceiling we remarked a triple row of globes of trans-

parent emeralds, which shed a most voluptuous light, similar in all respects to a delightful moonlight. Charming boudoirs were formed along the second corridor, in the thickness of the wall, which was formed of porphyry; a superhuman art had decorated the whole with arabesques, Bacchanalian scenes, and baskets of flowers of polished gold. To the right and left, close to the walls, also appeared little plots of ground, whence sprang the most beautiful and most odoriferous flowers, and the rarest plants of the four quarters of the world, as well as the most delicious fruits; thousands of butterflies of surpassing beauty and variety fluttered about the leaves of this factitious garden.

The boudoirs presented a truly magical appearance. We visited one of them, which by accident was vacant: it contained every thing that the most refined luxury could invent to please an adored mistress. Notwithstanding the crowd of spirits who occupied these boudoirs in their turn, the most perfect order was maintained, and the profoundest mystery enveloped the inhabitants of these charming retreats. . . . How many women entered them radiant with delight, and rushed out all bathed in tears! But, indeed, this was necessarily the

case, for the male spirits might have said with Solomon: "*Whatever my eyes coveted, they enjoyed.*" Every thing in these scenes was subject to the empire of the passions, however extravagant these might be. The Odalisks of this spacious harem, throwing off reserve, and often common decency, thought of nothing but pleasing and seducing. By this means, the consequence of inconstancy was their natural portion. However it might wound their feelings or their vanity, they were permitted to use entreaties and even tears to retain or bring back their lovers; and if they succeeded, they continued to enjoy all the charms of this retreat; but if the women were rejected, they were forced to obey, and begin anew their career in the ivory region; but after all, what they felt here was nothing more than a compensation for what they made others suffer elsewhere.

"If Frederic William, King of Prussia," said Maury, "met Pannowitz in this palace, he would surely have his revenge."

We left this Temple of Venus, but not without feeling some pleasing recollections, as we should have felt had such a scene presented itself to us upon the earth. Louis seized the opportunity to declaim upon the ridiculous

vanity of the great, who make a point of possessing whatever is most rare, rich, or beautiful upon the earth: "What are the museums in the world above," said he, "the cabinets of natural history, the botanic gardens, the luxury of courts, compared to this, which, after all, is nothing more than a part of Hell? It is like the construction of the beaver compared to the workmanship of man." . . . .

We had now got to the highest steps which led to the first story of the most spacious and most sumptuous palace which the human mind ever conceived. A light three times more dazzling than that of the rotunda succeeded the soft and voluptuous obscurity of the avenue of mystery. Independently of the diamond lustres, this light was variegated by globes of every colour, arranged like as many suns at the angles of the arches, which being composed of mirrors of one solid piece, doubly increased the light, and charmed the eye by the refraction of a thousand delightful objects: suites of apartments of every kind appeared on every side, as far as the eye could reach. By the richness displayed in the former scenes, one may easily judge of the splendour and embellishments of these, which, in our opinion, were three times

superior to every thing we had yet seen. What augmented their charms still more, was the great variety spread over every apartment with admirable art; but it would be impossible to give any idea of it, for whole years would not suffice to examine minutely so many master-pieces of art! We cast a glance of admiration upon every thing we saw as we passed along: every saloon was distinguished by the colour of some predominant precious stone, which marked the principal ornaments. It was thus that we saw successively the hall of the Ruby, that of the Sapphire, the Emerald, and so on; in each we admired some astonishing production a thousand times superior to the most sublime effort of the human mind. It was in a rotunda embellished by the Opal that we stopped for a few moments to contemplate the mechanical representation of the mythology of the Pagans, from the time of Rhea to the downfall of the gods of heathenism. Little figures about six inches high, represented most accurately the gestures and actions of men, and displayed to us around the hall, upon a magic table, the war of the Titans, the labours of Hercules, the loves of Jupiter, and other scenes of Pagan story. Franceschi told us that this saloon was connect-

ed with many others of the same kind, where was represented in the same manner the origin of the Chinese, Chaldean, Assyrian, Indian, Egyptian, and other religions, which, according to their traditions, go back to fabulous times: hence, when we went to the Egyptian Hall, we saw with satisfaction the true mysteries of Isis, as well as the tricks played by the priests in conjunction with the kings, to retain the people in proper fear and respect . . . Ossian, translated into Italian by Cesarotti, had been a favorite book of mine at the time of my grandeur, so that nothing could give me more pleasure than a miniature, but exact, representation of the court of Odin, with his three daughters; of the bards and their gods seated upon thrones of clouds, and drinking out of the skulls of their conquered enemies!

It may be easily imagined that these saloons were full of company, and certainly the crowd was great; but there was no pressure nor confusion; the spirits were all dressed in the highest style of elegance, though still suited to the rank and condition of each. It was pleasant to see kings and subjects confounded together in the crowd; the musician by the side of a former queen; the poet with an ex-princess of

the blood; a cardinal with a waiting-maid; a doctor with an abbess. What contrasts! what shocking anomalies! Distinctions or privileges there were none; all were subject to the same law, a prey to the same destiny—such was their fate! . . . Politeness, however, was not banished from their manners, for politeness and good-breeding are indispensable to social order, and without order the most sumptuous palace is but a scene of riot and disgust. From the mysterious halls, we passed on to the saloons of the games of exercise, and from these to the games of hazard: as we saw in them, with few exceptions, the same scenes as accompany such meetings in the sublunary world, I shall pass them in silence,—only I may remark that the players here seemed less agitated than those of the other world; that more than fifty tables were to be seen occupied indiscriminately by princes, priests, officers, merchants, lawyers, and valets; that the women, though displaying their usual propensity to intrigue and coquetry, showed more delicacy than during their lives, for here they were submissive slaves, and imperious mistresses in the world above.

Louis. He who pretended in our former anthill that gaming was a truly hellish pleasure,

broached a very remarkable truth! . . but unfortunately it never corrected any one.

Maury. They have ears, and they will not hear; they have eyes, and they will not see; they have hands, and they will not feel; they have tongues, and they will not speak. Such has man been in all ages!

However anxious I had been in the former regions to fall in with some characters who could satisfy my curiosity by their accounts of the history of their contemporaries, I now felt an equal desire to remain *incognito* in this one, that I might not be distracted from the course of my observations; but in Hell one cannot do according to one's good will and pleasure! Hence was it out of my power to get away from the terrible attack I had to sustain at the general meeting at Politicopolis; but others were still reserved for me in this palace, as will be seen in the sequel.

On leaving the halls of the games of hazard, we found ourselves in the midst of grand banqueting-saloons. Here luxury and effeminacy contended for the mastery. No valets in livery were to be seen; no servants to remove the plates or attend upon the table; no gentleman carver; . . . . every thing was done by

the sudden appearance or disappearance of the desired object. A wish was no sooner formed than it was gratified. It seemed as if nature delighted in lavishing upon this spot all the rarest treasures that human desire could long for, in satisfying the most frantic bursts of passion, and the wildest dreams of the imagination, that the feeling of the enjoyments experienced in this region might render more overwhelming the misery that was soon to succeed them. In this banquet, as upon the earth, toasts were drunk, and some of these we noticed. An abbé rose, and said, "*To woman, the image of the divinity upon earth!*" A parasitical poet—"*To the sublime merit of the illustrious assembly!*" (This toast set the whole company a laughing.) A man, half pope half cut-throat in look, (he wore a tiara, a red cassock like the cardinals, and over it a cuirass, coat of armour, a poniard, and a long dagger,) rose, and said ironically, "*To virtue, if there be any!*" He then emptied his glass, and put his hand under the chin of a handsome woman sitting beside him in the dress of a nun.

"It would seem," said Louis, "that this spirit must have been an infidel during his whole life, and is so still."

Maury. Assuredly: in the firm belief that virtue was a name, that man laid violent hands upon every thing he could reach.

We looked at him attentively, to ascertain who he could be, when Maury instantly found that he was the famous Balthazar Cossa, a Neapolitan, who was Pope for several years by the name of John XXIII. and who had been a pirate in the former part of his life. "The Council of Constance deposed him," said Maury, "and put Martin V. in his place. To learn exactly all that this Cossa did, it would be necessary to read the curious documents drawn up against him by the members of the Council, in which it is stated that he ridiculed sacred things, that he swore like a Turk, said mass with a sneer, and, while occupied in kissing the women, that he preached atheism, and respected neither virginity, nor the sanctity of the marriage tie, nor the barriers of the cloister." . . . .

"Faith," said Louis, "I believe that, since he catches the little nuns even in Hell! . . . But what the devil could they expect by giving the tiara to a pirate?"

At this moment a knight of the reign of

Henry III. rose gravely, and with an air of protection looked towards a lady who was far off and with her back turned towards us, and said, "*I drink the health of the prettiest!*" He then went forward to give her his hand, but another lady of the sixteenth century, who had been but a moment before delighted with the knight's society, rose suddenly and said, half in sorrow and half in anger, "*You cannot surely be capable of such a thing?*" "*Go, Madam,* (replied the other, with the most perfect coolness,) *you have been sufficiently honoured by approaching my person, had it been only for ten minutes.*" After this reply the lady left the hall, sobbing and crying out, "*Great God, what an insult! I who was on the point of marrying a great king!*"

"The devil take the proud fellow," said Louis; and he went forward to see him closer. Curiosity led us to follow him; while the knight had gone up to his new beauty, and was paying her compliments in a stately dignified manner. Louis discovered who he was, came back to us, and said, "Oh! I am not now astonished at the airs that man assumes; he is nothing less than the Duke of Epernon."

Nap. The man who was called the King's wardrobe! *

Louis. The very man; he was pride personified: he was the first who put six horses to his carriage: he dared to treat Louis XIII. as a madman. The lady he packed off is the Marchioness of Verneuil, known by the name of Mademoiselle d'Entragues: if Henry IV. had not been courageously advised at that time, that slut would have become my great-grandmother.

Nap. What, colleague, still touchy upon the subject of *mésalliance!*

Louis. Not in the least; but I would certainly prefer a poor virtuous girl to an abandoned and intriguing woman like this Marchioness! Most certainly, she looked only to the throne, and cared very little for the King personally.

Nap. Let us now see who will be the Duke's new conquest; she seems to belong to this age.

* He got this nickname because he monopolized so many offices to himself. He was in the highest degree haughty and imperious; he required respect even from the princes of the blood, and treated all his inferiors with the loftiest disdain. He was in the carriage of Henry IV. when that good monarch was assassinated, and this gave rise to charges against the Duke.—(EDITOR.)

I approached; the lady perceived me, and exclaimed, "Great God, my brother!" "What, Pauline, is it you?" In her surprise she upset her arm-chair, and pressed me in her arms. Her questions were incessant, and by far too rapid to wait for a reply. I was forced to give a full, circumstantial account of all my misfortunes, from beginning to end, the persecutions I had to endure, and the circumstances attending my death. My poor sister was all in tears. "The chagrin of not being able to save you," said she, "led me to the tomb; but this death is endeared to me, for I am indebted to it for the inexpressible happiness of seeing you again," and she embraced me anew! . . . The Duke, who knew nothing of these soft feelings of the vulgar, was very indignant that his humble slave should have thought fit to leave him without permission; he turned towards her, and said in an imperious tone, "Well, Madam, will you have soon done?" "Sir," replied she proudly, "I have recovered a brother, who has more sense in the shape of his hat than a hundred and fifty fools like you!" After this sharp reply, she turned her back upon him, and forced us to follow her. Astonished at such audacity, D'Epernon stood gaping and motion-

less, and then put his hand to the hilt of his sword. We saw him in this menacing posture as we turned round, and the roar of laughter which we raised showed him how greatly we were afraid of him. Poor Pauline went on with a thousand questions while caressing me. She shuddered with indignation at my account of the sufferings which my jailor at St. Helena made me endure! And her discontent was not less when she learned the insensibility and avarice of Eugene. "My poor brother," said she, "you were betrayed, abandoned by every one, even by your nearest relations! . . . After all, you were nothing more than the cat in the fable; all the monkeys round you employed you to get their share of the chesnuts out of the fire, and the moment you became of no use to them they bent their way back to their dens loaded with booty; and, what was still worse, insulted you in misfortune! . . . In this class I include every one, beginning with my fool of a husband! . . . But it is true that he was at all times a silly, careless, and good-for-nothing kind of a man! . . . But what became of Eugene, of Bernadotte, your brothers, your marshals, and your dukes?"

Louis. Madam, be consoled: they did what

they would do again in a moment, if my dynasty were to be dethroned, and another fortunate conqueror, were he an Algerine, to seize the throne of France.

Maury. It is now well known that one sole moving power disposes imperiously of the actions of men—*interest:* if you reflect upon this principle, you will find it to be a justification of all human weaknesses. You yourself, Madam, surrounded, during your lifetime, with opulence and flattery, say at this moment, if your heart ever envied the charm of private virtues—if you ever found pleasure in contemplating philosophical truths! The wife of a man, who, notwithstanding his incapacity, was the depositary of the happiness of a whole nation, did you never reflect upon the duties imposed on you by your situation? If an honest and enlightened minister (a very rare thing), during the time you were sovereign of Turin, had held the following language to you: "Madam, the Prince, your husband, is continually immersed in sloth and libertinage, and not only neglects the happiness of his subjects, but allows them to be oppressed, loaded with taxes, and exposed to every grievance and discontent. As he cares little for the general blame he incurs, is deaf to

the voice of honour, and insensible to the charms of glory, I despair of ever seeing him yield an attentive ear to the counsels of wisdom. Have, then, the goodness to take this honourable task upon yourself, and, renouncing a part of the frivolous occupations of your sex, devote some hours daily to the business of the state; we will aid you with our experience; you will gain in esteem and public affection what you will lose in amusements and frivolous pleasures!"—What would have been your reply to such a proposal: "Oh, Sir! what is this you propose? it is my husband who is governor, and it is his business to arrange those things. I have plenty else to do with my milliners, my *cecisbeos*, my grand parties, my operas, and my *villeggiature*."

Pauline. Ah, Cardinal! you are very malicious; I confess that I would not have liked to trouble myself with affairs of state; but neither would I have shown so much frivolity as you have been pleased to give me! . . . I was fond of pleasure and pomp; I was even rather haughty; but yet when misfortune came, I was seen to bear it courageously. The Roman nobility, particularly the cardinals, were witnesses that I never uttered a word that was

unworthy of the sister of Napoleon! I was, perhaps, the only person of our whole family who was ready to sell every thing, to sacrifice every thing, if the slightest chance of being useful had presented itself.

Nap. I learned all that, my dear Pauline, and was highly pleased with your conduct. Yet you cannot help admitting that you were very sorry when Chandelier resolved on coming to me at St. Helena, and that, if you had not been restrained by a feeling of shame, you would have very willingly prevented him going!

Pauline. Ah, brother, do not blame me for a momentary weakness! In regard to that, I must inform you that my health was then considerably deteriorated, and that man was the only cook who knew the sort of diet suitable to my position.

Nap. Say no more about it.

The interest we had felt in communicating our respective misfortunes had so engrossed us, that we had now imperceptibly reached very far into the interior of the palace, and had passed unnoticed a great number of remarkable objects; but here my attention was fixed by the appearance of a large saloon, all full of moveable Pyrique fires. They were admirably

shaded with every possible variety of colour, and the greater part represented the disorders of nature with alarming truth and correctness! There we saw exterminating clouds; here the effects of lightning were displayed with all the singular phenomena of electricity; water-spouts, ravaging a fertile country; hail-storms; impetuous hurricanes, overthrowing buildings and forests; earthquakes, swallowing up whole cities; and volcanoes, whose burning lava re-produced similar disasters to those of Pompeiá and Herculaneum. On the other side, we saw the highest and most celebrated mountains of the earth, disfigured by precipices, torrents, avalanches, and all the horrors of wild and unformed nature; further on, we saw the sea in a storm, extending its ravages on every side, and threatening the earth with the return of chaos. . . . In another maritime scene, we admired a perfect calm; the horizon announced the setting sun; women of dazzling beauty came out of the bosom of the deep, and, grouped round the foot of a rock covered with moss and shell-fish, invited the passengers of a vessel to take part in their sports. Seduced by so many charms, these men landed upon the rock . . But the sky became instantly

obscured, the sea began to rage, lightning played furiously through the air, and the enchanters were nothing but horrible monsters, who devoured the too credulous travellers ! . . . On another scene we remarked a vast field covered with sceptres, crowns, and rich ornaments broken to pieces ; we also distinguished tiaras, turbans, coats of armour, ensigns of heraldry, the whole heaped up confusedly with human bones. . . . . The sole animated beings who seemed to survive on this soil of desolation were a frail old man, covered with rags, scarcely able to stand up, and holding by the rags of a woman as decrepit as himself, who was a little before him ; instead of a staff the woman leaned on a long trumpet, the tube of which touched the ground. They were both making fruitless efforts to come up with a serpent which was crawling slowly a little before them. Some moments were thus spent ; but at length the old man fell, and mingled his own bones with those he was lately treading upon. Freed from her load, the old woman lifted up her wrinkled forehead, hastily pulled off the rags with which she was covered, and like another chrysalis, leaving her worn-out skin, appears only as a young winged female, scarcely

covered with a slight tunic, who instantly seizes the dazzling trumpet, mounts, and disappears in the air! The serpent then lays hold of the end of his tail with his mouth, forms himself into a circle, and rolls along the whole surface of the field of destruction; the scattered wrecks are soon fixed to the reptile, and become part of its proper substance: lately so small and diminutive, it now becomes a monstrous giant, till, at length, having no longer any harvest of wrecks to gather, it rises from the ground, and loses itself in the distance, among thick clouds! Profound darkness succeeds these objects of sadness; but gradually vivid and pure flames burst forth from amidst the darkness, and join the upper part of the picture. This point displays for a moment a torrent of light, which constantly ascending, seems to rise to regions which the smallness of the frame prevented us from perceiving, whilst the fires that escape seem to repel the darkness into a bottomless abyss. . . . Out of the crowd around us, that was continually going and returning, not one deigned to cast an eye of attention upon this terrifying allegory; every one was occupied with his enjoyment of the present, in the midst of luxury, abundance, and

the gratification of the senses, and was little disposed to form ideas of sadness, still less of repentance! Pauline alone, witness of the terror with which we were seized, shed tears abundantly, leaned on my arm, and seemed to claim my protection. Louis was also much affected; he durst not give vent to the disorder of his ideas. . . . Maury thus broke the silence that reigned: "What must be the infatuation of mankind upon the earth, since here it shows itself in all its violence and blindness! What mean those men devoured by deceitful Syrens—those convulsions of nature—that field covered with remains, on which was expiring the last man of the human race, whom every thing abandoned, even the memory of his fate! What means that serpent, without beginning and without end, which, swollen by the spirits of all past ages, disappeared in eternal darkness? Oh eternity! if thy aspect makes the just man shudder, with what terror ought thou not to inspire the wicked! There every thing was involved in confusion, every thing had gone back to chaos and oblivion! The worm that feeds on the spirits of mortality is on a level with sceptres, crowns, tiaras, and all the monuments of the pride of men! But, Oh,

impenetrable decrees of too much unheeded Providence! The most sublime portion of those very men escapes the common fate of created things, and prolongs its existence in a new hemisphere! . . . How is this? It is because this sublime portion is the direct emanation of the creative, vivifying, and regulating force, not only of the grain of earth which we call the terraqueous globe, but of all those millions of lucid and opaque bodies which fill up the infinity of space. It is because it is imperishable, like the Grand Cause that created it! . . Oh immensity! Oh man! mixture of clay and the divine essence!"

Whilst we were plunged in these mournful reflections, we heard loud bursts of laughter rise up beside us: Maury was so indignant that he cried out, transported with zeal, "Begone, ye profane!"—It was a joyous band of fops and coquettes, who were deceased at the close of the last and the beginning of the present century, who brought in their train an ample stock of pironettes, glissades, puns, jokes, rebusses, and other nonsense, and were planning, they said, a tour of the garden.

The attack of Maury only increased their gaiety; they ridiculed him, and each, as he

passed along, discharged his pun or epigram at the cardinal, amidst the loudest bursts of laughter . . . . Maury was but a fool in their eyes; but he was soon consoled. I asked Pauline if she knew the garden these thoughtless people talked of. She said she did not; but Franceschi informed us that it was the last portion of the region, the *ne plus ultra* of perfection and enchantment—reputed to be ten times superior to Eden, and the strongest, as it was the last enjoyment, of the Spirits of the Wheel of Fortune. "As all the information I can give you," added he, "will not come within a hundredth part of what you will see with your own eyes, I shall leave you all the pleasure of surprise.

We came to a long corridor on leaving the saloon, which was also placed at one of the sides of the grand palace. The crowd there was greater than any where else; but we observed that not a single man turned back, while we met a great many women. They marched so rapidly that we could not help thinking that they had been abandoned by their lovers, and were forced to retreat to the ivory region. Franceschi confirmed our conjecture; and told us that, except in particular cases, the moment a woman entered the garden, she could expect

nothing but a speedy return to an inferior region.

"Surely," said I, "this law is not general, for there are women here who merit very different proportions of punishment."

Fran. That is very true; the thermometer of their punishment is the length of their stay in the palace; the less they have remained, the more faults is it thought that they have committed. Several, such as the thoughtless coquets, remain whole years here; those who have been indifferent from calculation, all the selfish, ungrateful, and arrogant, are constantly employed in moving from top to bottom and from bottom to top. It is impossible to tell exactly the sufferings of the women expelled from this region; but I know positively, that their sorrow is as strong as that of a princess who should be degraded to the rank of a servant. There is also another particular that is worthy of remark: it is, that all these women are completely ignorant of the fate which awaits the men who enter the garden; they see them disappear without knowing either the cause of their disappearance, or what becomes of them afterwards.

Pauline did not hear our conversation, for

she was talking with Maury concerning the beauty of some Eastern ladies who were passing at the time. I abstained from communicating to her the secret of the *Marsh*, to avoid afflicting her, for she might meet with many of her friends and near relations in these scenes, and would be deeply affected by knowing of their melancholy fate. The corridor we passed through was also worthy of notice. Along the wall nothing was to be seen but petrefactions, stalactites, magnificent shells, and most curious insects, that might have been mistaken for real, and which were but formed in Mosaic: at regular distances we met statues of choice marble (of every variety of colour) representing fauns and satyrs in grotesque attitudes; most of them, with a malicious smile, seemed to sneer at the passers by. Among the shells swarmed an immense number of *daturas*. I asked Maury if he knew the plant; he told me that the motto given it was that of the *charmes trompeurs (deceitful charms.)** The light in this passage was very sombre, or rather there was none at all, for the

* Its perfume exhales by night; it stifles those whom it attracts. (*See Fleurs Emblematiques*, par Madame de Latour.)

only light perceived came from a prodigious quantity of fire-flies, who fluttered among the plants, whilst others were hanging to the ceiling, and sparkled like stars. When we reached the extremity of this corridor, we saw before us the opening of a grotto entirely formed of masses of rock crystal. Thousands of prisms of wonderful brilliancy sprung from them, which astonished us the more that we could not imagine how they obtained their light, as the grotto was tortuous, and no where contained any luminous or phosphoric body. The path was entirely of gold sand, and presented a gentle ascent; passages at the sides (which we perceived here and there) allowed us to hear sometimes confused murmurs, produced by subterraneous and invisible cascades; sometimes plaintive and lengthened sounds, now close at hand, now heard at a distance, which were produced by Eolian harps concealed in the depth of the crevices. These sounds, at times harmonious, but frequently discordant, presented something extremely affecting! . . . . Each of us looked at his neighbour in silence, and cast an eye of pity upon the multitude by whom we were surrounded. These spirits thought themselves happy; they did every

thing to be so! . . . . Gallant compliments, jokes, bons-mots, and whispering, were not neglected; but at length a distant light struck our eyes; a soft and voluptuous music came instead of the melancholy sounds of the Eolian harps. . . . . We entered—Oh, unexpected sight!—The vivifying star of the world—the soul of nature—the master-piece of divine power—the sun, in short, displayed itself to our astonished eyes, suspended to the azured vault, and dressed in all his magnificence! Surprised at such a sight, so far beyond my anticipation, I forgot the place I inhabited, and involuntarily my knees bent under me. "Rise, (said Maury to me hastily, but in a whisper) this is nothing more than an illusion, like every thing we have seen. Can you really think that this is the real sun? know you not that we are on a point totally separated from the planetary system? What do you imagine to be the circumference of that sun? . . . . It cannot, at the utmost, exceed two thousand five hundred feet, which is not near the circumference of the tower. It is out of my power to tell you how it is there, or by what physical laws it dispenses such a brilliant light; but it seems to me that if we could at

this moment enjoy our privileges as elect, our ascent would, in less than the twinkling of an eye, go far beyond it; its distance from this platform cannot be more than three thousand toises. . . . . In short, if it had been a real sun, we should have perceived it from the very centre of Politicopolis, in spite of the fogs; whilst it never appeared to us, even on the dykes of the marsh! Then look to the horizon that surrounds this marvellous garden, and what do you perceive?

Nap. Fogs, fogs, nothing but fogs!

Maury. Well, that informs you that this deceitful light (which is a kind of parallax) is destined only to illumine the circumference of the garden, to increase the credulity and blind confidence of these material spirits, and to intoxicate them with every species of enjoyment, even that of the sight of the celestial light, that they may seem to have gained every thing at the moment they have every thing to lose! It is like the criminal who sees his smallest desire gratified the evening before his execution!

Louis and Pauline, at the highest pitch of delight and enchantment, examined with fascinated eyes the whole prospect presented by the Edën of Tartarus, for they had not heard a

single word of our conversation. Maury and I went over a considerable part of the garden, for we were desirous of seeing from what point the invisible springs began their action. We perceived nothing but gaiety, magnificence, delicious scites, beautiful specimens of architecture, sculpture, hydraulic engines, lakes, fish-ponds, works in masonry, and particularly a grand *jet d'eau*, which, at a distance, looked like one of Baldaquin's plumes, formed of feathers of all colours. Nothing could be more surprising, more magical than the effect of this prismatic fountain! We advanced towards it, to examine it more attentively.

We came first to a circular piece of green-sward, which imitated the Iris by its variegated colours; a most delicious perfume exhaled from it! A circular avenue then appeared, formed of silver sand, scattered with pieces of sapphires and rubies. Louis remarked that if this avenue was at this moment at the Thuileries, it would be cleared away as seditious. This idea amused us. We then saw a range of groves adorned with every sort of rare and oderiferous flower, always fresh, always newly watered; thousands of birds, with plumages dazzling with the gayest colours, and constantly warbling their melodious

notes. Beyond these groves there rose, to the admiration of the curious, a bank (also circular) of pearls, madrepores, corals, and crystals, representing, with admirable perfection, all the rarest productions of the ocean. Never had any naturalist formed such an idea, for the objects represented have been concealed in the depth of unknown seas for thousands of ages. We also noticed shells in the form of sledges, all formed of one single piece of pearl, coral, or aigue-marine. This rich bank was bathed by a noiseless river, as transparent as the purest crystal, in which fish, unknown elsewhere, dazzled the eye by the brilliancy of their scales, all formed of precious stones: rays of light emanated vividly from them, though they were at the bottom of the waters. On this stream we admired light barks of rose and cedar wood, adorned with gold, silver, and purple, in which the idle spirits of both sexes, elegantly dressed, amused themselves with every kind of game, with every pleasure that could be found in a pleasure-party in such a delicious situation. We crossed the stream in one of these barks, without the aid of oars; they obeyed the will of him who directed the helm, by which their quickness or slowness was determined. We

landed among a crowd of little towns in miniature, all formed of alabaster, agate, cornelian, porphyry, and *verd antique*, representing along the circumference the principal masterpieces of ancient architecture, of which no vestiges remain in our days—such as the Temple of Jupiter Olympus; the Temple of Delos; that of Ephesus; ancient Babylon; Nineveh; several capital cities of India; several Egyptian cities; then those of Latium, Alba Longa, and even Novogorod. These monuments were all proportioned to the size of the objects they represented, the smallest being ten feet in height;—thus the tower of Belus (formerly existing at Babylon) might be eighty-five feet high, and eighteen in circumference.* I confess that I took great pleasure in visiting the smallest details of these monuments, and in correcting, by the assistance of Maury, a host of errors published by badly informed historians. On leaving this assemblage of miniature towns, our eyes turned with delight to a platform, gently convex, in the guise of a hill, where nature, a thousand times more prolific than in any other scene, displayed its innumerable treasures of

* This tower is said to have been the loftiest ever known.

flowers, fruits, shrubs, bowers, sombre groves, streams, quadrupeds of every species, even the most ferocious, who here were as mild as lambs, and disappeared at the slightest order. Almost all these animals served to amuse the three hundred thousand idle spirits spread over the hill. Thus I saw a German princess amusing herself by floating suspended to the claws of two eagles; African women who were galloping on tigers and lions. We then saw a young and handsome Mussulman, effeminately reclining by the side of Eleonora of Guienne,* in an arbour of moss, covered with roses and jes-

* This princess, the wife of Louis VII., and afterwards mother of Richard Cœur de Lion, was, according to historians, a model of beauty: unfortunately, the qualities of her heart were not in harmony with the perfection of her features. She was wicked, revengeful, and depraved. She knew nothing but the sensual part of love; never did any delicate sentiment enter her breast. It is related that the Sultan Saladin (a humane and generous prince) made an unparalleled effort of memory to please her. He learned the French language in a fortnight. But he who reigned imperiously over the heart of Eleonora, during her stay at Antioch, was a young Turk of uncommon beauty, whom she was not ashamed to follow wherever he went, loading him with caresses, even in presence of the indignant Christians. Louis divorced her, and she then married Henry II.—(Editor.)

samines, who seemed to be enchanted at being drawn by two enormous serpents, speckled with a thousand colours. At the centre of this hill majestically rose the famous fountain. It was surrounded by a triple balustrade of gold, opals, and lapis lazuli, artistly mingled together, and reflecting back the light in a thousand delightful forms. The spirits crowded round the balustrade, but none but men were allowed to pass it, and then they only entered one by one, by twelve different passages round the balustrade. It required a very keen eye to observe these passages, among the three rows of pillars closely joined together. The moment the number twelve was completed, no one could enter till a new vacancy occurred. We saw the following scene during our visit to the prismatic fountain. Scarcely had the twelve candidates passed the barrier, before a concert of ravishing but invisible voices was heard. The song of the Bards did not produce more enthusiasm upon the Scandinavian warriors than these etherial hymns produced on the spirits, already but too much inclined to vain glory! Each of them considered it to be the praise of his own triumph—and what a triumph! twelve privileged spirits reaching the highest

honours of the place, and surrounded by a countless multitude of excluded people, envious of their prodigious happiness! (such was at least the general opinion.) The space they had to pass over, before they reached the *jet d'eau*, was occupied by a meadow, enamelled with every species of flower, as delightful to the eye as the smell. It was six hundred paces in diameter, so that each candidate had only three hundred paces to go to reach the centre. The competitors sprung forward in the chase, with a rapidity above human power: in proportion as they approached the goal an infinity of dazzling sparks sprung from the flowery soil, and hung round the immortals; then, bedizened with stars, and resplendent in glory, they mounted by twelve golden steps upon triumphal cars (similar to the cars of the Romans), the backs of which were bent towards the great basin, wholly formed of rock crystal. They turned their delighted eyes for a moment towards the gaping crowd, and sprung upon the enchanted cascade. Let one fancy twelve *jets d'eau* united in clusters, each of a dazzling colour, and rising to a height of fifteen hundred toises; bodies enamelled with sparkling fires then mingling with them, and following their ascending and de-

scending movement for a few minutes, and one will form a somewhat near idea of the appearance which this phenomenon produced. Unanimous shouts burst from the spectators during the display; each would have wished to have been an actor in the scene! But contemptuous sneers and laughter soon succeeded the melodious voices we had heard. . . . . The sparks had disappeared. . . . . "Can this be," said I to Maury, "one of the paths that lead to the marsh?"

Maury. There can be no doubt of it. The desire of doing and of appearing more than others, torments men here as every where else; as they cannot satisfy their ambition by commanding their fellow-creatures as masters (for all are equal) they seek for it by making a display of themselves, and what is truly extraordinary, by allowing the crowd to attribute to their own merit what is but the mere result of the laws of destiny. I am sure that the first battle you gained, where you were commander-in-chief, did not give you half the satisfaction these spirits feel at their ascent in a *jet d'eau!*

Nap. My satisfaction embraced much greater results than the ephemeral success of a battle. I aimed at the establishment of a grand system,

of which all future generations would regard me as the founder. I was so careless of the trifling details of my situation, that I never appeared in triumph in any of the capitals which I conquered; I almost always entered them incognito. I was desirous that the people should learn that I was arrived, without noticing my arrival. I remember that at the surrender of Mantua, France and Italy were astonished at learning that a young man, favoured by victory, had allowed Augereau to receive all the military honours, by receiving the sword of old Marshal Wurmser,* who defiled before him with all his staff, followed by the garrison of the place. . . . I had set out for Bologna the day before.

* Napoleon had a high esteem for this old Marshal. When he delivered to General Klenau the Articles of the Capitulation of Mantua, he wrote on the margin:—"If Marshal Wurmser surrenders in three days, he shall have these terms: if he surrenders in a fortnight, in a month, in three months, he shall still have the same conditions. He may hold out till he has come to his last morsel of bread."—Wurmser was grateful for so much magnanimity, and had soon an opportunity of repaying it, by saving the life of his conqueror, for he gave him timely information of some priests in Romagna having formed a plot expressly to assassinate the French general.—(Editor.)

Whilst we were conversing, another contest of the same kind began with twelve new candidates; but I had no desire to see it, and descended the hill in another direction. When I reached the groves, where the spirits were amusing themselves with brutes, I heard a feminine voice behind calling to me in these words: "*Who is at this moment the first woman in the world?*" I had no occasion to turn round to recognise Madame de Staël.

"I shall not say to you," replied I, "*it is she who has given birth to the greatest number of children*, for here the charms of maternity are not known, much less the necessity of employing men on the field of battle; but I shall say on the other hand, it is she who has found the means of pursuing me in both worlds."

Mad. de St. Now, at least, you will not say that I was guided by ambition and intrigue.

Nap. No; but only by the desire of having a little petty revenge.

Mad. de St. No, Sire! I declare that you are mistaken. Must I tell you my weakness? I was always your most ardent admirer. The fond dream of connecting myself with you, and of appearing to have some influence in your private councils, pursued me during my whole

life; unfortunately I could never succeed in obtaining a hearing! My fruitless wishes did not reach the throne of the first sovereign in the world; the more I approached your person, the more you affected to shun me; things were pushed to such a point that I was forced to leave your court, and carry over the world my bitter chagrin, with the melancholy reflection that you had judged me under false impressions, and that your judgment was irrevocable! . . . . This is all the vengeance I meditated, if ever I should meet you. . . . . Disappointed in my hopes, I attached myself to every one connected with you, either by the ties of blood or by political relations. At Geneva I succeeded in obtaining the friendship of your brother, Prince Joseph, who has proved to me, on a thousand occasions, how much I could rely on his kindness. . . . . I also became intimate with Benjamin Constant, an upright, enlightened patriot, and a man of eminent talent, though sometimes ill-advised;* it was to him that I communicated my sorrows. Surely such connections do not prove that I was

* He it was who drew up the fatal *Acte Additionnel* (at the *Champ de Mai*) which raised the Emperor such a number of enemies.—(EDITOR.)

your enemy; if my works have dropped some little bitterness against you, it arose from the morbid feeling of a heart abandoned by the object which it adores! You were the only man for whom I would sacrifice my opinions, and almost my conscience! . . . . When I wrote to Fouché that I would be *white or black* for you, as you chose, I really thought that every thing ought to be done to preserve you on the throne, for I foresaw that the happiness of France would be grievously endangered, if ever the ancient dynasty resumed their former power. . . . .

Louis. Madam, Madam, do you forget that I hear all you are saying? For God's sake spare my sensibility, at least, if you do not think fit to spare my vanity.

Mad. de St. Sire, I read in your looks the pleasing irony of your remark; and, at any rate, if truth were to offend you in this world, I should not have had the pleasure of seeing you by the side of the man whom you would have had most to fear.

Louis. You are perfectly right; there is a great difference between Louis XVIII., King of France, and Louis of Politicopolis.

Nap. Since you boast of being candid, one

confession merits another; the fact is, that during my life I never met a woman of equal merit to yourself! The admiration I felt for your talents excited fears in me, that soon degenerated into envy; now I confess it. If you had been an ordinary woman, we should have been the best friends in the world; but in my position, I would never have suffered any person of talent near me who could have appeared to eclipse my own . . . I remember that after the conquest of Holland (where Bernadotte acquired such a brilliant military reputation) I was seized with a violent fit of jealousy, and recalled him, with all his staff and most distinguished officers, among whom were Drouot and Dubourg. When Bernadotte appeared before me, instead of praising his conduct, I said to him, with an angry tone, these very words: "*I acknowledge no glory but what comes from myself.*" I recovered from my fit of passion in a few hours, and was sorry that I showed such plain marks of selfishness; but the thing was done; and I would have taken good care not to retract it! . . . It was the same feeling in regard to you, Madam; once I had got into my head that you were a dangerous woman: you might have wrought miracles, but I never

would have consented to give you any influence, much less to listen patiently to your counsels; yet you must confess that you did every thing in your power to cause me umbrage. When you were at Dijon, your house became the rendezvous of all the turbulent spirits of the capital; people went off on purpose to see you;—eager to please you, idolatrous admirers of your literary merits, they shared in your feelings towards me, and exaggerated the sarcasms and *bon-mots*, the epigrams and calumnies, of which I was the object. I was forced to exile you to a more distant place. When you were at Coppet, I was told that you wrote plays, of which you performed the principal characters yourself. I did not believe a word of it, and you never ceased to appear in my eyes as a dangerous conspirator. Ambition was the sole cause (on my return from Elba) of your attempting to get reconciled to me, by employing my brother Joseph and Fouché to persuade me to receive you. The desire of giving your daughter the title of Duchess of Broglie, with a portion of two millions, led you to write that you would be *white or black* for me. Justice imperiously commanded me not to consent. If I had made France pay the money due to the

Minister Necker, your father, all the wealth she possesses would not have been sufficient to satisfy the host of claims that would have been made.

Mad. de St. Let him amongst us, who has not been ambitious, throw the first stone!

Our conversation still continued, when we perceived a procession of cars drawn by wild beasts coming towards us; in the two foremost were two personages I had no difficulty in recognizing. The one was Castlereagh; his coursers were four huge monkeys, richly harnessed: the other was Schwartzenberg,* drawn by two bears, black and white, of prodigious size. They stopped on seeing me, whilst the rest went on their way. . . . . Amongst the ladies, who were driving past us in their cars, Madame de Staël recognized Claudine, Countess of Tournon, who massacred the Protestants in the sixteenth century. She was drawn by four wolves. Anne Marie des Ursins, Duchess of

* Schwartzenberg obtained the rank of Marshal at Napoleon's express desire; and this was not the only benefit he received from him; yet he fought against his benefactor without restriction or remorse. Speaking of him once, Napoleon said that he had not talent enough to command six thousand men.—(Editor.)

Bracciano,* was drawn by foxes and ostriches. Several female authors, whom I cared nothing about, were drawn by various animals. The latter were distinguished from the rest, by a flock of blackbirds, magpies, jays, and parrots, who hovered round their cars. . . .. Then came another car containing two spirits, whose sex it was very difficult to tell, for their dress and looks were so equivocal; however, they were discovered to be females. Madame de Staël, who had become acquainted with one of them, since her descent from the tower, said that it was Christina of Sweden ;† that amphi-

* This haughty, intriguing, and ambitious woman, after being the cause of infinite misfortunes, (she was the confidant of Madame de Maintenon) succeeded, when at the court of Rome, in being appointed Camerera Mayor at the court of Philip V. Wearied with her intrigues, that monarch dismissed her at last, and the favourite went to end her days on the first theatre of her exploits, where she died in 1722, at the age of eighty.

† D'Alembert says that " this daughter of Gustavus Adolphus (who died at Rome, in 1689) was suspicious and mistrustful, ambitious, violent, impatient, haughty, cruel, irreligious, and atheistical; she was of a hot and impetuous temperament, that inclined her to love; but she stifled her desires from pride. A musician, whom she was very fond of, left her, to go to the court of the King of

bious Queen, half man, half woman, modest and arrogant, frivolous and philosophical, religious and atheistical, who was tormented during her whole life by a most imperious propensity to love, and yet refrained from it from pride! If she yielded once, it was only to command a man to be murdered. She was accompanied by a celebrated female warrior, a daughter of the North like herself, the intrepid Ulasta, who, at the head of an army of Amazons, bravely fought the troops of Prezemislas, Duke of Bohemia, and found a glorious death on the field of battle. How beautiful she appeared in my eyes! I could not help feeling a sentiment of enthusiasm towards this masculine beauty! "There," said I to the Baroness, "is the woman who might have successfully made an agreement with me." . . . She gracefully guided four bounding stags. We soon lost sight of her. . . . I thought that Castlereagh and Schwartzenberg were gone, but I saw with surprise that they had dismissed their equipages, and were preparing to accost me; I wished to spare them the trouble of making the first ad-

Sardinia, when she wrote that she would take good care that he should henceforth sing no more for any one. And she kept her promise."—(EDITOR.)

vances. " Gentlemen, in spite of all our efforts in the world above to gain intelligence of every thing, we were far from guessing this; and I wager that you, particularly, Lord Castlereagh, would not have been so bent on my destruction, if you had foreseen that the last result of your operations was to make you share the common fate in the other world, and perhaps the chance of endless regret!"

Castle. In the position I was placed, even the certainty of my future lot could not have made me deviate from the system I had adopted. Circumstances alone led me to play a part upon the political scene; my own talents would, of themselves, have been insufficient to draw me out of obscurity! Most of these circumstances were produced by yourself, Sire! If you had not begun to sap the foundations of your own power, neither the gold of my country, nor the personal hatred which my partisans vowed against you, nor my intrigues with the cabinets of Europe, would have been able to shake your throne.

Nap. I admit that I contributed to my fall by my own faults; I am convinced that I owe to my ambition, and, if you will, to false arrangements, all the evils I personally endured,

and all those that afflict the nations overwhelmed by my downfall; but you should not draw from this any justification of your own conduct.

Castle. I am not offering any justification; I am stating facts, and I maintain that, as we had formed a coalition to dethrone you, we could only succeed by corrupting the good faith of others, by spreading false reports, by attributing intentions to you which you never had, and by gradually exciting the nations against the idol whom they were ready to fall down and worship. I maintain much more than this:—that we had no choice in the means to be adopted. You had on your side the monopoly of liberal ideas, and those of royalty. To make the people, influenced by you, believe that they would be freer under the rule of the European powers would have been lost trouble; nobody would have believed it. To tell them that the power exercised by these same powers was much better than yours, would have been a barefaced falsehood. The ascending movement given to all classes of society, to all men of merit without birth,—the prosperity which France enjoyed—the eternal monuments raised by your genius over the whole surface of the empire and the

kingdom of Italy, would have been evidence too clear and convincing of the general well-being. We had therefore nothing to do, but to wait till time and your own faults should give us a favourable opportunity of playing our batteries. My predecessor, Pitt, had already prepared immense materials: I had the temerity to form the resolution of imitating him; but I ought to have had the extent of his genius, and this I was very far from possessing. Like him, I cherished a great deal of jealousy, and consequently of hatred, against the French nation; like him, I had laid it down as a principle, that liberal institutions belonged exclusively to England, and should be solely used by her. Surrounded by nations of slaves, England would have been the sovereign of those nations: surrounded by free and flourishing nations, she would have been nothing more than their equal; and it is known to be an aristocratical maxim, that the happiness of several millions should be sacrificed for the advantage of a small number of the privileged classes. France thought fit to break the mouldy yoke of her institutions: she was not satisfied with organizing a Representative Government upon moderate bases, but entirely overturned the ancient order of

things; so that England, formerly the centre of knowledge and legal liberty, had become, in the eyes of the Republicans, a power distinguished for its aristocratic feelings, and almost for its tyranny! We felt the consequences of the deliverance of a populous, warlike, and enthusiastic nation. Too much circumscribed to oppose it by open force, Pitt harassed it by internal insurrections. Your brilliant star appeared: it seemed that it ought to have appeased and conciliated every hostile feeling. . . . but in our view of things, the case was worse than ever: France organized and united, victorious, and predominating over the destinies of all Europe, seemed to us an enemy much more dangerous than Republican France, where the seeds of discord we sowed multiplied a hundred-fold. After Pitt's death, I was all at once invested with the important duty of continuing his labours. Without those principles, I never should have entered the ministry. . . I was now obliged to play a very important part, by becoming the soul and council of all the powers whose interests you had injured. The powers escaped from me from time to time, and turned towards the sun; but I soon laid hold of them anew, by flattering their

passions, and by presenting to them the point of honour on one side and degradation on the other. In spite of all my exertions, I was at one time so totally powerless that I thought my cause was irrecoverably ruined. The Spanish war revived my hopes: it was of no small importance to us to have in our interests a whole nation thirsting for remorseless vengeance, against such a powerful enemy. From that moment I date the ascendancy the British Government resumed in the political balance of Europe. In this respect, England owes you eternal gratitude. It was a fine thing for us to declare ourselves openly the protectors of a just war—the defenders of the oppressed—the knights errant of the law of nations! Hence we gained more than ever the esteem and confidence of your enemies. Some years of perseverance; the divisions and faults of a great many of your generals; the oppression with which they overwhelmed a people already irritated, and eager for revenge; the want of talent of the king you forced upon the Spaniards; the constancy and devotedness of our troops; the personal courage of their commanders (much more than their talents), finally crowned our efforts with signal success. In-

stead of occupying yourself, heart and soul, in repairing this first check, you seemed to take pleasure in calling upon bad fortune. You undertook the expedition to Russia; Alexander had long been in our interest, although he was in amity with you in appearance; much more, I reckoned in my ranks Metternich, the minister of a sovereign who was doubly allied to your person, and who should have been the last person in the world to aid in your destruction. . . . To the profound dissimulation of that diplomatist am I indebted for the greater part of our success. After the elements and (I may say it now) your imprudence had destroyed the finest and most formidable army ever known in history—my pride became greater than my judgment—I should even have been sorry to see an attempt at pacification; England seemed to me above all nations, and I considered myself above all England. The interests of my own country seemed to me of very little importance compared to the extraordinary influence and renown I acquired in Europe! My name was in every newspaper; sovereigns hastened to make me the most confidential communications, lavished praise and honour upon me, and daubed me over with orders and ribbons; I thought I

was another David, and had singly brought down the formidable giant! . . . . "They dare not take any step," thought I, "without consulting me! It is I who have found the treasure, and who can distribute it according to my will and pleasure: it will be strange, indeed, if I cannot claim for my own share whatever I please, and when I choose!" Absorbed with such flattering ideas, I dozed over my pretended glory, and thought only of becoming the general distributor of the spoils of the common enemy; but, instead of rewarding merit, instead of indemnifying the nations that had suffered in the struggle, I became the clerk, the cashier, and the benefactor of—*the sovereigns!* I enriched the wealthy, protected the powerful, and strengthened the pride of the proud! . . . . I dreamt of nothing but grandeur, nobility, and honours! . . . . I blushed more than once because I belonged to a nation of traders; and in France, particularly, I constantly maintained that it was an error to believe that England owed its power and prosperity to its commerce! . . . . I could by one single word have rendered a hundred millions of people happy, but the interest of the *Holy Alliance* prevailed; I was shown so much gra-

titude, and such high consideration, that I could not refuse to give my signature to all the acts made to produce the degradation of nations!

Never will history furnish another instance of a minister who was the representative of a nation proud of its liberty, and yet who fought violently against the liberty of other nations under the pretext of liberating them from oppression! —of a minister who betrayed the confidence of his own sovereign, acted contrary to his purest intentions, paralysed his generous feelings, from no other cause than a childish vanity, a schoolboy's revenge! . . . of a minister, in short, who acquired a high reputation, good or bad, by acting contrary to the interests of his own country, and consequently against the general will. If the opinion of every Englishman had been taken individually, there would not have been found forty persons on my side! Whatever hatred the English may feel against the French, they would have preferred a mutual accommodation that we might all have marched against the oligarchy, rather than yielding to the frivolous desire of a foolish vengeance, prejudicial to the dignity as well as prosperity of their country! It is in this sense that I may boast of having acquired celebrity.

Nap. Erostrates acquired it at a much cheaper rate by burning the temple of Ephesus! I shall not now repeat useless and ill-timed charges respecting your conduct to me personally: whoever appreciates a generous sentiment, a lofty mind, inaccessible to petty passions, will always throw the blame upon you, when he learns with what cruelty you and your partisans tormented the last moments of an enemy, who, vanquished by the fortune of war, gave himself up to your generosity; of an enemy whose *sacred character* had been admitted by all the powers of the civilized world; who, incapable of acting contrary to the laws of honour, would always have considered as an inviolable benefit the voluntary asylum he chose among his most formidable antagonists. To allude merely at the present moment to your interests at the time, I shall prove to you that my removal, as well as my imprisonment in the Island of St. Helena, was the greatest blunder you ever advised your Government to commit. First of all, how honourable would have been for me, as well as for you, the agreement of noble and generous sentiments, which would have dictated an opposite course! . . . On one hand, a powerful enemy, overthrown by

the efforts of a great nation, confidently claiming an asylum from this very nation, persuaded as he was, that he would there find more nobleness of mind than among her allies: . . . on the other, a Government, which has nothing to fear from its own subjects (because their interests are identified with those of the Government), forgetting its resentment and personal hatred, stretching out a friendly hand to this enemy in his misfortune, admitting him to share in the general rights, and depending on his honour that it would never be exposed to danger from any attempt on his part. Napoleon walking in Hyde Park, or in the streets of London, would not have been an object of little interest for the honour of England. Not a man with the smallest portion of judgment could have refrained from a feeling of enthusiasm when he saw the subjects of Great Britain on the Continent: every man would have felt a profound feeling of respect for you. What an overpowering influence you would have obtained over public opinion! Then you could have justly said, that you were masters both by sea and land. The sovereigns, seized with fear, would have eagerly yielded to all your wishes; . . . you would have dictated laws to all

the cabinets of Europe; every port would have been open to you; your commerce would have become unbounded; you would have considered my person as a precious talisman of which you were the sole possessors; and while you were gratifying your vanity, you would have considerably advanced your own interests. Thus, by humbling an enemy (whose power was hated), you would have skilfully reduced him to become the instrument of your own aggrandizement. . . . This would have been revenge! If Pitt had lived, this prospect would not have escaped his profound sagacity; he would have adopted a very different system. Instead of that, what have you gained? The indignation of my numerous partisans; the contemptuous ridicule of the sovereigns who duped you, and the fine title of Head Jailor to the Holy Alliance!

As for what concerns me individually, I disdain to speak of it; my actual destiny fortunately places me afar above such melancholy subjects. I have suffered, it is true; it is now nothing more than a dream; but such is not the case when I think of the frightful traces your system has left upon the earth . . . Like the destroying angel, you have spared

nothing; not even your own country. Italy has been delivered up to the rapacity of Austria;* Genoa sacrificed to the contemptible tyranny of the aristocracy of Piedmont . . . Belgium was awkwardly united with Holland; France divided into a thousand factions, and the slave of the Jesuits; Prussia sighing after a constitution it will never obtain; Poland subject to her persecutor for ages—inexorable and unprincipled Russia! Spain torn by anarchy and misery; and Russia ready to swallow every thing up: while England is a powerless

* After Napoleon's second abdication, the generous Lord Bentinck having come to Legborn with his squadron, hastened to offer consolation to the Italian patriots, who, in the loss of their Protector justly foresaw the inevitable ruin of their country. He gave dinners, at which the highest enthusiasm was displayed; he caused colours and cockades to be made. The name of the Admiral inspired the heart of every Italian with hope and joy, and in consequence the British Government was praised to the skies; every one saw in it the protector of the law of nations (for it had the power of being so), the support of the oppressed, and the angel of deliverance! But, alas! a stroke of Lord Castlereagh's pen dashed all these flattering dreams away. By paralysing the efforts of the noble Bentinck, he withered every heart with grief, covered these beautiful regions with despair and mourning, and devoted to slavery and dishonour eleven millions of people.—(EDITOR.)

spectator of whatever it pleases the tyrants of Europe to attempt against the happiness of nations. . . . The negligence you displayed in watching over the interests of your own country, at the time of the general peace, has justly procured you the hatred of your countrymen. England had a right to a large indemnity for the enormous expenses she had supported: by this means, she might have removed from her the immense burthen by which she is weighed down, and of which she perhaps feels at this moment the fatal consequences. If you had preferred the interests of your country to some ribbons dangling at your coat, to some shakes of the hand from the sovereigns, you would have seized the only opportunity that ever offered, and one that never will come again. . . . . By flattering you, the sovereigns made you their dupe: they knew the more they flattered your vanity, the more would they diminish the pretensions of the liberating power whose representative you were. They succeeded. Is it possible that England can have risked every thing, gained every thing, and retained nothing? What difference is there between your system and that of the greatest man your country can boast of, the

light of the British Isles—*the immortal* Fox? He, at least, was a man of merit; his character was sufficient to cause the whole nation that had given him birth to be honoured and beloved! Of all your colleagues he alone was sincerely desirous of peace. He died too soon, for the misfortune of his own nation and of ours! The peace of Amiens would have put an end to our disputes. Let calumny say what it will, my heart was always inclined to peace, of course upon honourable terms. Before the war with Prussia, I offered it on conditions very advantageous to you, but you would not listen to it; after the conquest of Prussia, I offered it again, but you and your colleagues refused it, though my proposal was sanctioned by a letter from the Emperor Alexander. . . yet you reported every where that I was averse to peace, and aimed at universal monarchy! At all periods the most abominable falsehoods have been circulated respecting me. There is no doubt that in a barbarous age the ignorant would have been told that I was Anti-Christ! Pitt himself, though incapable of making use of such petty means, did not disdain to employ an imaginary scare-crow to form his hostile

league against me. For the purpose of making the English full of national spirit, he persuaded them of the possibility of my landing in England; "and if that takes place," said he, "the capital will soon be conquered, and the kingdom in less than a year. Thus the whole Continent will be at the mercy of the invader; England once fallen, all is lost." Pitt did not believe a single word of all this, but he gained his object. The coalition was formed, and the English people were constantly on the alert to fight the imaginary phantom that was continually presented before their eyes! . . . Hence the bitter animosity that actuated, during the war, two nations formed to esteem each other and live in amity. The ministry knew very well that the invasion of England was impossible: I knew it also, though I made a show of it at Boulogne. If the ministers had been candid, this is what they should have said:—That man protects equality—we wish aristocracy; he acquires glory for France—and we wish her to remain in obscurity; he is becoming too wealthy—we wish him to remain poor; he is becoming too powerful—and we will allow none to be powerful but ourselves. This

language would have explained their real intentions, and perhaps would have justified their conduct much more than the frivolous pretexts which they employed.

No sovereign was ever so much exposed to falsehood as myself. Independent of the lies of the diplomatists, particularly of Metternich (who is all a lie), and of yours, it appears that each of my enemies had adopted this means as the most powerful they could devise, to diminish the public consideration which flowed upon me on all sides. Those of Blacas surpass every other in turpitude: he went so far as to falsify the letter of a waiting-maid of my sister Pauline's, in which I was accused of nothing less than of having had connection with her! He paid a certain journal, well known in your country, for calumnious stories by their weight in gold! That man, in short, though as silly as he is wicked, did not spare his friends more than his enemies. At my return from the island of Elba, he had the baseness to leave at my disposition all the letters of those who served me some time before, and had been seeking for favours and employments from the new sovereign. by filling their petitions with insults

upon me. If I had been a Louis XI., or a Christian II.,* I had in my hands the means of destroying thousands of individuals; but Blacas cared very little for their lives, for he thought of nothing but saving his gold! We may conclude from this, that all the convulsions that took place during the latter years of my reign, all the bloodshed, all the interests that were endangered, and all the malcontents that were formed, were the consequences of a cause eminently frivolous—the personal hatred, and perhaps the envy of some individuals against a single man! Formerly, war was carried on to satisfy the caprices of some crowned heads; in our times, it has been done to aid the hatred of some ministers of state! If, at any rate, they had been satisfied with accomplishing my ruin, well; but they required millions of victims, without reflecting that the posterity of the oppressed will only pronounce with horror in future ages the name of their oppressors! The minister who succeeds you, will only have to follow a path en-

* This King of Denmark, the contemporary and relation of Charles Luint, was so sanguinary, that he was called the Nero of the North.

tirely different from yours to obtain the benedictions of mankind, and to march securely to immortality.

Cast. (affected) I desire it may be so, for the benefit of my country and of all Europe! I have done a great deal of evil, and I have sealed my repentance by the sacrifice of my life, though unfortunately too late! It was no longer in my power to repair it otherwise! I gave what I had of greatest value. . . . But my punishment is still very far from being ended! Independently of what I endured since my arrival here, independently of what I have, perhaps, yet to suffer, I always carry with me such a bitter feeling of remorse, that this alone is equal to the most horrid punishment. The prospect even of the enchanting objects which abound in these scenes, far from amusing me, only reminds me of the past—that which I might have happily enjoyed in the other world, and also prepared myself for this! I required so little to do so—to despise the counsels of vanity, to be just and humane! Why did not the powerful hand that chastises me, not assign me in this hemisphere an unknown spot where I could deplore my faults, instead of placing me in a magical Elysium so little suitable to the

state of my soul! Every moment I am exposed to reproach and insult; I never meet one of my countrymen but I feel alarm. I had scarcely come down to these regions, when I saw Schwartzenberg by my side, whose appearance was formerly as agreeable as it is now troublesome to me. He has never left me since. . . . Forced to contend against adverse fortune, we endeavoured to find in amusements some consolation for our sufferings. Vain trouble! The palaces, the riches, the fair sex of this place, produce less effect upon us here than those of Vienna, Schoenbrunn, and Berlin; though those of the world above were but poor and trivial, in comparison of those before us. We have three times attempted to enjoy the innocent pleasures of driving in a car, and three several times has Schwartzenberg been drawn by bears, and I by ridiculous monkeys, all covered over with gold and ribbons. . . . Ah! if I am reserved at some future day to see myself surrounded by Metternich, Pozzo di Borgo, and so many more of my colleagues! Spare me at least the shame of another political conference!

Nap. I can positively assure you that such a thing will not occur; and to calm as much as

lies in my power, the agitation of your mind—to prove to you that repentance, though late, is always worthy of reward—and that Napoleon feels happy in exercising towards others, what he desires may be exercised towards himself—(Here the Genius, who had long been silent, inspired me with the following harangue:—) "Approach, all of you indiscriminately, and sanction by your presence the solemn act I am going to fulfil." Louis, Pauline, Madame de Staël, and Franceschi, placed themselves round me. Maury remained near me absorbed in thought. The ex-Austrian marshal and the ex-British minister, awaited in silence, with bent heads, my last decision. I began:—

"Two exclusive agents divide the earth between them, *Good* and *Evil*. They both spring from the same sources, which are the organic, immutable laws of matter, and mankind. The former give rise to physical and accidental evil, which at every moment afflicts or menaces some part of the globe; the latter produces both physical and moral evil, the last of which is felt only by the human race, who are themselves the authors of it. Good follows in the same proportion, but it is not concerning it that we are going to speak.—Moral evil takes its source

in the passions of men, and those very passions would not exist without a powerful, active, and exclusive cause governing each individual of the human race . . . this is what is commonly called *egoism*, or *the love of self*. If every man could apply to his own private advantage all the resources of creation, he would not hesitate to do so; but eternal Wisdom has mingled human interests in such a manner, that no one, without the aid of his neighbour, can enjoy the smallest happiness. Good prevails where all men aid in producing the general happiness; whilst evil springs from the combination of many who work for the benefit of one. The experience of all ages has proved that the first hypothesis is impossible, for unity does not exist even in nature. It would be as impossible to establish a unity of will amongst men, and a unity of interests, as to pretend to establish a perfect level on the surface of the ocean. . . Men, therefore, have but the second chance remaining; but however little it appears attractive, sound judgment still finds that it can afford consolation. First of all, the powerful man (that is, he who draws to himself a great mass of property by the aid of other men,) carries upon his own shoulders the heavy

responsibility of the evil he causes, and the good he neglects to do: he becomes the ostensible object of the general affection or the general hatred. It would really be too fine for these men, so privileged in the sublunary world, if their existence, embellished by grandeur and sustained by virtue, was to obtain them a level easy road to reach the enjoyments of the world to come. Selfishness or vanity is always by their side to excite them to deviate from the straight road. Chance alone determines whether a country is to be governed by a Castlereagh and a Metternich, or by a Sully and a Sir Thomas More:—whoever the men be who are destined to govern others, society should consider them as formed of the same essence as themselves, and, instead of viewing them often as unjust persecutors, to regard them merely as the involuntary instruments of Eternal Wisdom!

"Those born to obey, ought to compare with the action of nature the operation of the good or of the evil they receive from the depositaries of their social compact. A long course of years consisting wholly of fine weather, would become almost as monotonous in the eyes of the human race, as a long course of rainy days. It is very rare that a fortunate compensation does not

speedily follow the epoch in which we have been unfortunate! Hence nothing equals my present satisfaction in informing this unfortunate spirit, once subject to error, now seized with honourable remorse, that his wishes are fulfilled; that his country, the object of his regret, is now restored to her eminence by the genius of a Great Man, whose integrity, knowledge, and inclination towards good, do as much honour to himself as to the enlightened monarch who knew how to choose him. In a short time longer, an occasion will occur when the Queen of the Seas will resume the ascendancy she ought never to have lost. But, oh prodigy! the future unveils its impenetrable mysteries before my eyes. I see liberty stretching her beneficent wings over the whole continent of happy America, and preparing to return to Europe. Where will she fix her abode? She casts an eye of pity upon the countries that formerly possessed her, but allowed her to take her flight. Stop, cruel power! forget my faults, forget their inconstancy! restore by thy presence peace and happiness to thy wandering children! Vain prayer! She flies, and in her disdainful flight, leaves the South of Europe, and hovers over the shores of Kamtschatka!

Can I believe my eyes? . . . The North dazzles with a light! . . . But in a few moments it is again extinguished—slavery with her iron arm rushes out from the bosom of darkness, and shaking her massy chains round her, overthrows in the twinkling of an eye the work of wisdom! Liberty in her flight displays her invincible banners, and reaches the hospitable banks of the Thames! Powerful armies follow her amidst the delighted shouts of twenty nations restored to their rights! Slavery again attacked, pressed, surrounded on all sides, buries her fearful chains in the bowels of the earth, and is herself (in a column of smoke) dissolved in the circumambient air! Other nations join the first: two gigantic eagles (monsters with two heads and four claws) seem to destine for their prey the victorious legions of ancient Britannia. Liberty advances, and displays her formidable Ægis; the frightened monsters fly off towards the capital of the Danube. They snatch by violence from the palace of the Teutonic sovereigns an interesting young man, and place him in opposition to the children of regeneration: but, oh heaven! it is my son! . . . Stop—stop—dear portion of my blood! it is in vain that the audacious flight

of the birds of prey assures you of success! Even should you obtain it, you will one day shed bitter tears of regret for such melancholy trophies. Think of your father! Remember what he was at Arcola—what he was at Waterloo! But, oh, my son, you hear and you obey me! Oh, unequalled happiness! it is no longer a young man enervated by the luxury of a court, but a *valiant soldier*, who embraces the sacred cause, and becomes its firmest support. He arms himself with the sword I used at Marengo! . . . Already the rapacious eagles cover the soil with their scattered limbs. . . . already, from the summit of the Alps, the radiant countenance of another self appears, like the rising sun, and dispels the thick darkness of unfortunate Italy! How beautiful thou appearest at this moment, oh Italy! Approach, too long a widowed spouse; embrace thy husband—that husband whom destiny produced expressly for thee, and whom a barbarous hand snatched from thee while in the cradle! Oh, affecting sight! old mutilated warriors press him in their arms; they forget at this moment their long years of persecution and misery . . . . other warriors (my old companions), adorned with their grey hairs and

scars, come from the banks of the Seine to join the former. My name passes from mouth to mouth—they point out to my son the theatre of my ancient glory. I see thee again, Lodi, Castiglione, Mantua, Marengo! . . Filled with emotion, my son kneels down and respectfully kisses the soil that formerly bore his victorious father! He places my sword on it for a moment, and stretches out his supplicating hands to Heaven, as if to thank it for its blessing! . . . . Soft tears of joy flow all around him; while the children of the old warriors make the air resound with patriotic hymns, and the virgins of Ausonia weave a crown of laurels, freshly gathered, to place on the head of the young hero. Oh, delicious sight! Oh, my son! Oh, mighty future!"

The tears with which my eyes were filled, prevented me from continuing, and when I wished to look upon him again he had disappeared. An immense crowd had assembled round us, during my prophetic vision. Having perceived among them Cobentzel and his companion Bubna, whom I had left in the ivory region, I made them a sign to come near.

"Be you also witnesses," said I to them, "of the solemn act which at this moment fulfils my

dearest wishes. *Castlereagh*, I pardon you, and also pardon all those who have libelled me, betrayed and injured me upon the earth! May my conciliating words resound throughout Europe, and in the hearts of all those who called themselves my enemies; may the latter also pardon me in their turn, and remember that Napoleon was led astray, but that his heart was never wicked! Come Castlereagh, Schwartzenberg—come Baroness de Staël—and let me press you to my heart!" The unfortunate spirits had fallen at my feet all bathed in tears; I was hastening to raise them, when I felt my being wonderfully lightened all at once, by the disappearance of the heavy atoms that enveloped me since my entrance into Politicopolis. I involuntarily rose from the ground, and observed the same change in Maury; but our surprize was at its height when we perceived over us the celestial figure of the Genius. Never had I seen him so radiant with majesty: during the few moments that he had appeared, the factitious sun of the garden lost its brilliancy, and became of a violet colour. "*Come to me, ye elect*," said he, with an enchanting voice that filled both with joy and sorrow all the inhabitants of the great tower, even those of the sub-

terraneous recesses. . . . Maury and I could no longer restrain our tendency to fly upwards: it was then that the sobs increased, and that every one called upon me and solicited some favour. Notwithstanding the fullness of happiness with which my whole being was filled, I could not help feeling a profound emotion when I cast a last look upon my sister and my unfortunate friends. Pauline cried out, all in tears, "Ah, brother, do not abandon me!" Louis said, "My brother, my celestial protector, remember my repentance and our friendship!" Madame de Staël, with clasped hands, contemplated me in silence.

Franceschi exclaimed, in a frantic tone, "Oh, my dear master, I am going, then, to lose you for ever!"

Castlereagh and Schwartzenberg, with outstretched hands, seemed to say, "*Help us—crown thy work!*"

Maury, in the deepest emotion, joined me; and we raised our suppliant hands towards the celestial messenger.

"I hear you," said he, "and your zeal is praiseworthy . . . . their punishments will be diminished as far as is permitted by supreme justice. . . . . You will meet again

with the greater part of them, after the time appointed for expiating their sins has elapsed: meanwhile take this, and throw it among the group that interests you."

At the same instant I saw in his hand a flaming roller, which he delivered to me, and which I threw down without examination. Admirable virtue of the Omnipotent! The roller, like to thunder, produced a terrible detonation, which echoed majestically through Politicopolis, and through the whole country of the materialists: it left behind it for some minutes, a luminous track like the milky way. When it came to the spirits we had left, the flame became divided into small portions, each of which became fixed to one of the favoured crowd, lifted him up, and carried him beyond the walls of the tower to direct him towards his new destination. During our ascent, we saw passing at a considerable distance below us, Pauline, Madame de Staël, Louis, Schwartzenberg, Castlereagh, and Franceschi, their heads surrounded by protecting flames, and constantly looking with outstretched hands in our direction . . . whilst below them, the blackish points that fell upon the miry plain enabled us to appreciate the favour that snatched them from such a hor-

rid punishment! . . . By the height we soon attained, the garden, the sun, and Politicopolis itself, were lost in a mass of fogs, and insensibly disappeared. . . We traversed the same dark void which I had seen on my descent: the light alone that emanated from the celestial messenger diminished its horror! "Ah! for pity's sake," said I to him, "give me some consolatory information of the fate of those unfortunate spirits. What will they become, and what have they to hope for?"

"They have obtained at this moment a favour far beyond their anticipations. Thy sister, thy friend de Staël, the ex-King of France, the ex-Austrian Marshal, and thy former steward, will be transported by the beneficent flames to the southern region of the materialists. They will remain there till further orders: there, at least, they will enjoy simple but real pleasures, without repentance and without remorse; their felicity will only be troubled by the ardent desire of joining thee—and this they have a right to expect. The British Minister will occupy Franceschi's place in the government of Politicopolis. By special favour he will have *two Harpies* under his command, who will transport him wherever he wishes, even to the

Wheel of Fortune which he has just left. Conveyed in this manner, he will visit all the towers and all the quarters of his circle; he will have a leave of absence three months every year, and these he will spend with his friends in the fields of the materialists. Thus seated in his equipage, he may even harangué the people, or preside over meetings. He will by this means, be admired and respected. He will be as happy as it is possible to be in a place destined only for punishment . . . he will occupy that post so long as the Governments will delay to form themselves under the wise direction of sound liberty and for the general benefit: then will the golden age be seen; men will have reached the degree of happiness to which they can aspire, and the errors of those who delayed the march of social perfection, will be forgotten. The new president will find instructions on entering his palace; in consequence of which he will set at liberty a great number of individuals of his circle, of all classes and all parties: they will go to live among the materialists for an unlimited period." "And the unfortunate Eugene, what has he to expect from the divine clemency?"

"The same punishment for nine years, and

a further stay in Politicopolis of three years more; after this, he, Moreau, Toussaint, and some others, will go to the country of the materialists to wait for their deliverance; that is, till the emancipation of France and Italy!"

The obscurity sensibly diminished; distant suns began to show their light; they shone like carbuncles scattered over a dark blue ground. In less than ten minutes the darkness was dispelled, and we saw again the magnificence of the heavens.

"Eminus auratâ fulgens testudine cœlo,
Luctantes puros pascebat in æthere stellas."

Men of the earth, whose hearts are delighted with the sight of a great Lord who protects you! worms, who shake with joy on receiving an appointment to a lucrative place, a higher military rank, or the notice of a rich inheritance! if you could for a moment hover over this space, enamelled with worlds and resplendent stars, you would bewail for the remainder of your existence the shame of your blind infatuation!

It was here that Maury was enabled to judge of the enormous difference between the gilt and the celestial regions: we were wholly absorbed in a flood of content. Of all these globes, im-

posing by their grandeur and dazzling with light, the Genius went straight forward to the smallest of all, with the exception of two or three. Having entered into its atmosphere, by that half opposed to the sun's rays, but enlightened by the star which fills its place,

"Limpida nocturnas fulgebat luna per umbras,"

we found ourselves, in a few instants, ten thousand toises above the Cape of Good Hope; whence we began gently to descend, till we almost touched the waters of the Atlantic Ocean. Soon the benevolent smile of my protecting guide made me perceive on the bosom of the waters the modest rock which witnessed my last sigh. It was not without emotion that I saw it once more, particularly when I passed through the leaves of the weeping willows, and found myself with Maury standing upon the tomb-stone that covers my remains. The sentinel employed to guard it was so dazzled by the superhuman splendour of the Genius, that he fell into a profound lethargy, which lasted as long as we remained. My knees bent under me, and my whole being was filled with gratitude and love towards eternal Providence. Maury bent his head on the tomb, and shed tears; but the Genius, suspended on his wings

of gold and azure, radiant with majesty as well as benevolence, placed himself before us, and pronounced these remarkable words:—"Napoleon, this is all that remains of thee upon the earth! . . . To thee cannot be applied the well-known epitaph of Alexander the Great—

'Sufficit huic tumulus, cui non suffecerat orbis.'

But the comparison is not less just, when we reflect that the few remains concealed under this stone enclosed but a few years ago a vast, ambitious and enterprising spirit, who directed the movements of countless masses of mankind; who changed the face of Europe; who produced so much evil; who spread so much good; who could at one time, at a single word, make millions of people happy; and who, at the close of his days, had not the sad power of retaining for himself the smallest particle of happiness! . . . How many nations have taken you for the envoy of Providence! How many more for his destroying hand! Thou hast left many friends upon this earth—but thou hast also left many enemies! . . . . Be re-assured as to their proceedings. If *Calumny* (according to the expression of one of your philosophers)* sits hovering over the tomb

* Diderot.

of a great man, and attempts to stir his ashes with a poniard, let her choose the night of darkness and ignorance for her impious work. If she dares to attempt it in open day, a goddess much more formidable than her, *Public Opinion*, will soon crush her in the dust. . . . Providence willed you to exist, and what is more, willed you to be what you have been. . . . What right have nations to require perfect men upon the throne? For what would a philosophical king serve at the head of a corrupted people? To favour the impunity of crimes, and nothing more! Civilized nations have no right to complain of an evil that oppresses them; they have no right to expect miracles for their deliverance. The Creator gave them the power of choosing the best possible form of government, that they might be happy: the means are in their own hands; and what prevents them? One single thing alone—*moral corruption*—that scourge of society divides mankind, and makes them deviate from *unity*, which can alone gain them the object they desire. . . . . Let them agree together, let them forget their own private interests, to aid each other, mutually, in the search and in the consolidation of the general interest, and they

will be happy! Thou hast just seen very sorrowful examples of human corruption. Thou hast been enabled to judge how little it required for the race of men to live happy in both hemispheres! Well, since thou hast not been able to render men happy, when they were the slaves of the will, wouldst thou be sorry to have the means of enlightening them, and of being useful to them, at a period when they have almost forgotten thee!

Nap. Speak, my divine Mentor! Inspire your grateful servant with any thing it is in his power to do for them: though the greater part were ungrateful, I love them still. They served me faithfully during my splendour, knowing that services performed for me would sooner or later obtain their reward: after my defeat they attached themselves to the new idol, and poured forth their ingratitude on me for my benefits; let them feel assured my pardon extends to them also, for the sake of an interesting class, who will live for ever in the hearts of my descendants. . . . Those who compose it are virtuous and disinterested, and have constantly given me proofs of attachment to my latest breath. They bewailed my death! They preserve my name engraved in

their memory; and yet, placed formerly (by their social position) far from my sight, and living in obscurity, they had not even the sterile hope that their names would ever come to my ears. To them, more than to any others, I owe compensation; and I implore from the celestial favour the most suitable means of doing them service.

The Genius. This favour, solitary in its kind, will be granted thee; no mortal before thee has ever obtained the privilege of relating to the survivors the wonderful truths of a world unknown upon the earth. By virtue of my privileges, I give thee this power. Here is a blank book; let thy thoughts be deposited here, and describe, point by point, every thing that thou hast heard or seen since the month of thy death; and thy wishes shall be fully fulfilled.

Oh, infinite Providence! . . . I laid hold of the book, and my memory faithfully pictured out to me all the particulars of my journey—but, oh, still increasing wonder! the moment my thoughts were conceived, the blank pages were clothed in human characters, and, after the recollection of a few minutes, my book was almost filled up.

(The Genius continued) This monument of

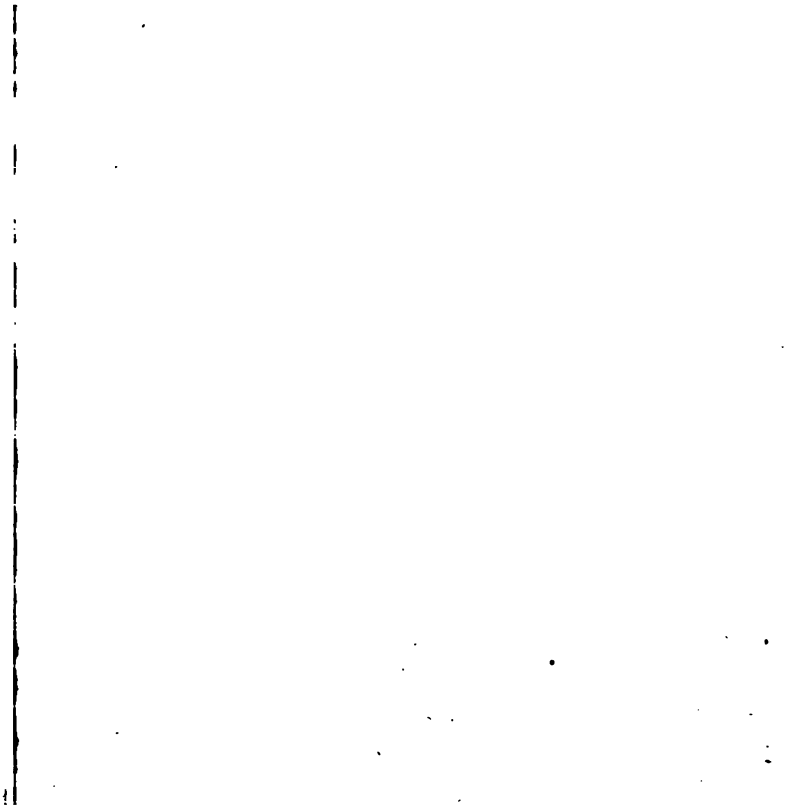
thy good-will for the human race, destined to enlighten it, and to inspire it with the love of virtue and the horror of vice, will remain exposed upon this stone! No European shall have the honour of discovering it. It is reserved for an honourable Asiatic, who, braving the prejudices of his country, loved to learn the laws, customs, and memorable events of other nations. . . . Those of thy elevation and reign filled him with admiration; he loves and admires thee. To-morrow, the anniversary of thy death, he will come here piously to visit thy grave before his departure for Europe. He will find thy work, and the elements will combine in carrying him rapidly to the classic land which is to transmit this book to posterity. . . The truths with which it abounds, will frighten the hard-hearted and the wicked; but, in revenge, they will spread over the heart of the honest man a shower of unknown consolation; let the wicked reflect better upon their conduct, and consolation will fall also upon them. . . . (Then, assuming a more solemn tone,) Napoleon! morning will soon appear along these shores; thy task is fulfilled. . . . It is time for thee to go and enjoy, among the inhabitants of the Empyrean, eternal happiness

—long enough has the abode of misfortune overwhelmed thee with bitterness and sorrow! —turn thy looks towards the east, and bless the decrees of the Eternal!

Oh, unspeakable happiness! The east shines with an unknown splendour—the rays, as they approach, become divided, and discover the celestial cohorts in a luminous track, as far as the eye can reach! All-powerful God—it is they! They come to meet me! I salute thee, Lannes, Lassalle, Hoche, Duroc, Poniatowski, Labedoyere, Ney, Duvernez! I salute thee, gallant Meuron.* I salute you all, heroes of all ranks, who have been sacrificed in the sacred cause of regeneration! . . . But what is that majestic group that advances towards me with outstretched arms, the smile of affection upon their lips? Oh, Divine Clemency! it is now that thou blessest me,—every thing is pardoned, every thing is forgotten! The virtuous Louis XVI. folds me in his arms! the venerable Malesherbes, and the gallant Dessaix, and Kleber, await by his side! Josephine, beloved spouse! I am thine! but this happiness is too

* Colonel Meuron saved Napoleon's life, at the battle of Lodi.

great! My soul is not vast enough to feel and to describe so many blessings! The book falls from my hands! adieu, mortals, adieu!—an ocean of happiness absorbs my being—and carries me off to the bosom of Eternity!

FINIS.

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